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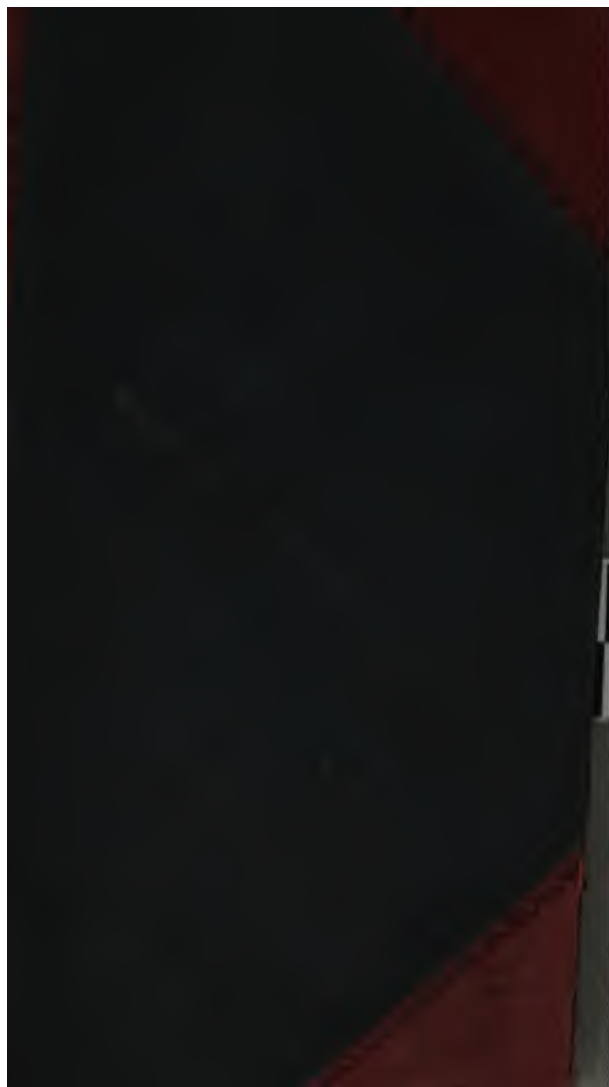
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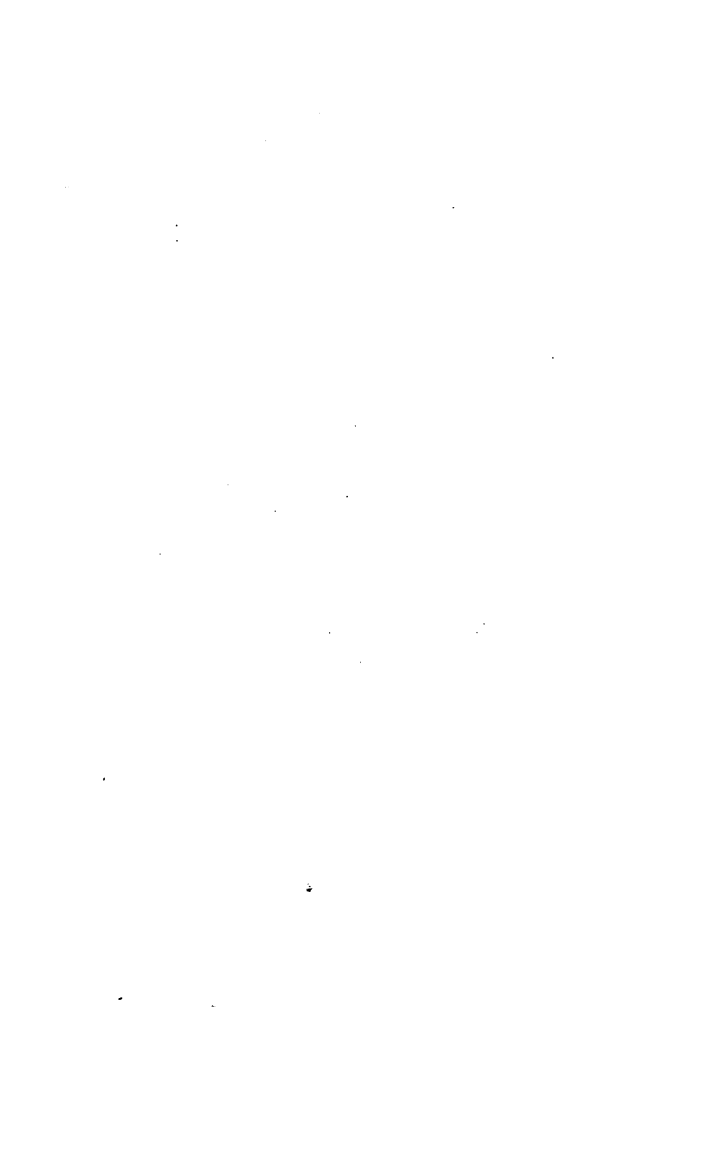
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CHAMBERS'S
POCKET MISCELLANY.

VOLUME VII.



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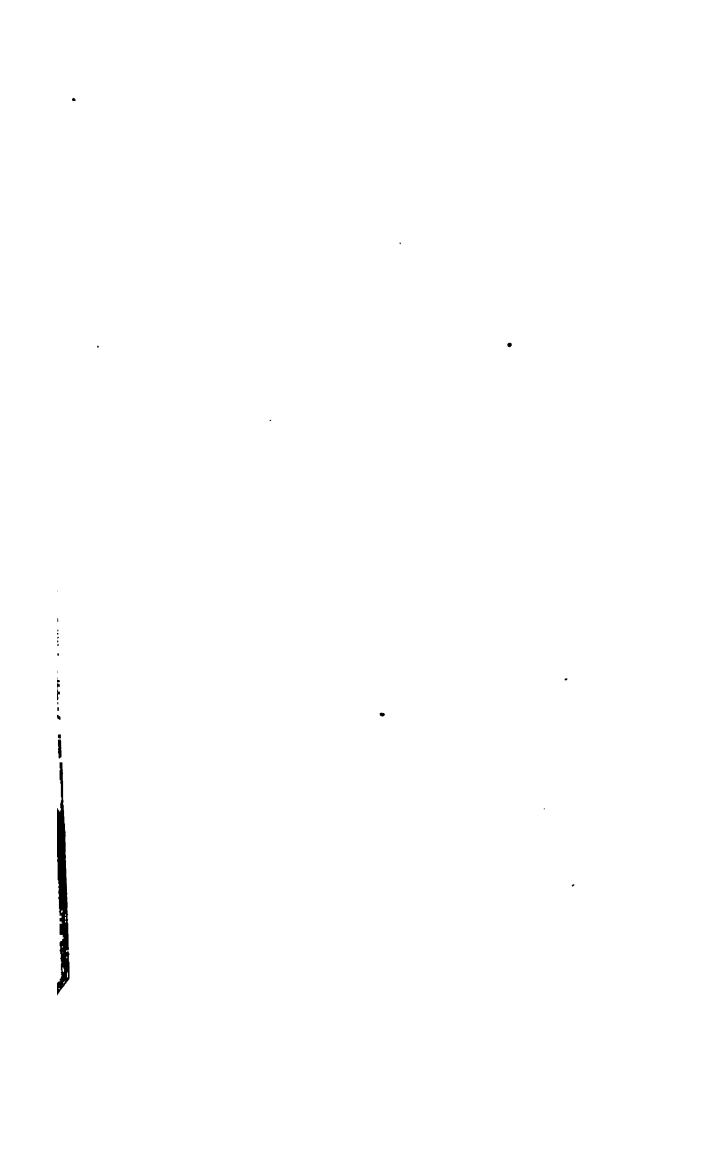
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CHAMBERS'S POCKET MISCELLANY.

ADVENTURES OF A PICTURE.

A PICTURE has been for the last few years so fruitful a subject of discussion in the Scottish courts of law, and has passed through so many judicial adventures, as they might be termed, that our readers may probably be gratified by receiving in a brief shape a history of the whole affair.

On the 30th October 1845, a sale by auction took place in Radley Hall, near Oxford, the house of Mr Benjamin Kent. Among several paintings sold on that occasion, was a half-length portrait of Charles I., supposed to have been by Vandyck, which was purchased by Mr Snare, a bookseller of Reading. On examining his purchase, Mr Snare had reason to believe that the picture was not by Vandyck, but by the great Spanish painter Velasquez, whose pictures are more rare in this part of Europe. It was not the first time on which it had been doubted whether portraits were by Velasquez or by Vandyck. Both had taken much from Rubens—the latter being his regular pupil; while the Spaniard, a devoted admirer, had received from him much instruction and advice.

The circumstance that the painting was by Velasquez, greatly enhanced its interest, by connecting it with a curious and romantic historical incident—the visit of Charles I. to the court of Spain, to make acquaintance with the Infanta, who, according to the negotiations between the English and Spanish courts, was destined to be his wife. It was with supreme astonishment that King James one day heard that ‘Baby Charles,’ as the Prince was called, intended to make this perilous journey. The idea had been started by Buckingham in one of their frolics, and the two young men were wilfully determined to carry it out—the favourite, indeed, could accomplish any object which he thought fit to set his heart on. The project was one of considerable peril, for in those days, getting hold of a king, or the heir of a kingdom, was nearly as effectual as the conquest of the country; and in the case of treachery or hostility on the part of any country the young men had to pass through, it might fare ill with them. Even before they left the British shore, they had to encounter difficulties and risks. Arthur Wilson, in his life of King James, says: ‘The Prince and Buckingham had false beards for disguise to cover their smooth faces, and the names of Jack Smith and Thom Smith which they passed with, leaving behind them impressions in every place with their bounty and presence that they were not the persons they presented.’ The adventurers passed through Paris, and had a hidden peep of the court. It was there, indeed, that the king unwittingly performed the function of his mission in seeing her who was destined to be the partner of his ill-fated career—the French Princess Henrietta Maria. The same writer says: ‘There the Prince spent one day to view the city and court, shadowing himself the most he could under a bushy peruke, which none in former times but bald people used, but now generally intruded into a fashion, and the Prince’s was so big, that it was hair enough for his whole face. The marquis’s fair face was *shadowed* by the same pencil, and they both together *saw the Queen-mother* at dinner, the king in the gallery

after dinner; and towards the evening, they had a full view of the Queen, Infanta, and the Princess Henrietta Maria, with most of the beauties of the court, at the practice of a masking-dance.'

Digby, Earl of Bristol, the English ambassador at Madrid, was one day told that two men desired to see him. One of them, plainly dressed like a humble citizen or courier, was walking into the residence with a knapsack in his hand. In him, to his transcendent wonder, the ambassador gradually recognised the well-known features of the all-powerful Duke of Buckingham. What on earth could have brought him so far and in such a fashion? Nor was his astonishment a whit lessened when he heard that the young man waiting at the door was the heir of the British Empire. The Prince remained nominally *incognito*, but it does not appear that in Spain he found it necessary to keep up his disguise. Had he done so, we might very well question the authenticity of any painting of him by a Spaniard. The rumour of the marvellous visit of a young prince from a distant land spread throughout Spain, and created an intense degree of mysterious interest. It happened that at the same time another young man, whose obscurity was genuine, but who was destined to make a name to himself greater than that of many a monarch, visited Madrid. This was the young, ambitious artist Velasquez—the son of a humble citizen of Sevilla—then in his twenty-sixth year. The illustrious and mysterious stranger, with his solemn, handsome face, so accordant to the taste and notions of any artist, could hardly fail to be a study for the rising painter. He does not appear to have then painted the great portrait of Philip IV. of Spain, which made the crisis of his celebrity; but he had executed some of those likenesses of powerful courtiers which led the way to royal patronage. He would have abundant opportunities of seeing the interesting stranger; for in the accounts which we have of the romantic visit, we hear ever of shows and great hunting-matches, to which the nobility of Spain crowded to see the Prince. Finally, some

industrious person discovered that Charles had given L.100 to the painter Velasquez. Thus, nothing could be more probable, than that a portrait of Charles I. by Velasquez should exist; and if that painter's manner—characterised by quiet dignity and severe power—should be apparent in such a portrait, it might, with almost certainty, be attributed to the great Spaniard.

Mr Snare, exulting, probably, in his good-fortune as the possessor of so interesting a work of art, took all pains to prove its genuineness; and having exhibited it in London with great success, conveyed it to the provinces. Probably, he was not less surprised than Lord Bristol was at seeing Buckingham with the portmanteau, when one day his exhibition-room was entered by officers of the law, charged with a warrant to remove the picture as a piece of stolen goods. It was said to have been one of several valuable pictures which had belonged to the Earl of Fife, and the persons who now claimed it were that nobleman's trustees. The result of the affair was a striking warning to people not to form rash conclusions or make hasty attempts to vindicate what they may deem their rights. A person may obtain the seizure of almost any article on the statement that it has been stolen from him, or the apprehension of any man, on the allegation that he is a thief; but the person who demands the aid of the law in so peremptory a manner, must make out a very strong case to vindicate him. When Lord Fife's trustees heard that an unknown adventurer had visited Edinburgh with a picture that appeared to have been once in the noble lord's possession, they concluded instantly that it had been stolen, and stating their assurance to the sheriff, he immediately granted his warrant to seize the picture. Though this was done on the mere one-sided statement of the trustees, of course before the picture could be permanently taken from him, it was necessary to hear what Mr Snare had to say. The trustees stated, that according to a catalogue of pictures in Fife House, Whitehall, in the year 1807, there was one entered '*Charles I. when Prince of Wales, three quarters, painted*

at Madrid, 1625, when his marriage with the *Infanta* was proposed—*Velasquez*. This picture belonged to the Duke of Buckingham.' That this was the identical picture exhibited by Mr Snare was admitted by that gentleman himself—he advertised his picture as having belonged to the Fife collection. After the death of the earl, about the year 1809, Fife House was dismantled, and the pictures were sent to Scotland. It was on that occasion that the picture was supposed to have disappeared; but the trustees could only give an extremely vague account of the matter. They said they 'cannot at present specify with certainty the date of the theft or the manner in which it was effected; they having remained under the impression that the picture was among those in Duff House, occupied by the present Earl of Fife until about a year ago, when it was advertised in the newspapers to be exhibited in London and elsewhere by Mr Snare; and it was lately being exhibited by him in Edinburgh, when their attention was drawn to the fact, and the loss of the picture discovered.'

Mr Snare, on the other hand, maintained that he had bought the picture in the most open and regular manner, and had made no concealment about it. He shewed that, before the year 1812, it had been purchased by a regular picture-dealer—Mr Spackmin; and that it had been for nearly forty years in the picture-market. However it might have left the possession of Lord Fife's representatives, there was nothing to shew that it had been stolen from them. The sheriff, in deciding on the question before him, made the following remarks:—'The petitioners admit that the respondent (Snare) publicly exhibited the picture about a year ago in London, or at Reading. But no step towards recovery was taken until the respondent came to Scotland. It is not for the sheriff to explain this delay, which is certainly not in the petitioners' (the trustees) favour, when they come suddenly here, in such a harsh way, with a party who is confessedly a *bona-fide* purchaser of the picture. No communication whatever is made to the respondent while in

England that the petitioners have, as they suppose, a claim to the picture. Nothing is done until the foreign purchaser crosses the Tweed. In Scotland, the petitioners, without any premonition whatever, attempt to deprive the respondent of his property, on the bare averment that it is stolen property; and when stolen? It is said to have been 'stolen or surreptitiously abstracted,' subsequently to the month of February 1809. The date of the theft is unknown; the *locus* (place) of the theft is not stated; the manner of the theft is not stated; the thief is not even hinted at. At some time subsequent to the month of February 1809, *the picture disappears*—that is all. Is it possible, as against a *bona-fide* purchaser, to assume or presume theft as the cause of the disappearance of the picture?

Mr Snare's picture was restored; but other proceedings followed, the result of which is instructive. There was a time, unfortunately, when in the Scottish courts of law, a Reading bookseller would have had no chance in a question with Scotsmen, especially with an aristocratic body such as the Earl of Fife's trustees. Times, however, had now changed so favourably, that Mr Snare was advised to bring an action of damages, in the Scottish courts of law, for the injury inflicted on him. In sending the question to a jury, the trustees fought very hard to be permitted to prove that they had not acted maliciously. The issues or questions to be put to the jury were: Whether the picture had been seized or removed from the custody of Snare, in virtue of, or under colour of the warrant, to his loss, injury, and damage? The trustees desired, instead of this, an inquiry: 'Whether the said defenders, in applying for and obtaining the warrant, and taking the other judicial proceedings above detailed, acted without malice and probable cause?' But they were not permitted to vindicate their conduct by proving that it was not malicious. It was sufficient that, without full inquiry, they had done Mr Snare an injury. After a *tough battle*, the jury, on the 28th of July 1851, returned a *verdict in favour of Mr Snare*, with damages L.1000. It

is probable that trustees and individuals will henceforth be more cautious in Scotland in pronouncing upon pictures, on the bare suspicion that they have been stolen.

We sincerely sympathise with Mr Snare in the triumph he has achieved, after the vast trouble and expense, and delays of one kind and another, which he has experienced in vindicating what appears to be fair and honourable claims. Never before was a picture so much the subject of litigation; and all will acknowledge, that if this famous production is not 'a Velasquez,' it deserves to be one.

ANECDOTES OF SHARKS.

SHARKS, of which there are several species, are the most formidable creatures met with in the wide ocean. The white shark, as it is called, is the most celebrated of the tribe; being, from its size and voracity, the terror of mariners in the seas it inhabits. It frequents warm latitudes, but has occasionally visited the British shores. This terrible creature has been known to attain thirty feet in length, and to weigh from three thousand to four thousand pounds in weight. The opening of the jaws in the larger individuals is sufficient with ease to admit the body of a man. The mouth is placed on the under surface of the head, from which circumstance the fish cannot bite while in the act of swimming forwards, so that a dexterous person, by diving, may evade his attack. So acute and strong are the teeth, that they are used by many savage nations as the armature of their weapons. The shark possesses the sense of smell in a remarkable degree; for it seems conscious by this faculty that there are sick persons on board of vessels, and that their bodies at death will be consigned to the deep. For the chance of picking up what may be thrown overboard, and

particularly when disease is in the ship, they will follow vessels hundreds of miles.

The appearance of the shark playing about a vessel in anticipation of his prey, suggests feelings of horror. With rows of teeth erect, open jaws, goggling eyes, large and bristly fins agitated like the mane of a lion, his whole aspect is an emphatical picture of the fiercest, deepest, and most savage malignity.

‘Increasing still the terrors of the storms,
His jaws horrific armed with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lured by the scent
Of streaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
And, from the partners of that cruel trade
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
Demands his share of prey, demands themselves.
The stormy fates descend, one death involves
Tyrants and slaves; when straight, their mangled limbs
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.’

A few passages from Bingley’s *Animal Biography* may be given as illustrative of the character of this ferocious denizen of the deep. ‘The master of a Guinea-ship informed Mr Pennant, that a rage for suicide prevailed among his slaves, from an opinion entertained by the unfortunate wretches that, after death, they should be restored to their families, friends, and country. To convince them that their bodies could never be re-animated he ordered the corpse of one that was just dead to be tied by the heels to a rope, and lowered into the sea. It was drawn up again as quickly as the united force of the crew could do it; yet, in that very short time, the shark had devoured every part but the feet, which were secured by the end of the cord.

‘In the pearl-fisheries of South America, every negro to defend himself against these animals, carries with him into the water a sharp knife, which, if the fish offers to assault him, he endeavours to strike into its belly; on which it generally swims off. The officers who are in the vessels keep a watchful eye on these voracious creatures

and, when they observe them approach, shake the ropes fastened to the negroes, to put them on their guard. Many, when the divers have been in danger, have thrown themselves into the water with knives in their hands, and hastened to their defence; but too often all their dexterity and precaution have been of no avail.

‘We are told that, in the reign of Queen Anne, a merchant-ship arrived at Barbadoes from England, some of the men of which were one day bathing in the sea, when a large shark appeared, and sprang forwards directly at them. A person from the ship called out to warn them of their danger, on which they all immediately swam to the vessel, and arrived in perfect safety, except one poor fellow, who was cut in two by the shark almost within reach of the oars. A comrade and most intimate friend of the unfortunate victim, when he observed the severed trunk of his companion, was seized with a degree of horror that words cannot describe. The insatiable shark was seen traversing the bloody surface in search of the remainder of his prey, when the brave youth plunged into the water, determining either to make the shark disgorge, or to be buried himself in the same grave. He held in his hand a long and sharp-pointed knife, and the rapacious animal pushed furiously towards him: he had turned on his side, and opened his enormous jaws, in order to seize him, when the youth, diving dexterously under, seized him with his left hand somewhere below the upper fins, and stabbed him several times in the belly. The shark, enraged with pain, and streaming with blood, plunged in all directions in order to disengage himself from his enemy. The crews of the surrounding vessels saw that the combat was decided; but they were ignorant which was slain, till the shark, weakened at length by loss of blood, made towards the shore, and along with him his conqueror, who, flushed with victory, pushed his foe with redoubled ardour, and, with the aid of an ebbing tide, dragged him on shore. Here he ripped up the bowels of the animal, obtained the severed remainder of his friend’s body, and buried it with the trunk in the

same grave. This story, however incredible it may appear, is related in the history of Barbadoes, on the most satisfactory authority.

‘The West-Indian negroes often venture to contend with the shark in close combat. They know his power to be limited by the position of his mouth underneath ; and, as soon as they discover him, they dive beneath, and, in rising, stab him before he has an opportunity of putting himself into a state of defence. Thus do boldness and address unite in triumph over strength and ferocity.

‘The South-Sea islanders are not in the least afraid of the sharks, but will swim among them without exhibiting the least signs of fear. “I have seen,” says Captain Portlock, “five or six large sharks swimming about the ship, when there have been upwards of a hundred Indians in the water, both men and women : they seemed quite indifferent about them, and the sharks never offered to make an attack on any of them, and yet at the same time would seize our bait greedily ; whence it is manifest that they derive their confidence of safety from their experience, that they are able to repel the attacks of those devouring monsters.”

‘An Indian, on the coast of California, on plunging into the sea was seized by a shark ; but by a most extraordinary feat of activity, cleared himself, and, though considerably wounded, threw blood and water at the animal, to shew his bravery and contempt. But the voracious monster seized him with horrid violence a second time, and in a moment dragged him to the bottom. His companions, though not far from him, and much affected by the loss, were not able to render him any assistance whatever.’

The vitality of the shark is very remarkable. After being mangled and apparently killed, it seems to possess the power of doing injury. While lying as if dead on the deck of a vessel, its jaws will make a sudden snap at anything near it. Acquainted with these unlooked for and deadly proceedings, the sailors jocularly call the shark a *‘sea-lawyer.’*

In some parts of the world, sharks are hunted as a kind of sport, and though we cannot believe it to be commendable to take pleasure in the death of any animal, there seems a reasonable ground for taking every available means to rid the sea of this ferocious creature. Shark-hunting is carried on as a sporting exercise on the coasts of Sumatra, and is described in Egan's *Book of Sports*, from the account of a traveller. 'I was walking,' observes this writer, 'on the bank of the river at the time when some up-country boats were delivering their cargoes. A considerable number of coolies was employed on shore in the work, all of whom I observed running away in apparent trepidation from the edge of the water—returning again, as if eager, yet afraid, to approach some object, and again returning as before. I found, on inquiry, that the cause of all this perturbation was the appearance of a large and strange-looking fish, swimming close to the bank, and almost in the midst of the boats. I hastened to the spot to ascertain the matter, when I perceived a huge monster of a shark sailing along—now near the surface of the water, and now sinking down, apparently in pursuit of his prey. At this moment, a native on the choppah roofs of one of the boats, with a rope in his hand, which he was slowly coiling up, surveyed the shark's motions with a look that evidently indicated he had a serious intention of encountering him in his own element. Holding the rope, on which he had made a sort of running knot, in one hand, and stretching out the other arm, as if already in the act of swimming, he stood in an attitude truly picturesque, waiting the reappearance of the shark. At about six or eight yards from the boat, the animal rose near the surface, when the native instantly plunged into the water, a short distance from the very jaws of the monster. The shark immediately turned round, and swam slowly towards the man, who in his turn, nothing daunted, struck out the arm that was at liberty, and approached his foe. When within a foot or two of the shark, the native dived beneath him, the animal going down almost at the same instant. The bold assailant in

this most frightful contest soon reappeared on the opposite side of the shark, swimming fearlessly with the hand he had at liberty, and holding the rope behind his back with the other. The shark, which had also by this time made his appearance, again immediately swam towards him; and while the animal was apparently in the act of lifting himself over the lower part of the native's body, that he might seize upon his prey, the man, making a strong effort, threw himself up perpendicularly, and went down with his feet foremost, the shark following him so simultaneously, that I was fully impressed with the idea that they had gone down grappling together. As far as I could judge, they remained nearly twenty seconds out of sight, while I stood in breathless anxiety, and, I may add, horror, waiting the result of this fearful encounter. Suddenly, the native made his appearance, holding up both his hands over his head, and calling out with a voice that proclaimed the victory he had won while underneath the wave, "*Tan, tan!*" The people in the boat were all prepared; the rope was instantly drawn tight; and the struggling victim, lashing the water in his wrath, was dragged to the shore and despatched. When measured, his length was found to be six feet nine inches, his girth, at the greatest, three feet seven inches. The native who achieved this intrepid and dexterous exploit bore no other marks of his finny enemy than a cut on his left arm, evidently received from coming in contact with the tail, or some one of the fins of the animal.

That amusing writer, Captain Basil Hall, mentions some interesting peculiarities in sharks. He tells us that such is their voracity, they will swallow almost anything they observe floating in the sea, provided it be not too large to take at a mouthful. When a shark is killed by sailors, they always shew a lively curiosity to learn what it has stowed away in its inside. Generally, the stomach is empty; but, says Captain Hall, 'I remember one famous exception, indeed, when a very large fellow was caught on board the *Alceste*, in Anjeer Roads, at Java, when we were proceeding to China with the embassy

under Lord Amherst. A number of ducks and hens, which had died in the night, were, as usual, thrown overboard in the morning, besides several baskets, and many other minor things, such as bundles of shavings and bits of cordage, all which things were found in this huge sea-monster's inside. But what excited most surprise and admiration was the hide of a buffalo, killed on board that day for the ship-company's dinner. The old sailor who had cut open the shark stood with a foot on each side, and drew up the articles one by one from the huge cavern into which they had been indiscriminately drawn. When the operator came at last to the buffalo's skin, he held it up before him like a curtain, and exclaimed: "There, my lads; d'ye see that! He has swallowed a buffalo, but he could not digest the hide."

Hardy, in his *Travels through Mexico*, gives the following lively account of an escape from a shark:—
"The Placer de la Piedra Negada, which is near Loretta, was supposed to have quantities of very large pearl-oysters around it—a supposition which was at once confirmed by the great difficulty of finding this sunken rock. Don Pablo, however, succeeded in sounding it, and, in search of specimens of the largest and oldest shells, dived down in eleven fathoms' water. The rock is not above 150 or 200 yards in circumference, and our adventurer swam round and examined it in all directions, but without meeting any inducement to prolong his stay. Accordingly, being satisfied that there were no oysters, he thought of ascending to the surface of the water; but first he cast a look upwards, as all divers are obliged to do, who hope to avoid the hungry jaws of a monster. If the coast is clear, they may then rise without apprehension. Don Pablo, however, when he cast a hasty glance upwards, found that a tintetero had taken a station about three or four yards immediately above him, and, most probably, had been watching during the whole time that he had been down. A double-pointed stick is a useless weapon against a tintetero, as its mouth is of such enormous dimensions, that both man and stick would be

swallowed together. He therefore felt himself rather nervous, as his retreat was now completely intercepted. But, under water, time is too precious to be spent in reflection, and therefore he swam round to another part of the rock, hoping by this artifice to avoid the vigilance of his persecutor. What was his dismay when he again looked up, to find the pertinacious tintetero still hovering over him, as a hawk would follow a bird ! He described him as having large, round, and inflamed eyes, apparently just ready to dart from their sockets with eagerness, and a mouth—at the recollection of which he still shuddered—that was constantly opening and shutting, as if the monster was already, in imagination, devouring his victim, or, at least, that the contemplation of his prey imparted a foretaste of the *goût* ! Two alternatives now presented themselves to the mind of Don Pablo : one, to suffer himself to be drowned ; the other, to be eaten. He had already been under water so considerable a time, that he found it impossible any longer to retain his breath, and was on the point of giving himself up for lost with as much philosophy as he possessed. But what is dearer than life ? The invention of man is seldom at a loss to find expedients for its preservation in cases of great extremity. On a sudden, he recollected that on one side of the rock he had observed a sandy spot, and to this he swam with all imaginable speed ; his attentive friend still watching his movements, and keeping a measured pace with him. As soon as he reached the spot, he commenced stirring it with his pointed stick, in such a way that the fine particles rose, and rendered the water perfectly turbid, so that he could not see the monster, nor the monster him. Availing himself of the *cloud* by which he and the tintetero were enveloped, he swam very far out in a transversal direction, and reached the surface in safety, although completely exhausted. Fortunately, he rose close to one of the boats ; and those who were within, seeing him in such a state, and knowing that an *enemy must have been persecuting him, and that by some artifice he had saved his life, jumped overboard, as is their*

common practice in such cases, to frighten the creature away by splashing in the water; and Don Pablo was taken into the boat more dead than alive.'

The beautiful Bay of Havannah, Island of Cuba, is known to be frequented by sharks, whose gambols amuse the natives, though they have also occasion to lament the injuries they inflict, in cases of men accidentally falling into the water. The following anecdote in reference to a case of this kind, was communicated to us by a highly-respectable military officer who bore a considerable share in the adventure:—

'Subsequent to the disastrous attack on the American lines before New Orleans, on the 8th of January 1815, the army proceeded to Isle Dauphine, in the Gulf of Mexico, where the troops remained until peace was concluded between Great Britain and the United States. As the men had been for several months exposed to severe hardships and many privations, the fleet was ordered, on its way home, to put into different ports, for the purpose of procuring fresh meat and vegetables. The ship I was on board of, with the regiment which I then commanded, belonged to that part of the fleet which touched at the Havannah. The circumstance I am about to relate is the capture of an enormous shark, which created considerable interest at the time. On arriving at the Havannah, I obtained leave from the general officer commanding, to live on shore, for the purpose of seeing something of the island. I generally went on board every morning about ten o'clock, to give the necessary orders for the regiment. Several of our men had died during the passage to Havannah, and were consigned to the deep in the harbour of that place. One morning, when I was writing in the cabin, I heard a sudden running of the men upon deck towards the after-part of the vessel, and a sergeant called to me from above to come on deck immediately. Not being exactly aware of what was going on, I drew my sabre, and ran on deck without my cap. I was received with a good laugh by the officers present, and very soon was made

aware of the object of the men's curiosity. It was a sight I never can forget. One of our poor fellows had been thrown overboard in the morning, sewed up in his blanket, with a shot inside to sink him. By some accident, the sewing must have been loosened, and, consequently, the body floated; and just as I came on deck, two enormous sharks made a dash at the body, divided it in two, and disappeared with their spoil. A feeling of horror ran through every spectator. At that instant, a third shark shewed himself close to our vessel. I called to the men to keep him alongside, by throwing him pieces of biscuit, at the same time desiring one of them to bring me a musket; on getting which, I fired at the animal, and the men shouted out that the ball had gone clean through him. He gave a flap with his tail, and went down, leaving the water slightly tinged with blood. At this moment, the black who beat the large drum came aft, and said to me: "Major, if you give me leave, I kill him and eat him in five minutes." I told him he should have five dollars for his pains if he kept his word. He immediately produced a shark-hook, baited it with a piece of pork, and having fastened it to a strong line, threw it high into the air, and let it fall with a splash into the water. The effect was magical. Quick as lightning, two of the sharks were seen making towards the bait, and, in an instant, one of them swallowed it. "Now is the time, grenadier," cried blackie; "clap on the rope-line, and give him plenty o' play!" Away went the monster like a whale, but *our Othello's* "occupation was not gone," and he commanded the grenadier, like an experienced general, until his enemy was lying spent and powerless on the surface of the water. A boat was now lowered, and the animal having been hauled alongside, a noose was made on a very thick rope, and he was swung into the air amidst the cheers of the whole fleet, every yard having been manned to witness our proceeding. The tail having been cut, the shark was laid on the deck, and blackie having selected a delicate piece from the shoulder, *immediately proceeded* to fulfil the latter part of his

again, by broiling and eating it. The shark measured eleven feet in length, and seven feet across. The liver weighed seventy-three pounds. In the upper jaw were five rows of teeth, and in the under, six rows. I had the satisfaction to see that my aim had been good, as the mark of the ball was about two inches below the dorsal fin, and had gone "clean through," as the men said. Notwithstanding this wound, the voracious creature had returned to the charge within five minutes. The shark was a female, and had nineteen young ones in her belly when opened. They measured about eighteen inches each. During the time she was alongside, I, as well as two hundred others, had an opportunity of observing the young ones passing in and out of the mother's mouth: they seemed to take refuge there on the least appearance of danger. This fact, I believe, has been doubted by some naturalists. The jaw of this animal is now at Abbotsford, having been sent to the late lamented Sir Walter Scott by the writer of this account.

Strange to say, we got no thanks for having killed this shark. A complaint was lodged against me by the authorities of Havannah for having destroyed one of the "guardians of their harbour." By this, I suppose, they meant, that the large sharks, playing about the mouth of the harbour, prevented a great fry of smaller ones from entering.

S U S A N H A M I L T O N :

A T A L E O F V I L L A G E L I F E .

THE village of Daldaff lay in a nook of the hills, in one of the most rural districts of Scotland. Far from any of the great thoroughfares, or any of the large manufacturing towns, it continued, down even to the beginning of the present century, to be one of the most entire specimens in existence of all that a Scotch village used

to be. Its situation was a deep hollow, upon the banks of a mountain stream; and it looked from some points of view, as if a parcel of children's toy-houses had been shaken promiscuously in a bowl, and suddenly fixed in the way they happened to arrange themselves at the bottom. It was all a confused mixture of gray old walls and brown thatch, with green gardens and arbours, and mountain ash-trees. When you looked down from any of the surrounding heights, you wondered how communication was carried on amongst neighbours, or how strangers found an entrance into the village; for you saw no trace of streets, paths, or ways. It was only when you descended into the place that you saw here and there a narrow road threading its way among the houses, somewhat after the manner of the puzzle called the walls of Troy. Most of the little dwellings had a long stripe of garden, running from behind them up the hill; other houses had their sides or backs placed close against the bank, so that you might have walked off the ground upon their roofs without perceiving it—while the gardens spread downward before them, like aprons. These gardens bore large beds of refulgent cabbages, with gooseberry-bushes between, and always in some sunny and sheltered place there were a few bee-hives, the tops of which were kept warm either with a crown of straw or a mantle of turf. At morning hour you would have seen the honest weavers, who people most of the houses, busying themselves in delving and dibbling in these little patches of ground. During the long day, perhaps nothing of life was to be seen about them, except the circumspect and decent hen walking up the avenue with her chirping brood, or the cock flapping his wings from the top of the wall, and crowing a defiance to some distant foe of his own kind; or the bees, as the one by one made themselves visible out of the universal sunniness, in the immediate shadow of the hive. At night however, the weaver would be seen walking forth with his pipe in his mouth, his Kilmarnock cowl brushed back from his forehead, and his clothes loose at the knees, to observe the growth of the berries, or pull a bunch of

lily-oak for his children, who came prattling behind him ; or to hold converse through the evening stillness with a neighbour, perhaps four gardens off, respecting the late proceedings of 'that dreadful fallow, Bonyparty.' When standing in the centre of the village, you might have almost been persuaded that there was no other place in the world. The rim of the horizon was within 200 yards of the eye all round, and nothing besides was to be seen but the contracted sky. On the top of the bank, in one direction, stood the church, with its little docked steeple, and its body-guard of old trees. In another direction there was a peep of the turrets of an old half-ruined mansion-house, which had not been occupied for many years, except by the spirit of a murdered man, which was understood to occupy a particular room, and always went by the horribly descriptive name of *Spotty*. Beyond the edge of the surrounding banks, the country swept downwards, in extensive flats, generally sterile, but here and there shewing fine spots of pastoral green. Over these downs, groups of children would sometimes be seen rambling hand in hand, in those adventurous journeys of half a mile from home, which children are so fond of taking ; sometimes, talking to each other of the novelties of the created world, which were every now and then striking their eyes and their imaginations ; at other times, pondering in silent and infantine abstraction on the beauty of the gowans which grew by their sides, and in the bosoms of which, as they gazed into them, they saw, reflected as in a mirror, their own fairness and innocence. There, also, while the wind even of summer carried its chill, the little neat herd-boy would be seen sitting on the leeward side of the green knoll, with his sister by his side, and a plaid drawn all around them, their arms laced round each other's necks, and their cheeks laid close together, as both read from the same tattered story-book, or partook of the same pease-bread and milk, which served as their afternoon meal. Within the village, all was primeval simplicity. The houses already mentioned were arranged without the least regard to each

other's convenience—some back to back, some shoulder to shoulder, but as generally front to back, and shoulder to front. The white manse sat half-way up the bank, overlooking the whole like an idol presiding over a crowded group of worshippers. On what might be considered the principal thoroughfare in the village, stood the inn, a house distinguished from all the rest by its being two storeys in height, not to speak of the still more remarkable distinction of a hanging sign, on which was painted something dark and grim, meant for a black bull, besides the frequent apparition of a carrier's cart resting with its beams high and rampant into the air. Another house, rather better than the rest, was occupied by 'a merchant,' a man originally a haberdashery pedler, but who, having here at last set up his ellwand of rest, dealt not only in women's attire, but a thousand things else besides, as if he had been

'Not one, but all *shopkeepers'* epitome.'

Then there was the modest tenement of Luckie Smytrie, with its window of four panes, shewing to the passing traveller two biscuits on edge, and as many dark-green bottles filled with comfits; while within, if you had chosen to enter, you would have found at one end of the room in which the decent woman lived, a large cupboard and a small table forming her mercantile establishment for the sale of all kinds of smallwares. Were you to lounge a little in this humble retreat of commerce, you might see children coming in every now and then asking for such things as an ounce of soap, a quarter of an ounce of tea, a half-penny worth of whip-cord, or, perhaps (what would astonish you most of all), change of a penny—that is, two half-pence. Luckie Smytrie was a woman who had experienced great trials in early life, had had husbands killed by accidents, sons enlisted for soldiers and slain in battle, and daughters that died in the morn and liquid dew of youth, innumerable. Her shop was, therefore, patronised by all the villagers, to the prejudice in some *articles of the more ambitious establishment of the retired*

packman ; but yet the old woman, like all shopkeepers who have little rivalry, was as much offended at losing any partial or occasional custom in favour of that individual, as if she had had a far stronger and more prescriptive right to the business of the place. For instance, you might see a boy come in with a small cotton handkerchief in his hand, and say that his mother had sent him for a half-penny worth of thread, matching with that piece of attire, which she wished to hem. To which Mrs Smytrie would respond, in a cool voice, but intended to convey the most cutting sarcasm : ‘Gang back, hinny, and tell your mother that it would be far better to get her thread where sho got her napkin.’ Or, perhaps, it was an order for bread on a Sunday evening, from some one who had had an unexpected crowd of visitors at tea. The request was then put in the following terms :—‘Mrs Smytrie [on other occasions it was plain Tibbie], my mother has her compliments t’ye, and she wad be muckle obleeged for twa tippeny bricks (loaves), as there’s some folk come upon her to their four-hours that she didna expeck.’ To the which Mrs Smytrie would answer, in the same cruelly tranquil voice : ‘Tell your mother, my woman, that she had better get her bread on the Sabbath night where she gets’t on the Saturday ’te’en ;’ well knowing all the while that the shop referred to was not open, and that there was no other besides her own in the whole village, or within ten miles round. Perhaps a child would come in for a half-penny worth of paper—namely, writing-paper ; but Mrs Smytrie, mistaking the word, would set about the elaborate ceremony of weighing out what she supposed the required quantity of pepper. The boy would look on, not knowing what to think of it, till at last he was roused from his reverie by having a neat little conical parcel, with a twist at the point, presented to him instead of the roll of paper which he had expected. He would then murmur out, with a ludicrous mixture of stupidity and terror : ‘It was paper I was wanting ;’ at which the old widow would break out with the anticipated torrent of invective : ‘*Hech ! dyted thing, could ye no speak plainer ?*

What for did ye let me be makin' up the pepper for ye, and no tell me it was paper ! Niff-naffin !' There was hardly any other house in the village in the least distinguished from its fellows. The most of them were occupied by a race of decent weavers—for this, indeed, was the staple employment in Daldaff. Through almost every lattice you heard the constant sound of the shuttle and lay, mixed with the voices of the honest operatives, as they sung at their work. In a preceding age, the village contained only three or four of this class of men, who employed themselves in weaving the homely woollen cloth and sheeting which were then used by the country-people, being formed out of materials supplied immediately by themselves. But these kinds of manufacture had, in a great measure, given way in favour of the lighter *fabrics* of Glasgow. Cottons were now supplied from that immense mart, to be woven into showy webs ; and, as the trade offered far superior remuneration to what had ever been known in the village, not only the old serge-weavers had changed the one employment for the other, but a vast flock of their sons and connections, and many of the country-people around, had rushed into it, so that the primitive little village of Daldaff became neither more nor less than a kind of colony or dependency of the great western capital.

This revolution was at first productive of a great increase of comfort in the village, without materially altering the primeval virtues of its inhabitants. Old men began to lay by blue bonnets in favour of hats. A few old hereditary black coats, which had been worn from youth to age, were at last rescued from the twilight of a Sabbath fame, and consigned ungrudgingly to a general use throughout the week. Young men began to abandon hoddens-gray for Galashiels blue ; young women got straw-bonnets to cover locks heretofore exposed in cocker-nonnies ; and there were two if not three green gauze veils in the village. In respect of domestic economy, almost every housewife had the pot on three times a week, so *that third day's kail* was beginning to be a thing almost

unknown. Tea was also intruding its outlandish face into scenes where bread and milk was erst the only luxury. Some of the husbands held long out against it, but at length they almost all sneaked into a liking for it, and no more thought of wanting it at the end of their day's work, than they thought of wanting their halesome porridge at the beginning. It was sometimes lamented by the excellent old minister, that family worship was a usage not favoured by this change of circumstances; but still, both at nine in the morning, and about the same hour in the evening, you might have heard, in passing some of the houses, either the rude and tremendous psalmody raised by the father of the household, or the low and earnest prayer which he was pouring forth, with his knees and those of all his family resting upon his clay-floor. Then all the good old sports were kept up. The boys, instead of being confined, like those of larger manufacturing towns, in unhealthy cotton-mills, were permitted at all hours, except those during which they were engaged at school, to play at the golf and shinty, or at bows and arrows, upon the common haugh by the burn-side, or else to roam further afield in search of birds' nests, or to harry the crows in the woods. On the same haugh, in the summer evenings, after work was done, the young men would be seen 'putting the stane;' or playing at the 'penny-stanes' (quoits); or perhaps amusing themselves with the more energetic game of football, while their cowed fathers would walk forth to sympathise in and judge of their feats, and enjoy a hearty, unmeasured laugh at every unharmed 'mischanter' which might befall them. Thither also would repair the trig, short-gowned lass, just newly 'redd up,' as she would style it, her curls shining in their recent release from paper, over a face to which a good washing had lent a richer glow, and her *tout-ensemble* in every respect greatly improved—as female figures, somehow or other, always are—by being seen in the declining light of the golden eve. There, while the young of the different sexes interchanged their joke and their gibe, and the old raised the still heartier laugh at ever

feat in the game, and children shouted and dogs barked from the mere contagion of joy, while, moreover, the sun sent his last rich rays through the trees above the village, whence the

‘ — sweet mellow crush of the wood-pigeon’s note,
Made music that sweetened the calm ;’

there a stranger might have supposed that Happiness had found her last abode on earth, ere for ever winging her flight to her native skies.

Many villages in Scotland enjoy a humble local fame for some particular custom or sport, which is understood to reign there in supremacy over all others. If Daldaff was celebrated for any form of fun more than another, it was for curling—a sport peculiar to Scotland, and which may be best described to southern readers by the simple statement, that it employs large smooth stones upon the ice, much after the manner of bowls upon a bowling-green. The game can only be practised after a very hard frost, as it requires the strongest ice to bear the numbers who usually assemble either to play or look on. Curling is a game relished so keenly in Scotland, that, like other common appetites, it levels all distinctions of station and rank. In a rural and thinly-peopled district like that around Daldaff, the laird might be seen mingling with not only his farmers, but his cottagers, interchanging the broad jest at his own failures, and giving applause wherever it was due. The minister might also be seen driving his stone with as much anxiety of eye as any one, and occasionally, perhaps, envying the good-fortune of an unlettered peasant, whom, on another occasion, he would have to chide for his backwardness in the Single Catechism. Daldaff was fortunately situated for this game, as, less than a mile below the village, the mountain stream spread out into a little lake sufficient to have afforded room for half-a-dozen ‘rinks.’ There, one Saturday afternoon, the people of Daldaff had a *bonspiel*, or grand contest with the inhabitants of the adjacent parish of Sarkinholm, who had long disputed with them the palm of superiority.

A bonspiel is not appointed to take place every day; neither is Saturday like any other day of the week. Hence, although an unfortunate thaw was just commencing, the disputants resolved to have out their game, trusting that the ice would at least last long enough to do their turn. Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the ice, the bonspiel passed off with great éclat. Nearly all Daldaff and Sarkinholt were collected to witness the sport; and the *certaminis gaudia*, or joys of the combat, were felt perhaps as keenly in the hearts of the women and children of these respective places, as in those of the curlers themselves. Before the game was done, the men were standing inch deep in water, and the stones, as they came up to the rink, sent the spray high into the air before them, like shavings from a joiner's plane. The short day of January was also drawing very near to a close, and a deep dark cloud had settled down upon the mountains to the west, betokening a thorough change in the weather. At length, victory declared itself in favour of Daldaff, and the parties 'quat their roaring play,' to betake themselves to their respective homes. All in a short time had left the place, except a small band of boys and girls, who continued to enjoy a pair of slides on a somewhat higher and drier part of the ice.

The rivulet connected with this little lake was one of those which, rising in a large basin of hilly country, are liable to be swelled occasionally in a very short space of time, so that, though at one hour they may scarcely shew a rill among the channel-stones, they are the next raging like a large and impetuous river. On the present occasion, being fed by the cloud just spoken of, it came down in one of its most awful forms, and in one instant broke up the ice upon the peaceful lake with a noise like thunder. The children who had been sliding, though they scarcely had a moment of warning, escaped from the ice—all except one, Susan Hamilton, the daughter of the leading manufacturer in the village. She had been the last to approach a gulf which had been leaped by all the rest, and, her heart failing her at the moment, she was

immediately carried off from the land upon a large board of ice. What had lately been the solid surface of the lake, was now gathered in a large glacier of peaky fragments at the bottom, while all around the water was extending far beyond its usual limits. Susan Hamilton was soon drifted down to this mass of ice, where, from the top of a lofty pinnacle, she cried loudly for help, which, however, was every moment becoming more difficult to be rendered. The most of her companions had fled in childish terror to the village; but as the danger was instant, there seemed little chance of rescue from that quarter. Fortunately, a young man who had accompanied some friends to Sarkinholm, happened to be returning to Daldaff, and hearing cries of distress, rushed up to the spot. Though the twilight was now deepening, he perceived the situation of the child, and being perfectly acquainted with the ground, he immediately resolved upon a plan of rescue. A large board of ice happened to be lying in a creek near the place where he stood. Upon this he fearlessly embarked, and, guiding it by means of his curling brush, he soon reached the iceberg to which Susan Hamilton was clinging. Having prevailed upon her to leap down into his arms, he placed her carefully on board his icy raft, and then steered back towards the shore, where, by this time, a few of the villagers, including the child's father, were collected. He was so fortunate as to return in safety, and had the satisfaction—which Bishop Burnet considered to be the greatest on earth—of rendering a man truly happy. The joy of the father was speechless; but the other villagers raised a shout of admiration in honour of his heroic conduct. Nor was the general feeling abated when, immediately after he had regained the shore, the vast glacier, loosed from its confinement at the bottom of the lake, was precipitated down the channel of the stream, where it tumbled and dashed along with the resistless force of rocks thrown down a hill-side, and the noise of a hurricane in a forest. It was seen that *if he had hesitated* but for a minute to adventure upon

his perilous task, the child must have perished almost before her father's eyes.

James Hamilton, who had this evening experienced the opposites of extreme agony and extreme happiness, was only a mere long-headed specimen of the weavers of Daldaff. Having saved a little money, and acquired a reputation for prudence and honesty, he had been able, when the Glasgow work was first introduced into the village, to get himself appointed by a manufacturing house in that city as agent for supplying employment to his brethren ; and as he not only enjoyed a commission upon the labours of his neighbours, but also kept a number of looms going upon his own account, he might be considered the most prosperous man in the village. He had been married for many years, but was blessed with only one child—the fair young girl who was rescued from death in the manner above described. He was one of those individuals, who, though entitled to praise for their correct dealings and sagacious conduct in life, are yet apt to excite dislike by their contenting themselves too exclusively with those properties, and not shewing enough of the amenity and friendliness of disposition, by which alone society at large is rendered agreeable. You could always make sure that James Hamilton would do you no wrong, but you were also impressed with the certainty, that neither would he do you any good ; and if it be possible that there can be an excess of circumspection and prudence, he erred in that excess. Rarely giving way to feeling himself, he could hardly believe that it existed in others ; or, if he did acknowledge its existence, he despised it as only the symptom of an unworldly character. Even on seeing a single and beloved child rescued from destruction, though he could not repress the first gush of grateful and joyful emotion, he almost immediately after relapsed into his usual coldness, and seemed to chide himself for having been betrayed into that excitement.

Adam Cuthbertson, who had done for him almost the greatest service that one man can do to another,

was the son of a poor widow in Sarkinholm, and now resided with a relation at Daldaff, under whom he was acquiring the universal craft of the district. Though graced with only a very limited education, and condemned to almost unceasing toil, Adam was a youth of some spirit and ingenuity. An old *black buke* of Scotch songs lay constantly on the beam at his left hand, and the rush of the shuttle and the dunt of the lay went in unison with as clear a pipe as ever lifted up the notes of our national minstrelsy. It was even whispered that Adam had himself composed a few songs, or there were at least certain ditties which the lasses of Daldaff might occasionally be heard singing at their washings on the haugh, and which were privately attributed to his pen—though, it is to be remarked, his modesty would never permit him to confess the soft impeachment. Adam also contrived to obtain some scientific books, which he pored over at night by his uncle's fireside, or, in summer, beneath a little bower which he had constructed in the garden. He was thought to be less steady at his work than some duller lads, and the case was not mended by a particular improvement which he had carried into effect upon the machinery of his loom. Although he practically demonstrated that he could work more with the same trouble by means of this alteration, the old workmen only shook their heads at it, and wished he might work as much with it in the long-run. It happened one day that, as he was *dressing* his web with the brushes, he lost his balance by mere accident, and fell head-foremost through the white expanse before him, producing, of course, irremediable ruin. 'Ay, ay,' remarked one of the old stagers, 'I never thought ony gude would come o' thae improvements. Wha ever heard o' ony *ordinar* workman playing sic a plisky?' Others, less disposed to observe the strict doctrines of causation, would ask what else could be expected of 'that newfangled way o' working the hiddles.' The very minister, honest man, was heard to *hazard* a quiet witticism on the subject, not from any

vill towards his young parishioner, but just because joke could hardly be avoided. 'I was aye jalousing,' the worthy divine one day to his elder, James nilton, 'that Yedie wad some day or other fa' through wark.'

It is to be mentioned with regret that Hamilton, notwithstanding his obligations to the young man, was one those who regarded his frank-spirited character and ward genius with least favour. This did not appear to be solely the result of the opposition of their characters. Hamilton, who, in any circumstances, would have been sure to disapprove of the qualities manifested by Adam Cuthbertson, appeared almost to have contracted an additional dislike for him, on account of the obligation which ought to have made him his friend. He seemed to dread the claims which the rescue of his ward might establish, and acted as if he thought it necessary to give as little encouragement to those claims as possible.

There was, however, one individual who did full justice to the superior character and the gallant achievement of Cuthbertson. This was Susan Hamilton, the young girl whom he had saved. Susan, at the time of her rescue, was too young to regard her deliverer with any other feeling than that of grateful respect. But as she advanced towards womanhood, the childish feeling of awe with which she had always beheld him when they needed to meet, became gradually exchanged for a sentiment of a softer and tenderer character, though not without bashful and abashed. Adam's feelings towards her experienced a similar change. Ever after the day when he saved her life, he had taken rather more interest in her fair head and those sweet blue eyes, than in the features of any other child of the same age whom he met tripping to school. But this feeling was merely one of the circumstances. It solely referred to the adventure which he had been so happy as to restore her to the arms of her father. Susan, however, in a very few years, ceased to be a little girl tripping to school. Her

figure became considerably taller, and more attractive. Her blue eyes became filled with deeper and more thoughtful meanings ; her cheek, when she approached her deliverer, assumed a richer hue ; and the voice, when it addressed him, surprised him with new tones. Sometimes he would hardly *permit himself to think* that she was in the least different from what she had been. He would still speak to her as a man addressing a child. But after they had parted, he would feel his soul troubled with a delight he had never before experienced. He would *feel*, though he did not *think*, that she was different. Need any more be said, than that he in time found himself at once loving and beloved ?

The sun never set with a richer glow, nor did the flowers ever give out a richer perfume, than on the evening when, in the woods of Craigross, Adam Cuthbertson and Susan Hamilton first confessed their mutual attachment.

But fate was adverse to the passion of these amiable beings. James Hamilton, with all his homely wisdom, had so far given way to a wretched ambition, as to wish his daughter to match in a sphere above his own rank. Laird Ganderson, of Windigate, had marked out Susan at church as a very proper person to undertake the management of his household—an office just become vacant in consequence of the death of his mother. Being arrived at the full and perfect age of forty-seven years, the beauty of the young lady was perhaps of a smaller consideration with the laird, than the contiguity of a few fields lately purchased by her father, to his somewhat dilapidated property. He therefore made some overtures to James Hamilton, which that individual listened to in a manner far from unfavourable. It was soon made up between them, that Susan was to become Mrs Ganderson ; all that remained to be done, was to gain the approbation of the young woman herself towards the scheme. Susan, who, *in addition to many better qualities, possessed a gift of rustic humour*, endeavoured to convey her sentiments to the laird in a delicate way, by one evening frying him a

liced peats instead of Scotch collops ; but the laird
 all as a good joke, and said he only liked her the
 for her waggery. In fact, being anxious to have
 ly on the ordinary principles of mercantile specu-
 he was not to be turned aside by any nice delicacy,
 ore than he would have been prevented from
 ; a horse at a fair by the animal shewing a reluct-
 o part with its former proprietor. On the other
 Cuthbertson felt in a manner entirely different.
 at which he had received one night from the father,
 ting the narrowness of his circumstances and pro-
 determined him to quit Daldaff in search of
 e, taking no care but first to interchange with
 a vow of eternal fidelity.

one full year, Susan was enabled to parry the
 ses of the laird and the entreaties of her father.
 ormer spent a great part of every day at James
 ton's, where he smoked incessantly, or, if he ceased
 it was only to ask for liquor, or to utter a ribald
 By this familiarity, he only rendered himself the
 ntolerable to Susan. But it had a different effect
 he father. The laird became so thoroughly ingra-
 with that individual, that there was no exertion of
 ship which Hamilton would not make in his behalf.
 t, in order to secure to his daughter the éclat of
 lady of Windigate, he was understood to have com-
 sed all that he was worth in the world in securities
 e behoof of his future son-in-law, whose fortune
 spected to be in no very flourishing condition. The
 unate weaver exemplified a very common failing
 most sagacious characters—namely, a disposition,
 whole lifetime of prudence, to give way to some
 y ridiculous error, which is rendered un-alarming
 em from its being totally different in character
 endency from any that they have been accustomed
 id.

length came evil days. Owing to some turn of
in the progress of the war, cotton-weaving ex-
ad a severe shock, by which many of the best

Glasgow houses were materially damaged, and thousands of operatives throughout the country were thrown out of work. The very respectable establishment for which Hamilton had long acted as agent lingered for a time in existence, and was able occasionally to send a small scantling of work, hardly enough to employ a tenth part of the population of the village. When the carrier was expected to come with these small supplies, numbers of poor men, attended by their wives and children, all of whom were alike unemployed, would go out for miles to meet the eagerly-expected vehicle, to learn how much work was brought, and what prospect there was of more. On the small bag being opened by Hamilton, and perhaps only three webs being displayed, the grief of the poor people was beyond all description. The married men would then, by Hamilton's directions, draw lots for those precious morsels of employment. While this process went forward, what eager, breathless hope in the faces of both men and women, tempered, at the same time, by a religious sense of the misery which each man knew that his own success would inflict upon some equally deserving neighbour! What despair was depicted in each honest homely face, as it turned from the fatal lottery, upon the unhappy family group, which, more eagerly than himself, had watched the result of his throw! With what joy, mingled with sad sympathies for the rest, would the successful man bear home his load, though he knew that the price of his labour would hardly be sufficient to supply the food necessary to support him, even though he were to work sixteen hours a day! At length, towards winter, even these wretchedly insufficient supplies were stopped. Hamilton's employers, after every effort to keep themselves afloat, were obliged to give way also; and, consequently, the Daldaff agency became at once a dead letter. People talk of the exemption of the present generation from disasters by fire and sword, which so frequently *befell their ancestors*; but what calamity was ever *inflicted upon the poor*, even in the most lawless days of *past history*, equal to the desolation which is now so often

occasioned in a large district by a total cessation of the staple employment ! The cots which gave shelter to our ancestors were rebuilt in three days, after even the most savage invasion ; the herds, which had been gathered off to some place of security, were restored to their indestructible pastures. The calamity, if unaccompanied by severe loss of life, must have been only, in general, an exciting adventure. But what retreat, what consolation is there for the hordes of poor artisans, who, by some commercial accident, arising, perhaps, from the imprudence of a few merchants, or some political or warlike movement, are deprived of the customary weekly pittance ! It may be relied on, that such disasters exceed in measure of sorrow almost any kind of historical distress, except those of plague or famine. No other accident but these last ever introduced such coldness to the poor man's hearth, such despair to his heart, or made him regret with so bitter a pang that he had others to care for besides himself.

Amidst the public calamity, one of a most grievous nature overtook the father of our heroine. The affairs of the laird, which had long been desperately out of order, and for some time were only sustained by the aid of his intended father-in-law, came to a complete stand-still ; and, the whole wealth of James Hamilton being engaged in securities, he was at once reduced to the condition in which he had entered life. The stroke at first seemed likely to be fatal. Thus to lose the whole earnings of a laborious life—to forfeit, at the eleventh hour, by one miserable piece of imprudence, all the honours of the wisely-spent day, was more, almost, than he could bear. He had, however, two comforters in his affliction—the worthy old minister, who, in these calamitous times, had been a succouring angel to his flock—and his daughter, an angel of a still more gracious kind, who, forgetting all the severities with which she had been treated, and thinking only of his present affliction, applied herself to the sacred task of soothing his wounded mind and inspiring him with hopes of better times. The change of his

circumstances produced a complete change in the mind of Hamilton. Having no longer wealth to care for, the jealous sentinels with which he had guarded it were withdrawn. The crust of worldly selfishness was broken off his character, and all its better affections were again called into free play. His eyes were now opened to the wickedness of which he had been guilty, in endeavouring to force the affections of his daughter, and he only wished that he were again as he had been a twelve-month before, in order to make her happy with the man of her heart.

Weeks of partial famine passed on, and now the distresses of the villagers were suddenly doubled by the premature commencement of a very severe winter. With the exception of their small patches of potatoes and garden vegetables, there seemed hardly any resource for them during the whole winter. The minister, whose own income was exhausted in providing for their wants, thought it necessary, under these distressing circumstances, to call them all together, and join them in one solemn exercise of humiliation appropriate to the occasion. Just as this was concluded, a boy, belonging to an inn about ten miles distant upon the Glasgow road, arrived, after a toilsome journey through the snow, and gave the joyful news that a cart filled with webs was storm-stayed at his master's house, on its way to the village, the trade having suddenly experienced a slight revival. Transported with this intelligence, though no one could guess by whom the work could have been sent, they one and all resolved to proceed to Redcraigs, where the cart was lying, and aid in clearing a way for it through the snow. Every spade and semblance of a spade was then put in requisition, and the half of the bannocks in the village were brought forward, without the least regard to individual property, to provision the troop of pioneers. Thirty men set out early next morning on this expedition, graced with the blessings and prayers of all who saw them depart.

The snow, it was found, had only fallen to the depth of *three feet*; but it was drifted in many hollow parts of the

had to six times that depth, so as to present an insurmountable obstacle to the progress of a cart. At all those places the weavers exerted themselves as they advanced to clear away the gelid heaps. The toil was most severe; but what these poor starved men wanted in strength, they made up by zeal—that zeal, above all others, which is inspired by the wish of answering the clamour of a hungry family circle with the necessary bite. The thought that work was before them, that money would again be procured, and, for that money, food to supply ‘the bairns at home,’ nerved every arm with superhuman energy; and as the country-people everywhere lent a willing, though enthusiastic assistance, the party had before mid-day cleared their way to Redcraigs. What was their surprise in being met there by their friend Adam Cuthbertson, of whom they had not heard ever since he left Daldaff, and who now informed them, with ineffable pleasure beaming in his eyes, that he had been the happy means of procuring them this supply of work. He had entered, he said, into the service of a manufacturer at Glasgow, and having divulged to him a plan of improving the loom, had been advanced to a very onerous place of trust in the factory. His employer having weathered on till the present revival of trade, he had used the little influence he had to get his old master, of whose misfortunes he had heard, appointed to an agency, and was favoured with one of the very first parcels of work that was to be had, which he was now conveying to the relief of his old friends at Daldaff. ‘Let us on now, my friends,’ cried Adam; ‘and, before night is far spent, we shall be able to tell the women and the bairns that the bad times are now blown by, and that every one will get his porridge and his broth as he used to do.’ The cavalcade then set forward, the cart drawn by three horses in line, and every man more ready than another, either to clear away the drifted heap that lay before it, or to urge it with his desperate shoulder over every such impediment that might happen to be left. Though the way was long, and the labour severe, and the strength of the poor weavers not very *great*, yet every eye and voice

maintained its cheerfulness, and the song, the jest, the merry tale, were kept up to the very last. The wintry sun had just set upon the snowy hills ere the procession came within sight of Daldaff; yet all the women and children were collected at the Loanbraehead, to see it approach; and when the cart first discerned turning a neighbouring height, with large attendant train, a shout of natural joy arose through the clear air, such as might burst from those who gazed from the shore upon a wreck, and see the crew, one by one, make their escape from destruction. James Hamilton was there, though much reduced by a recent illness; the joy which seized him on being informed by the women of his appointment, was almost too much for his frame. He looked in vain, however, for Cuthbertson pour before him the thanks of a repentant spirit. The excellent young man had eluded the observation of the women, and diving through some of the lanes of the village, taken refuge in the house of his uncle. He found there much as he had longed to see gladness once more restored to these poor villagers, he could not endure the scene any longer. He had therefore escaped from their gratitude, and it was not till Hamilton sought him in his old haunts that he was at length discovered. The old man took him warmly by the hand, which he did not quit, leading him to his own house, he deposited it in the arms of his fair daughter. 'Susan Hamilton,' said he, 'tell me have you been saved by this good youth; you are now fairly his own property—you are no longer mine. Let you both be happy!'

THE POLISH JEW-BOY.

Poland is the chief modern seat of the scattered Jewish race, for while those interesting people were persecuted throughout every part of Europe, the noble sympathising people gave them refuge, and treated them as men and brethren. Under this kind protection, the Jews in time multiplied, and their hamlets soon rose to the condition of populous villages and towns, presenting to the modern world the spectacle of a second Judæa. These Polish Jews were permitted to govern themselves by their own laws, which they did in its fullest extent, adopting all the mosaical and Rabbinical ceremonies, and even dispensing with surnames, according to ancient usage. They also adhered to their own peculiar costume, and continue to do so. Their bodies are covered with a tightly-fitted black-silk robe, fastened with a band and tassel round the waist; on their head they wear a skull-cap, both in and out of the house, a rigid Jew never having his head uncovered, as, like other Eastern people, he requires to say prayers and graces on many occasions, and is obliged, when addressing the Almighty, to wear his hat upon his head; a long flowing beard, and a staff, complete the outline of their appearance. Napoleon made many innovations on the Jewish customs, though with little advantage to himself. He enrolled the young men into cavalry and infantry troops, making them take surnames, and insisting that they should never wear the costume of their race. This mixing with the natives of other territories contributed to enlighten the Jews, but war gave them an insight into the riches of the neighbouring countries, and made them anxious to participate in that wealth, which they endeavour to do by the only means left within their power. Being prevented by the illiberal and odiously selfish laws of most Christian powers from devoting their attention to ordinary professional pursuits,

or trying to gain distinction and opulence by any of the common modes in practice, they have in this, as in every other instance, devoted their abilities to various mercantile avocations, generally dealing in articles of great value. The way in which the industrious young Jew set out upon their wanderings is in no small degree affecting. After procuring the blessing of their parent which, in general, is all that they have to bestow, they leave their native homes at the tender age of thirteen and, in Scripture phrase, girding up their loins, they address themselves to their travels into far countries in search of what fortune may be pleased to reward them with. A certain portion of mankind are still disposed to hoot and persecute the Jews, and to allow them no good property whatever; but we defy any civilised nation to produce such striking instances of intrepidity, honest industry, and humility, as are here exemplified. The circumstance of boys of thirteen years of age voluntarily abandoning the houses of their parents to depend for their support on their own unassisted and unadvised efforts, among total strangers, is quite unparalleled in the history of the most chivalric people which the earth ever produced. We, no doubt, find Italian and Swiss boys wandering over most parts of Europe; but, it will be remarked, it is chiefly in the character of mendicants, or something nearly allied to it; while the Jew-boy sets forth with the determination to pursue some branch of lucrative industry, requiring no small degree of ingenuity and wisdom. It may be mentioned that the Jews become of age on the Sabbath after they attain the age of thirteen. On this solemn occasion they read a portion of the Scriptures aloud in the synagogue, and dedicate themselves to their Maker by swearing to keep the commandments. After this ceremony, the morning is celebrated with a breakfast party. At thirteen, the young Jews are required to wear phylacteries every morning while at their devotion. *These consist of two long stripes of leather, one being made to fit the head, the other for the left arm, with*

large knots, emblematic of Almighty God. Enclosed in this knot are the ten commandments, and the prayer, 'Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one God,' &c.

These observations on the condition and manners of the Polish Jews, are preliminary to the following account, which we have received, of the history of one of them, named Joshua Mendelsohn, who emigrated in the manner we have mentioned, and speedily raised himself from indigence to affluence, simply by perseverance and successful speculations in valuable articles of commerce. We give the account nearly in his own words, as he related it to a friend.

'Well, den, when I did come first to be a man at thirteen years of age, den I did have all de grand desire to go away to seek my fortune; so I did go to my fader and moder for der blessings, and they did give me dem, and I did ask my fader for his assistance, and he did say unto me: Mine dear son, all dat I can give you is a clean shirt, and may the God of Israel bless you! Den I did leave mine own country widout one farding, and my goods did consist of mine clothes on my back, and my prayer-book, and my phylacteries. I did not know vere I should go; but my feet did take me to Frankfort; and behold der was de grand fair, and I did look me about, and I was astonished to see such quantities of fine merchandise; so I did stand for long while admiring de goods. Now, when I did stand looking, a shentleman did ask me if I was a Jew. I say: Yes. He den ask me if I be honest, and I say: Yes, also. He den took me for to assist him in selling his merchandise, and was much satisfied, and he did give me about two pounds in dis country money. Oh, dis was a grand beginning of my fortune! So I did consider me what to buy, and, as luck would have it, I did buy all cornelian stones, but could not sell dem again; so I did take me to Italia; den I did shew dem to an honest Catholic jeweller, and he did give me twenty pounds. I was den very glad of dis great sum of moneys, and did lay out the whole on cameos. I next went again to Frankfort, and *was so fortunate as to sell dem for one*

hundred pounds. I now did buy all mine moneys in stones, and took them again to Italia; but dish time I had a large box, which cause der custom-house-officers stop me, and took away all mine riches, and put me to jail. When I was brought to der judge, they did search me, and found only my phylacteries; and de judge ask me what I do wid dese tings. And I told him they were for me to use when I pray to mine God. And he, being a good Catholic, say to me: You be a good Jew man; and he did give me all pack my goods, which I sold for dis time two hundred pounds. After dis, I went to Turkey, and dat was very good-luck; for a Turk did shew me a bag full of green and pink stones, and he ask me to puy dem. I did not know the value of dem; but for a grand speculation, I did say, if I make my fortune; I do; if I lose, I no worse den when I set out. So I did make a prayer, and he did sell me dem for mine own price, two hundred pounds. He ask me three hundred; but I say, I have no more riches. So the Turk gave me the whole for my price. I now took my bag of green and pink stones to a person dat was a judge, and he say, they be all emeralds and rubies, and worth a great sum. So I did sort dem, and went to Genoa, where I did never go before, and shewed dem to a Jew-broker, and he ask me mine price. I say, he must shew dem to the diamond-merchants, and they must put der highest price, for I did not let him know dat I did not know the value of dem. The Jew-broker came next day, and tell me he can get two thousand pounds for one parcel, and, if sent to-morrow, he will pay dem. As soon as I left de Jew-broker, I jump for joy at mine good-luck, and did tank mine God for his goodness to de poor Jew-boy. When next day did come, I did take all the moneys, two thousand pounds, for a part of mine precious stones; and out of gratitude, I did take for mine wife the broker's pretty daughter Rachel. So dis all over, I pay me a visit to all der grand cities, and did sell more and more of mine emeralds and rubies for very much moneys.

To bring this autobiographical sketch to a conclusion,

it has to be added, that after these various speculations, Joshua ventured on dealing in diamonds, in which he was still more successful. He thus pursued a lucrative, traffic in precious stones for many years, and became one of the richest men in Europe. His home was at Genoa, where his wife and family lived in the first style, with carriages and other luxuries of the most expensive description. Yet, when he was last heard of, he was still pursuing his unvarying avocations, almost in his original humble condition. He was travelling through every continental country, and visiting all the principal cities in his professional capacity. He also, in general, carried about his person property to the amount of L.100,000 and upwards, in precious stones, all of which were stowed in about fifty different pockets in various parts of his dress.

TALE OF THE SILVER HEART.

In the course of a ramble through the western part of Fife, I descended one evening upon the ancient burgh of Culross, which is situated on a low stripe of land beside the sea-shore, with a line of high grounds rising behind it, upon which are situated the old abbey church and the ruins of a very fine mansion-house, once the residence of the lords of the manor. On stepping forth next morning from the little inn, I found that the night had been stormy, and that the waves of the Forth were still rolling with considerable violence, so as to delay the usual passage of the ferry-boat to Borrowstounness. Having resolved to cross to that part of the opposite shore, I found that I should have ample time, before the boat could proceed, to inspect those remains of antiquity, which now give the burgh almost its only importance in the eyes of a traveller. The state of the atmosphere was in the highest degree calculated to increase the interest of these objects. *It was a day of gloom, scarcely different*

from night. The sky displayed that fixed darkness so often succeeds a nocturnal tempest; the sheet of turbid darkness, save where chequered by a breaking wave. The streets and paths of the burgh shewed, each by its deep and pebbly surface, much rain had fallen during the night; the foliage of the gardens and woods around, as well as the walls of the houses, were still drenched with water. We secured the services of the official called the sexton, who conducted to the abbey church, which is a very ancient structure, but recently repaired and fitted up as a place of worship. It was fitting, in such a gloomy place, to inspect the outlines of abbots and crusaders, and to deck the pavement of this ancient temple; as a matter, perhaps, for still more solemn reflection, we viewed the adjacent mansion-house. Culrobert, of which this structure is called, was finished so lately by Charles II., and by the same architect with the other house, which it far exceeded in magnificence. The premature ruin of youthful health is a more interesting object than the ripe decline of age, so did the modern palace, with the wall-flower and the elegant Grecian windows, present a more interesting object than could have been expected from any hoary antiquity. The tale which it told of the fall of modern grandeur, and the decline of reigning families, appealed more immediately and powerfully to the sympathies, than that of the more barbarous greatness, which is to be seen in the sterner battlements of a border tower or a national fortress. The site had been chosen for a terrace overlooking the sea, in order that the view might be enlivened by the everchanging element, and the constant transit of its ships. All useless was this peculiarity of site, if it served to the mariner as a kind of landmark, and the more contemplative voyager with nothing to sigh. With a mind attuned by this *melancholy reflections*, I was conducted

le or burial-vault, projecting from the north side of church, and which contains the remains of the former of Culross. There images are shewn, cut in beautiful Italian marble, of Sir — Bruce, his lady, and four children, all of which must have been procured from the continent, at a great expense; for this honourable knight and his family flourished in the early part of the fifteenth century, when no such art was practised in Scotland. The images, however, and the whole sepulchre, had a neglected and desolate appearance, and may be expected by the greatest of personages when their race has become unknown at the scene of their repose. In this gloomy chamber of the heirless lord, I was shewn a projection from one of the side-walls, much like an altar, over which was painted on the wall the mournfully appropriate and expressive word, *FUIMUS.* Below was an inscription on a brass-plate, reporting that this was the resting-place of the heart of Edward Lord Bruce of Kinloss, formerly proprietor of the princely estate of Culross; and that the story connected with it was to be found related in the *Guardian*, and alluded to in Clarendon's *History of the Great Rebellion*. It was stated that the heart was enclosed in a silver case of its own shape, which had reposed here ever since it ceased to beat with the tide of mortal life in the year 1613, except that it was raised from its cell for a brief space in 1808, in the course of some repairs upon the sepulchre. As I had a perfect recollection of the story told by Steele, which, indeed, had made a deep impression upon me in boyhood, it was with no small interest that I beheld the final abode of an object so immediately connected with it. It seemed as if time had been betrayed, and two centuries annihilated, when I thus found myself in presence of the actual membrane, in bodily substance entire, which had, by its proud passions, brought about the catastrophe of that piteous tale. What! thought I, and does the heart of Edward Bruce which beat so long ago with emotions now hardly known among men, still exist at this spot, as if the friends of i

owner had resolved that so noble a thing should never find decay? The idea had in it something so truly captivating, that it was long ere I could quit the place, or return to the feelings of immediate existence. The whole scene around, and the little neglected burgh itself, had now become invested with a fascinating power over me; and I did not depart till I had gathered, from the traditions of the inhabitants, the principal materials of the following story, aiding them, after I had reached home, by reference to more authentic documents:—

Edward Lord Bruce of Kinloss, the second who bore the title, was the son of the first Lord, who is so memorable in history as a serviceable minister to King James VI. during the latter years of his Scottish reign, having been chiefly instrumental, along with the Earl of Mar, in smoothing the way for his majesty's succession to Queen Elizabeth. After the death of his father, the young Lord Bruce continued, along with his mother, to enjoy high consideration in the English court. He was a contemporary and playmate of Henry, Prince of Wales, whom he almost equalled in the performance of all noble sports and exercises, while, from his less cold character, he was perhaps a greater favourite among those who were not prepossessed in favour of youthful royalty. There was not, perhaps, in the whole of the English court, any young person of greater promise, or more endearing qualities, than Lord Bruce; though, in respect of mere external accomplishments, he was certainly rivalled by his friend, Sir George Sackville, a younger son of the Earl of Dorset. This young gentleman, who was the grandson of one poet,* and destined to be the grandsire of another,† was one of those free and dashing spirits, who, according to the accounts of contemporary writers, kept the streets of London in an almost perpetual brawl, by night and day, with their extravagant frolics, or, more generally, the feuds arising out of them. His heart and genius were

* *Lord Buckhurst.*

† *The Earl of Dorset, a poetical ornament of the court of Charles II.*

naturally good, but the influence of less innocent companions gradually betrayed him into evil habits; and thus many generous faculties, which might have adorned the highest profession, were in him perverted to the basest uses. It was often a subject of wonder that the pure and elevated nature of young Lord Bruce should tolerate the reckless profligacy of Sackville; but those who were surprised did not take a very extended view of human nature. The truth is, that real goodness is often imposed upon by vice, and sees in it more to attract and delight than it does in goodness similar to itself. The gentle character of Bruce clung to the fierce and turbulent nature of Sackville, as if it found in that nature a protection and comfort which it needed. Perhaps there was something, also, in the early date of their intimacy, which might tend to fix the friendship of these dissimilar minds. From their earliest boyhood, they had been thrown together as pages in the household of the prince, where their education proceeded, step by step, in union, and every action and every duty was the same. It was further remarked, that, while the character of Bruce appeared always to be bolder in the presence of Sackville than on other occasions, that of Sackville was invariably softened by juxtaposition with Bruce; so that they had something more like a common ground to meet upon than could previously have been suspected.

When the two young men were about fourteen, and as yet displayed little more than the common features of innocent boyhood, Sackville was permitted by his parents to accompany Bruce on a summer visit to the paternal estates of the young nobleman in Scotland. There they enjoyed together, for some weeks, all the sports of the season and place, which seemed to be as untiring as their own mutual friendship. One day, as they were preparing to go out a-hunting, an aged woman, who exercised the trade of *spaewife*, or fortune-teller, came up to the gate. The horses upon which they had just mounted were startled by the uncouth appearance of the stranger, and that ridden by Sackville was so very restive as nearly to

throw him off. This caused the young Englishman to address her in language of not the most respectful kind; nor could all the efforts of Lord Bruce, who was actuated by different feelings, prevent him from aiming at her once or twice with his whip.

‘For Heaven’s sake, Sackville,’ said Lord Bruce, ‘take care lest she make us all repent of this. Don’t you see that she is a spaewife?’

‘What care I for your spaewives?’ cried Sackville. ‘All I know is, that she is an old beggar or gipsy, and has nearly caused me to break my neck.’

‘I tell you she is a witch and a fortune-teller,’ said his gentler companion; ‘and there is not a man in the country but would rather have his neck broken than say anything to offend her.’

The woman, who had hitherto stood with a face beaming with indignation, now broke out: ‘Ride on to your hunting, young man,’ addressing Sackville; ‘you will not have the better sport for abusing the helpless infirmities of old age. Some day you two will go out to a different kind of sport, and one only will come back alive: alive, but wishing that he rather had been doomed to the fate of his companion.’

Both Sackville and Bruce were for the time deeply impressed with this denunciation, to which the superstitious feelings of the age gave greater weight than can now be imagined; and even while they mutually swore that hostility between them was impossible, they each secretly wished that the doom could be unsaid. Its chief immediate effect was to deepen and strengthen their friendship. Each seemed to wish, by bestowing more and more affection upon his companion, at once to give to himself a better assurance of his own indisposition to quarrel, and to his friend a stronger reason for banishing the painful impression from his mind. Perhaps this was one reason—and one not the less strong that it was in some measure unconscious—why, on the separation of *their* characters in ripening manhood, they still clung to *each other* with such devoted attachment.

In process of time, a new and more tender relation arose between these two young men, to give them mutually better assurance against the doom which had been pronounced upon them. Lady Clementina Sackville, eldest daughter of the Earl of Dorset, was just two years younger than Sir George and his friend, and there was not a more beautiful or accomplished gentlewoman in the court of Queen Anne. Whether in the walking of a minnet, or in the personation of a divine beauty in one of Ben Jonson's court-masques, Lady Clementina was alike distinguished; while her manners, so far from betraying that pride which so often attends the triumphs of united beauty and talent, were of the most unassuming and amiable character. It was not possible that two such natures as those of Lord Bruce and Lady Clementina Sackville should be frequently in communion, as was their case, without contracting a mutual affection of the strongest kind. Accordingly, it soon became understood that the only obstacle to their union was their extreme youth, which rendered it proper that they should wait for one or two years, before their fortunes, like their hearts, should be made one. It unfortunately happened that this was the very time when the habits of Sir George Sackville made their greatest decline, and when, consequently, it was most difficult for Bruce to maintain the friendship which hitherto subsisted between them. The household of Lord Dorset was one of that sober cast, which, in the next age, was characterised by the epithet puritanical. As such, of course, it suited with the temper of Lord Bruce, who, though not educated in Scotland, had been impressed by his mother with the grave sentiments and habits of his native country. Often, then, did he mourn with the amiable family of Dorset over the errors of his friend; and many was the night which he spent innocently in that peaceful circle, while Sir George roamed about, in company with the most wicked and wayward spirits of the time.

One night, after he had enjoyed with Lady Clementina a long and delightful conversation respecting their united

prospects, Sir George came home in a state of high intoxication and excitement, exclaiming loudly against a Scotch gentleman with whom he had had a street-quarrel, and who had been rescued, as he said, from his sword, only by the unfair interference of some other 'beggarly Scots.' It was impossible for a Scotsman of Bruce's years to hear his countrymen spoken of in this way without anger; but he repressed every emotion till his friend proceeded to generalise upon the character of these 'beggarly Scots,' and extended his obloquy from the individuals to the nation. Lord Bruce then gently repelled his insinuations, and said, that surely there was one person at least whom he would exempt from the charge brought against his country.

'I will make no exemptions,' said the infatuated Sackville, 'and least of all in favour of a cullion who sits in his friend's house, and talks of him puritanically behind his back.'

Bruce felt bitterly the injustice of this reproach; but the difficulty of shaping a vindication rendered his answer more passionate than he wished; and it was immediately replied to by Sackville with a contemptuous blow upon the face. There, in a moment, fell the friendship of years, and deadly gall usurped the place where nothing before had been but 'the milk of kindness.' Lady Clementina, to whom the whole affair seemed a freak of a hurried and unnatural dream, was shocked beyond measure by the violence of her brother; but she was partly consoled by the demeanour of Bruce, who had the address entirely to disguise his feelings in her presence, and to seem as if he looked upon the insult as only a frolic. But though he appeared quite cool, the blow and words of Sackville had sunk deep into his soul, and after brooding over the event for a few hours, he found that his very nature had become, as it were, changed. That bitterest of pains—the pain of an unrequited blow—possessed and tortured his breast; nor was the reflection *that the injurer was his friend, and not at the time under the control of reason, of much avail in allaying his*

misery. Strange though it be, the unkindness of a friend is the most sensibly felt and most promptly resented, and we are never so near becoming the irreconcilable enemies of any fellow-creature, as at the moment when we are interchanging with him the most earnest and confiding affection. Similar feelings possessed Sackville, who had really felt of late some resentment at Lord Bruce, on account of certain references which had been made by his parents to the regret expressed by this young nobleman respecting his present course of life. To apologise for his rudeness was not to be thought of; and, accordingly, these two hearts, which for years had beat in unison, became parted at once, like rocks split by one of the convulsions of nature, and a yawning and impassable gulf was left between.

For some weeks after, the young men never met; Sackville took care never to intrude into the family circle, and Bruce did not seek his company. It appeared as if the unfortunate incident had been forgotten by the parties themselves, and totally unknown to the world. One day, however, Bruce was met in Paul's Walk by a young friend and countryman, of the name of Crawford, a rambling slip of Scottish nobility, whose very sword seemed, from the loose easy way in which it was disposed by his side, to have a particular aptitude for starting up in a quarrel. After some miscellaneous conversation, Crawford expressed his regret at a story which had lately come to his ears, respecting a disagreement between Sackville and Bruce. 'What!' he said, 'one might as well have expected Castor and Pollux to rise from their graves and fall a fighting, as that you two should have had a tussle! But, of course, the affair was confined merely to words, which, we all know, matter little between friends. The story about the batter on the face must be a neat figment clapped upon the adventure by Lady Fame.'

'Have you indeed heard,' asked Bruce, in some agitation, 'that any such incident took place?'

'Oh, to be sure,' replied his companion. 'The whole

Temple has been ringing with it for the last few days, as I am assured by my friend Jack Topper; and I heard it myself spoken of last week to the west of Temple-Bar. Indeed, I believe it was Sackville himself who told the tale at first among some of his revellers; but, for my part, I think it not a whit the more true or likely on that account.'

'It is,' said Bruce with deep emotion, 'too true. He did strike me, and I, for sake of friendship and love, did not resent it. But what, Crawford, could I do in the presence of my appointed bride, to right myself with her brother?'

'Oh, to be sure,' said Crawford, 'that is all very true as to the time when the blow was given; but then, you know, there has been a great deal of time since. And, love here, or love there, people will speak of such a thing in their ordinary way. The story was told the other day in my presence to the French ambassador, and monsieur's first question was: "Doth the man yet live?" When told that he was both living and life-like, he shrugged his shoulders, and looked more than I can tell.'

'O Crawford,' said Bruce, 'you agonise me. I hoped that this painful tale would be kept between ourselves, and that there would be no more of it. I still hoped, although tremblingly, that my union with the woman I love would be accomplished, and that all should then be made up. But now I feel that I have been but too truly foredoomed. That union must be anticipated by a very different event.'

'You know best,' said the careless Crawford, 'what is best for your own honour.' And away he tripped, leaving the flames of hell in a breast where hitherto every gentle feeling had resided.

The light talk of Crawford was soon confirmed in import by the treatment which Bruce began to experience in society. It was the fashion of the age, that every injury, however trifling, should be expiated by an ample *revenge*; that nothing should be forgiven to any one, *however* previously endeared. Accordingly, no distinction

was made between the case of Bruce and any other; no allowance was made for the circumstances in which he stood respecting the family of his injurer, nor for their former extraordinary friendship. The public, with a feeling of which too much still exists, seemed to think itself defrauded of something which was its right, in the continued impunity of Sackville's insolence. It cried for blood to satisfy *itself*, if not to restore the honour of the injured party. Bruce, of course, suffered dreadfully from this sentiment wherever he appeared; insomuch that, even though he might have been still disposed to forgive his enemy, he saw that to do so would only be to encounter greater misery than could accrue from any attempt at revenge, even though that attempt were certain to end in his own destruction.

It happened that just at this time Bruce and Sackville had occasion, along with many other *attachés* of the court, to attend the Elector Palatine out of the country, with his newly-married bride, Elizabeth, the daughter of the king and queen. The two young men kept apart till they came to Canterbury, where, as the royal train was viewing the cathedral, it chanced that they saw each other very near. The Elector, who knew a little of their story, immediately called Sackville up to him, and requested his sword, enjoining him, at the same time, in a friendly manner, to beware of falling out with Bruce so long as he was in attendance upon the court. His Highness said, further, that he had heard his royal father-in-law speak of their quarrel, and express his resolution to visit any transgression of the laws by either of them with the severest displeasure. Sackville obeyed the command of the Elector, and withdrew to a part of the *cortège* remote from the place where Bruce was standing. However, it happened that, in surveying the curiosities of that gorgeous architectural scene, they came to the monument of a Scottish crusader, who had died here on his way back from the Holy Land. Sackville muttered something respecting this object, in which the words '*beggarly Scot*' were alone overheard by Bruce,

who stood at no great distance, and who immediately recriminated by using some corresponding phrase of obloquy applicable to England, to which Sackville replied by striking his former friend once more upon the face. Before another word or blow could pass between them, a number of courtiers had rushed forward to separate them, and they were immediately borne back to a distance from each other, each, however, glaring upon the other with a look of concentrated scorn and hate. The Elector thought it necessary, after what had taken place, that they should be confined for a time to their apartments. But no interval of time could restore amity to those bosoms where formerly it had reigned supreme. It was now felt by both that nothing but blood could wipe out the sense of wrong which they mutually felt; and, therefore, as the strictness of the king regarding personal quarrels rendered it impossible to fight in Britain, without danger of interruption, Bruce resolved to go beyond seas, and thence send a challenge requesting Sackville to follow him.

In forming this purpose, Bruce felt entirely like a doomed man. He recollected the prediction of the old woman at Culross Abbey, which had always appeared to him, somehow, as implying that Sackville should be the unhappy survivor. Already, he reflected, the least probable part of the prediction had been fulfilled, by their having quarrelled. Under this impression, he found it indispensable to his peace that he should return to London, and take leave of two individuals in whom he felt the deepest interest—his mother, and his once-intended bride. Notwithstanding the painful nature of his sensations, he found it would be necessary to assume a forced ease of demeanour in the presence of these beloved persons, lest he should cause them to interpose themselves between him and his purpose. The first visit was paid to his mother, who resided at his own house. He had received, he said, some news *from Scotland*, which rendered it necessary that he *should immediately proceed thither*; and he briefly

detailed a story which he had previously framed in his own mind for the purpose of deceiving her. After having made some preparations for his journey, he came to take leave of her; but his first precautions having escaped from his mind during the interval, his forehead now bore a gloom as deep as the shade of an approaching funeral. When his mother remarked this, he explained it, not perfectly to her satisfaction, but yet sufficiently so to avert further question, by reference to the pain of parting with his mistress on a long and dangerous journey, when just about to be united to her for life. As he pronounced the words, 'long and dangerous journey,' his voice faltered with tenderness; but there was so much truth in the real meaning of the phrase—however little there might be now—that no metaphorical interpretation occurred to the mind of Lady Bruce. He even spoke of his will without exciting her suspicions. There was but one point in it, he said, that he thought it worth while to allude to. Wherever or whensoever it might please fate to remove him from the coil of mortal life, he wished his mother, or whoever might survive him, to recollect that his dying spirit reverted to the scenes of his infancy, and that his heart wished in life that it might never in death be parted from that spot. These words, of course, communicated to Lady Bruce's spirit that gravity which the mention of mortal things must ever carry; but yet nothing seemed amiss in what she heard. It was not till after she had parted with her son—not till she felt the blank impression of his last embrace lingering on her bosom, and thought of him as an absent being, whom it would be long before she saw again—that his final words had their full force upon her mind. Those words, like a sweet tune heard in a crowd with indifference, but which afterwards in solitude steals into and melts the soul, then revived upon her mind, and were pondered upon for days afterwards with a deep and unaccountable sadness of spirit.

It now only remained that he should take leave of his mistress. *She was in the garden* when he arrived, ar

no sooner did she obtain a glimpse of his person, than she ran gaily and swiftly towards him, with a face beaming with joy, exclaiming that she had such good news to tell him as he had not ever heard before. This turned out, upon inquiry, to be the permission of her father that their nuptials should take place that day month. The intelligence fell upon Bruce's heart like a stab, and it was some moments ere he could collect himself to make an appropriate answer. Lady Clementina observed his discomposure, and with a half-alarmed feeling, asked its cause. He explained it as occasioned by regret for his necessary absence in Scotland, to which he was called by some very urgent business, so as to render it necessary that the commencement of their mutual happiness should be put off for some time longer. 'Thus,' he said, 'to be obstructed by an affair of my own, after all the objections of others had been removed with so much difficulty, is particularly galling.'

The disappointment of the young lady was more deeply felt than it was strongly expressed. She was reassured, however, by a fervent and solemn promise from her lover, that, as soon as possible, he would return to make her his own. After taking leave of her parents, he clasped her in one last fond embrace, during which every moment seemed an age of enjoyment, as if all the felicity of which he was about to be defrauded had been concentrated and squandered in that brief space. At one moment, he felt the warm pressure of a being beloved above all earthly objects, and from whom he had expected a whole life of happiness; at another, he had turned away towards the emptiness of desolation, and the cold breath of the grave.

One hour did he give to reflection upon all he left behind—an hour such as those which sometimes turn men's hair gray—the next, and all after it, he devoted to the enterprise upon which he was entering. Crawford, whom he requested to become his second, readily agreed to accompany him for that purpose; and they immediately set out for the Netherlands, leaving a challenge for

Sackville in the hands of a friend, along with directions as to the proposed place of meeting.

The remainder of this lamentable tale may be best told in the words of Sir George Sackville. That unhappy young man, some months after the fatal tragedy, wrote an account of it to a friend, for the purpose of clearing himself from certain aspersions which had been cast upon him. The language is somewhat quaint; but it gives a more forcible idea than could otherwise be conveyed of the frenzied feelings of Bruce, under the wrongs which he had suffered from his antagonist, as well as of the actual circumstances of the combat.

‘ — We met at Tergosa, in Zealand, it being the place allotted for rendezvous; he being accompanied with one Mr Crawford, a Scotch gentleman, for his second, a surgeon, and a man. There having rendered himself, I addressed my second, Sir John Heidon, to let him understand that now all following should be done by consent, as concerning the terms whereon we should fight, as also the place. To our seconds we gave power for their appointments, who agreed we should go to Antwerp, from thence to Bergen-op-Zoom, where in the midway but a village divides the States’ territories from the Archduke’s. And there was the destined stage, to the end that, having ended, he that could might presently exempt himself from the justice of the country, by retiring into the dominion not offended. It was further concluded that, in case any should fall or slip, that then the combat should cease, and he whose ill-fortune had subjected him, was to acknowledge his life to have been in the other’s hands. But in case one party’s sword should break, because that could only chance by hazard, it was agreed that the other should take no advantage, but either then be made friends, or else upon even terms go to it again. Thus these conclusions being each of them related to his party, was by us both approved, and assented to. Accordingly, we embarked for Antwerp. And by reason, as I conceive, he could not handsomely, without danger of discovery, had not paired *the sword I sent him to Paris*; bringing one of

the same length, but twice as broad ; my second excepted against it, and advised me to match my own, and send him the choice, which I obeyed ; it being, you know, the privilege of the challenged to elect his weapon. At the delivery of the swords, which was performed by Sir John Heidon, it pleased the Lord Bruce to choose my own, and then, past expectation, he told him that a little of my blood would not serve his turn ; and, therefore, he was now resolved to have me alone, because he knew (for I will use his own words), " that so worthy a gentleman and my friend, could not endure to stand by and see him do that which he must, to satisfy himself and his honour." Therefore Sir John Heidon replied, that such intentions were bloody and butcherly, far unfitting so noble a personage, who should desire to bleed for reputation, not for life ; withal adding, he thought himself injured, being come thus far, now to be prohibited from executing those honourable offices he came for. The lord, for answer, only reiterated his former resolutions ; whereupon Sir John, leaving him the sword he had elected, delivered me the other, with his determinations. The which, not for matter but manner, so moved me, as though to my remembrance I had not for a long while eaten more liberally than at dinner, and therefore unfit for such an action (seeing the surgeons hold a wound upon the full stomach more dangerous than otherwise), I requested my second to certify him I would presently decide the difference, and therefore he should presently meet me on horseback, only waited on by our surgeons, they being unarmed. Together we rode, but one before the other, some twelve score paces, for about some two English miles ; and then passion having so weak an enemy to assail as my discretion, easily became the victor, and, using his power, made me obedient to his commands. I being verily mad with anger that the Lord Bruce should thirst after my life with a kind of assuredness, seeing I had come so far and needlessly to give him leave to regain *his lost reputation*, I bade him alight, which with willingness he quickly granted, and there in a meadow, ankle

deep in water at the least, bidding farewell to our doublets, in our shirts began to charge each other; having afore commanded our surgeons to withdraw themselves a pretty distance from us, conjuring them besides, as they respected our favours, or their own safeties, not to stir, but suffer us to execute our pleasure; we being fully resolved—God forgive us!—to despatch each other by what means we could. I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short, and in drawing back my arm, I received a great wound thereon, which I interpreted as a reward for my short-shooting; but in my revenge I pressed into him, though I then missed him also, and received a wound in my right pap, which passed level through my body, and almost to my back. And there we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect trial for—honour and life. In which struggling my hand, having but an ordinary glove upon it, lost one of her servants, though the meanest. But at last breathless, yet keeping our hold, there passed on both sides propositions of quitting each other's swords. But when amity was dead, confidence could not live, and who should quit first was the question, which on neither part either would perform; and restraining again afresh, with a kick and a wrench I freed my long captive weapon, which incontinently levying at his throat, being master still of his, I demanded if he would ask his life, or yield his sword, both which, though in that imminent danger, he bravely denied to do. Myself being wounded, and feeling loss of blood, having three conduits running on me, which began to make me faint, and he courageously persisting not to accede to either of my propositions, through remembrance of his former bloody desire, and feeling of my present estate, I struck at his heart, but, with his avoiding, missed my aim, yet passed through the body, and drawing out my sword, repassed it again through another place, when he cried: "Oh! I am slain!" seconding his speech with all the force he had to cast me. But being too weak, after I had defended *his assault*, I easily became master of him, laying

him on his back—when being upon him, I redemanded if he would request his life ; but it seemed he prized it not at so dear a rate to be beholden for it, bravely replying : “ He scorned it.” Which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find in my heart to offer him any more violence, only keeping him down until at length his surgeon afar off cried : “ He would immediately die if his wounds were not stopped.” Whereupon I asked if he desired his surgeon should come, which he accepted of ; and so, being drawn away, I never offered to take his sword, accounting it inhuman to rob a dead man, for so I held him to be. This thus ended, I retired to my surgeon, in whose arms, after I had remained awhile, for want of blood, I lost my sight, and withal, as I then thought, my life also. But strong water and his diligence quickly recovered me ; when I escaped a great danger ; for my lord’s surgeon, when nobody dreamt of it, came full at me with his lord’s sword ; and had not mine with my sword interposed himself, I had been slain by those base hands ; although my Lord Bruce, weltering in his blood, and past all expectation of life, conformable to all his former carriage, which was undoubtedly noble, cried out : “ Rascal, hold thy hand ! ” So may I prosper, as I have dealt sincerely with you in this relation.

‘ LOUVAIN, September 8, 1613.’

Such is the melancholy story of Edward Lord Bruce, a young nobleman, who, but for a false point of honour, arising from the incorrect judging of the world, might have lived to make many fellow-creatures happy, and adorn the annals of his country. The sacred griefs of those to whom he was most peculiarly endeared, it would be vain to paint. A mistress, who wore mourning, and lived single for his sake all the rest of her life—a mother, who survived him only to mourn his irreparable loss—upon such holy sorrow it is not for me to intrude. It may be only mentioned that the latter individual, recollecting the last parting words of her son, caused his heart to be embalmed, and brought to her in a silver case—the

ing buried in the cathedral of Bergen-op-Zoom—
 tied it with her to Culross, where she spent the
 later of her life in gloomy solitude, with that object
 before her upon her table. After her death, it
 deposited in the family-vault already described,
 it has ever since remained, the best monument
 of her fatal history.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE LEARNED.

Many persons are of belief, that authors are very grave
 reserved in their manners—that they are constantly
 engaged in study—have no relish whatever for relaxation,
 and are careless of the ordinary pleasures of society.
 This is a ridiculous fallacy: authors just think and act
 like other men when not engaged in their literary
 occupations; and whatever may be the gravity of their
 writings, they are generally very merry fellows, and like
 to indulge in frivolous amusements as well as their neigh-
 bours. D'Israeli, who has taken the pains to enter into
 minute investigation of many literary subjects, recites a
 number of instances of learned men indulging in different
 amusements by way of relaxation to their mind.

'Among the Jesuits,' says he, in his *Curiosities of
 Literature*, a work we recommend to the perusal of our
 readers, 'it was a standing rule of the order, that after an
 application to study for two hours, the mind of the student
 should be unbent by some relaxation, however trifling.
 When Petavius was employed in his *Dogmata Theologica*
 —a work of the most profound and extensive erudition—
 his great recreation of the learned father was, at the end
 of every second hour, to twirl his chair for five minutes.
 After protracted studies, Spinoza would mix with the
 family party where he lodged, and join in the most trivial
 conversations, or unbend his mind by setting spiders to
 fight each other; he observed their combats with

much interest, that he was often seized with immoderate fits of laughter. A continuity of labour deadens the mind; observes Seneca, in closing his treatise on *The Trifling of the Soul*, and the mind must unbend itself by certain amusements. Socrates did not blush to play with children; Cato, over his bottle, found an alleviation to the fatigues of government—a circumstance, he thought, which rather gives honour to this than the defect dishonours Cato. Some men have apportioned out their day between repose and labour. Asinius Pollio would not suffer any business to interrupt him beyond a stated hour; after that time, he would allow no letter to be opened during his hours of repose, that they might not be interrupted by unprofitable labours. In the senate, after the tenth hour, it was not allowed to make any new motion.

‘ Tycho Brahé diverted himself with polishing lenses for all kinds of spectacles, and making mathematical instruments—an amusement too closely connected with his studies to be deemed as one.

‘ D’Andilly, the translator of Josephus, after spending eight hours of study every day, amused himself by cultivating trees; Barclay, the author of the *Argenis*, in his leisure hours, was a florist; Balzac amused himself with a collection of crayon portraits; Peiresc found amusement amongst his medals and antiquarian curiosities; the Abbé de Maroles with his prints; and Descartes, in singing airs to his lute. Descartes passed his afternoons in the conversation of a few friends, and in cultivating a little garden; in the morning, occupied with the system of the world, he relaxed his profound speculation by rearing delicate flowers.

‘ Rohault wandered from shop to shop, to observe the mechanics labour; Count Caylus passed his mornings in the studios of artists, and his evenings in writing numerous works on art. This was the true life of an amateur.

‘ Granville Sharp, amidst the severity of his religious labours, found a social relaxation in the amusement of

on the Thames, which was well known to the circle of his friends; there was festive hospitality with musical delight. It was resorted to by men of the most eminent talents and rank. His little voyages to Putney, to Kew, and to Richmond, and the literary intercourse they produced, were singularly happy ones. "The history of his amusements cannot be told without adding to the dignity of his character," observes Mr Prince Hoare, in the very curious life of this great philanthropist.

'Some have found amusement in composing treatises on odd subjects. Seneca wrote a burlesque narrative of Claudian's death. Pierius Valerianus has written a eulogium on beards; and we have had a learned one recently, with due gravity and pleasantry, entitled *Eloge de Perruques*—a Eulogium on Wigs.

'Erasmus composed, to amuse himself when travelling in a postchaise, his panegyric on *Moria*, or Folly; which, authorised by the pun, he dedicated to Sir Thomas More.

'It seems, Johnson observes in his *Life of Sir Thomas Browne*, to have been in all ages the pride of art to shew how it could exalt the low and amplify the little. To this ambition, perhaps, we owe the frogs of Homer; the gnat and the bees of Virgil; the butterfly of Spenser; the shadow of Wowerus; and the quincunx of Browne.

'Cardinal de Richelieu, amongst all his great occupations, found a recreation in violent exercises; and he was once discovered jumping with his servant, to try who could reach the highest side of a wall. De Grammont, observing the cardinal to be jealous of his powers, offered to jump with him; and, in the true spirit of a courtier, having made some efforts which nearly reached the cardinal's, confessed the cardinal surpassed him. This was jumping like a politician; and by this means is said to have ingratiated himself with the minister.

'The great Samuel Clarke was fond of robust exercise; and this profound logician has been found leaping over tables and chairs: once perceiving a pedantic fellow, he said: "Now, *we must desist*, for a fool is coming in."

‘An eminent French lawyer, confined by his business to a Parisian life, amused himself with collecting the classics all the passages which relate to a country life. The collection was published after his death.

‘Contemplative men seem to be fond of amusements which accord with their habits. The thoughtful game of chess, and the tranquil delight of angling, have been favourite recreations with the studious. Paley himself painted with a rod and line in his hand a strange characteristic of the author of *Natural Theology*. Sir Henry Wotton called angling, “idle time not spent:” we may suppose that his meditations and amusements were carried on at the same moment.

‘Seneca has observed on amusements proper for busy men, in regard to robust exercises, that these are folly, an indecency to see a man of letters exult in the strength of his arm or the breadth of his back! But amusements diminish the activity of the mind. Too much fatigue exhausts the animal spirits, as too much study blunts the finer faculties; but elsewhere he allows the philosopher an occasional slight inebriation — an amusement which was very prevalent among our ancestors formerly. Seneca concludes admirably: “Whatever the amusements you choose, return not slowly from them to the body to the mind; exercise the latter night and day. The mind is nourished at a cheap rate; neither cold nor heat, nor age itself, can interrupt this exercise, therefore, all your cares to a possession which ameliorates even in its old age!”

‘An ingenious writer has observed, that “a gentleman just accommodates himself to the perambulations of a scholar who would perhaps rather wish his walks abridged than extended.” There is a good characteristic account of the mode in which the literati take exercise, in Pliny’s letters. “I, like a poor squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three foot; little excursions are like those of a shopkeeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door and minds his business all the while.” A turn or two

garden will often very happily close a fine period, mature an unripened thought, and raise up fresh associations, when the mind, like the body, becomes rigid by preserving the same posture. Buffon often quitted the apartment he studied in, which was placed in the midst of his garden, for a walk in it; Evelyn loved "books and a garden."

MONSIEUR MOLLIN.

ABOUT the end of the last war, a considerable number of the French officers, who had been taken prisoners and sent to the dépôts in Scotland, were liberated upon their word of honour, and permitted to reside in the neighbouring towns, upon a certain small allowance made to them by our government. Amidst a host of dashing fellows who resided on this footing at the ancient burgh of Cairnton, in the south of Scotland, there were a few old personages who had been captured in the earlier years of the war, and almost grown gray in this species of honourable imprisonment. Some of these latter personages were so different in age and habits from the others—were so entirely, as it were, of a different generation or fashion of Frenchmen—for everything about this nation changes in ten years—that they hardly seemed to belong to the same country. While the gay young officers of the Emperor went frolicking about in long surtouts and moustaches, turning the heads of all the girls, and running into as much debt as possible with all the tradesmen, the ancient subalterns of the Republic and First Consul were a race of quiet, little, old wind-dried men, with much of the *ancien régime* about them, wearing, in some cases, even the anti-Revolutionary powder, and all of them as inoffensive as if they had been each sensible that he was in his own parish. A particular individual, called Monsieur Mollin, had become so

perfectly assimilated with the people of the town, that he was not at all looked on in the light of a stranger. He lived in a small room, which he rented from a poor old 'single woman,' Lizzie Geddes by name, and nothing could be more simple or irreproachable than the whole tenor of his life. In the morning, before breakfast, he went to the public green, which he traversed in one particular direction exactly ten times. For the ducks which cruised along the neighbouring mill-race, he had a few crumbs; for the servant lasses, who spread their washings on the sod, he had a few complaisant observations. If Jamie Forbes, the shoemaker, happened to be leaning over the bottom-wall of his kail-yard, Monsieur Mollin would courteously salute him, and express a hope that Madame Forbes—otherwise called Kirsty Robertson—was well. If, in returning to breakfast, a group of weavers were found clustering about the head of the close, the benevolent old gentleman would join their conversazione, and learn, perhaps, that Napoleon Bonaparte was about to set up a new kingdom, or that John Jamieson had got a new coat. After partaking of his frugal meal—consisting of the usual Scottish fare in humble life, porridge and milk—he would set out for a country walk, and perhaps return about one, with his pockets filled with *fir-tops*, which he made a practice of gathering in the plantations, in order that they might aid his landlady's little fire. He then ate his slender dinner in company with Lizzie Geddes and her nephew, and had, it was said, as many polite observances in the matter of second-day's broth and a cold scrag of lamb, as if he had been seated at the table of a sovereign prince. In the evening, good Monsieur Mollin was to be seen, perhaps, mingling in the clamorous company who amused themselves in the bowling-green, or else enjoying another cool walk beside the mill-race, where, I well recollect, there was a little trodden footway, which I believed to have been solely formed by his own 'constant feet,' so exclusively, to my childish apprehension, did it seem appropriated to himself.

Miss Geddes, in whose humble garret Monsieur occupied an apartment, was the daughter of a man who had been town-clerk in Cairnton, in an age beyond the ken of the present generation; and an hundred ten pounds was all that she could depend upon for subsistence, the rent of her house being paid by her father, who got from Monsieur Mollin for his lodging. Miss Geddes, little removed above the condition of a pauper, had a good education, and possessed a mind of a different cast. In her old age, she had been burdened with the duty of bringing up an orphan nephew, to which, however, she applied with a zeal that went far beyond her humble means. As the boy shewed an aptitude for learning, and as the school-fees at Cairnton were remarkably cheap, she was tempted to give him a liberal education, instead of placing him at some trade, where he might have sooner begun to support himself. As some hope of patronage from a distant relation, holding some inferior public office at Edinburgh, depended upon at Cairnton as a person of immense station. But when application was made to this gentleman for the means of setting forward the youth at all those hopes were found to have been fallacious, and young Geddes, with the refined notions of a scholar, and at an age when ambition begins to swell the human bosom, was obliged to abandon his dream and become a shoemaker. Monsieur Mollin, who respectfully treated Miss Geddes as a sister, and took a deep interest in the prospects of her nephew, was deeply chagrined at this sad reverse; but he was so sensible of his situation, that he could not help it. 'If I were not one day a prisoner,' he would say, 'if I were once more in mine own country, and had so much money as I once had, Mademoiselle Geddes, your nephew should not be one day a prisoner, putting his head into one where I am only one poor prisoner, with six shillings a week from your king—and what can I do with that?' The old man was determined, nevertheless, that he should not forget his learning, or sink into the

tastes and habits proper to his new condition. So, every evening after Thomas had returned from his work, he caused him to bring forth his books, and heard him execute a translation in Virgil or Livy before going to rest. Sometimes this was varied by other intellectual exercises, such as the reading of a novel from the circulating library. *Cælebs in Search of a Wife*, or *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, or *The Farmer of Inglewood Forest*, or any other crack-book of the year 1812, was borrowed at the cheap and easy price of eighteen-pence a quarter, and read by Thomas to his aunt and her lodger, who generally became so much absorbed in the interest of the tale, that they heeded far less the progress of the war then going on in Russia, important as it was to the interests of both French and English, than they did the proceedings of the fictitious hero among a set of characters as shadowy as himself. Thus, while an ordinary person would have been apt to answer the common question of 'What news?' by mentioning that Bonaparte had overthrown the Russian army at the Borodino, poor Lizy Geddes would have been apt to state that Robert Bruce had just made his escape from the English court, with his horse's shoes put on backwards; her mind, in fact, running upon the last chapter she had heard read of the *Scottish Chiefs*.

For several years, this little family lived in humble peace and general affection, with hardly an incident to ruffle the habitual calm. Monsieur Mollin daily exhibited his thin shanks, in white cotton stockings, on the beaten footpath in the green, and every evening enjoyed mental pleasures beside his landlady's fire. Sunday after Sunday, he was to be seen gallanting Miss Geddes to church; himself rigged out in a clean shirt, exhibiting a profusion of frill, and a large New Testament under his left arm; while she, on her part, tried to look as well as possible in a well-saved cardinal, first put on *about forty years ago*; Thomas bringing up the rear in his *leather cap and corduroys*, with almost as much linen *folded over his shoulders and back as what could be*

sed to be in contact with his skin. Few persons irtonton lived a more blameless life, or were more ally respected.

length, the tranquil contentment of this scene was n up by the peace of 1814, which afforded to ieur Mollin, for the first time since his capture, an tunity of returning to his native country. Had it the old man's fate to live on and on a prisoner till , he would have been perfectly happy in his bonds, me had so completely reconciled him to the present and manner of his existence, that he never formed h respecting any other. When it came to pass, ver, that a residence in Cairnton was no longer a r of necessity, when a possibility of returning to e actually arose, that which, in ordinary circum- es, ought to have been hailed as a blessing, became to , bitterness and a misery. 'Mademoiselle,' said he, ust leave you—I must go back *au ma patrie*: your will give me no longer any money to live upon, and t see what I can do in mine own countrie. It is *tres malheur*—one great distress; for I do not expect I vil find any one in France to love as much as and your nephew. But vat can I do?—how shall I ay lodging?—how shall I live?' The case was too to admit of argument; and Monsieur Mollin, fore, packed up his baggage in an old satchel that once held Thomas's books, and prepared to take eave. In the first place, however, he made *two* s each day for a week, to gather fir-tops, of which as thus able to store up as many as promised to for a week after his departure. He then spent as a money as he possibly could spare in purchasing a : of sugar and tea for Miss Geddes; as likewise a rugs, which she occasionally required for a parti- malady to which she was subject. On the day he and his fellow-prisoners were appointed to h, it happened that Miss Geddes was confined to with this indisposition—a circumstance that added lly to his distress. 'Ah, *pauvre mademoiselle*,' said he,

as with his own hand he mixed and brought forward his medicine, '*je suis bien fâché* at your *maladie*—that is, I am not vat you call *fâshed*, but I am sorry—I am *péné* with grief, that I should have to leave you on your bed of indisposition. Come now—*prenez votre médecine*, and make yourself better. Here is de cup: and I vil leave it on de little table, and you must take von other te spoonful in two hours more, and de good *fille*, Peg Dickson, down stairs, she say she vil come soon and see if you vant anything. I have myself taken de dirt vater away, and swept in de hearthstone, and now I me put in de clothes at your back, and make you comfortable. One kiss, *mademoiselle*—now adieu—God bless you for ever—adieu!' And they separated, with tea more bitter, perhaps, than any ever shed by youthful lovers when parting to meet no more.

About two months after the departure of Monsieur Mollin, his friends at Cairnton received a letter from him informing them that he had got back to his native city of Bordeaux, where he had the satisfaction to find that he had recently been left heir to a small property, which promised to maintain him in comfort during the remainder of his life. He was distressed, however, to learn that hardly any of his relations were alive. The only one whom he felt the least interested was a young girl, who had for some years been an orphan—the daughter of a niece who had once been his favourite, and a person, as he described her, of the most agreeable properties—qualified, he said, to become, in a few years, the wife of his young friend Thomas, provided they had an opportunity of seeing each other. He complained, however, of the change that had taken place in his absence, the effect of which was to render his native country far less kindred to him than even Scotland; and 'it is not impossible,' he added, 'that I may come back to Cairnton, and spend the remainder of my days with you.'

This was destined to be the actual consummation of his story. About six months after having left his humble lodging at Cairnton, Monsieur Mollin reappeared on the

street, with a sprightly young Frenchwoman leaning on his arm. Quite disappointed with his native country and its new *régime*, he had made up his mind to return to the quiet little Scottish burgh, where he had spent so many happy years, and where dwelt almost the only two individuals of his race in whom he felt the slightest interest. The joy of the Geddeses, as may be supposed, was boundless; more especially as Monsieur Mollin took an early opportunity of declaring his intention to complete the education of his friend Thomas, and push him forward in the profession he originally contemplated. In a few days the whole of the little party was established in a neat house in the suburbs, where it soon became apparent, to the delight of the benevolent Frenchman, that his niece and Thomas were exceedingly taken up about each other. In the process of time, the young man obtained a manse, and Eloise as his companion in its occupancy; and the latter days of Mollin and Miss Geddes have been spent in serenity and happiness.

THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

ON the continent of America, the works of nature are on a great and extensive scale; and in estimating their magnitude, the mind is actually lost in wonder. When we think of the valley of any river in this country, we have only in view a district of ground measuring at most a hundred miles in length, by less than the third of that extent in breadth; but in speaking of the valleys in America, we are called on to remember, that they sometimes include a territory far more extensive than the whole island of Britain. The chief wonder of this description in North America is the Valley of the Mississippi, which is the *natural* drain of the central part of *that vast continent*, and embraces all that tract of country of which the waters are discharged into the Gulf of

Mexico. It is bounded on the north by an elevated country, which divides it from the waters that flow into Hudson's Bay, and the northern lakes and St Lawrence on the east by the table-land from whence descend waters that fall into the Atlantic; and on the west by the Rocky, or Chippewyan Mountains, which separate the waters of the Atlantic from those of the Pacific.

This great central vale of America is considered the largest division of the globe, of which the waters run into one estuary. It extends from the 29th to the 36th degree of north latitude, or about 1400 miles from south to north, while the breadth across is about the same dimensions. To suppose the United States and its territory to be divided into three portions, the arrangement would be—the Atlantic slope, the Mississippi basin, and the Pacific slope. A glance on any map of North America will shew that this valley includes two-thirds of the territory of the United States. The Atlantic slope contains 390,000, the Pacific slope 300,000, which, combined, are 690,000 square miles, while the Valley of the Mississippi contains at least 1,300,000 square miles, or four times as much land as the whole of England. This great vale is divided into two portions, the Upper and Lower Valley, distinguished by particular features, and separated by an imaginary section line at the place where the Ohio pours its waters into the Mississippi. This large river has many tributaries of first-rate proportions besides the Ohio. The chief is the Missouri, which indeed is the main stream for it is not only longer and larger, but drains a greater extent of country. Its length is computed at 1870 miles and upon a particular course 3000 miles. In its upper course, it is turbid, violent, and rapid; while the Mississippi above its junction with the Missouri, is clear, with a gentle current. At St Charles, twenty miles from its entrance into the Mississippi, the Missouri measures 500 to 600 yards across, though its depth is only 10 fathoms.

The Mississippi Proper takes its rise in Cedar

in the 47th degree of north latitude. From this to the Falls of St Anthony, a distance of 500 miles, it runs in a devious course, first south-east, then south-west, and, finally, south-east again; which last it continues, without much deviation, till it reaches the Missouri, the waters of which strike it at right angles, and throw the current of the Mississippi entirely upon the eastern side. The prominent branch of the Upper Mississippi is the St Peter's, which rises in the great prairies in the north-west, and enters the parent stream a little below the Falls of St Anthony. The Kaskaskia next joins it, after a course of 200 miles. In the 36th degree of north latitude, the Ohio (formed by the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela) pours in its tribute, after pursuing a course of 750 miles, and draining about 200,000 square miles of country. A little below the 34th degree, the White River enters, after a course of more than 1000 miles. Thirty miles below that, the Arkansas, bringing in its tribute from the confines of Mexico, pours in its waters. Its last great tributary is Red River, a stream taking its rise in the Mexican dominions, and flowing a course of more than 2000 miles.

Hitherto, the waters in the wide regions of the west have been congregating to one point. The 'Father of Waters' is now upwards of a mile in width, and several fathoms deep. During its annual floods, it overflows its banks below the mouth of the Ohio, and sometimes extends thirty and forty miles into the interior, laying the prairies, bottoms, swamps, and other low grounds under water for a season. After receiving Red River, this vast stream is unable to continue in one channel; it parts into separate courses, and, like the Nile, finds its way to the ocean at different and distant points.

The capabilities of the Mississippi for purposes of trade are almost beyond calculation, and are hardly yet developed. For thousands of years, this magnificent American river rolled its placid and undisturbed waters amidst widely-spreading forests, rich green prairies, and

swelling mountain scenery, ornamented with the ever-varying tints of nature in its wildest mood, unnoticed save by the wandering savage of the west, or the animals which browse upon its banks. At length, it came under the observation of civilised men, and now has begun to contribute to their wants and wishes. Every part of the vast region irrigated by the main stream and its tributaries can be penetrated by steam-boats and other watercraft; nor is there a spot in all this wide territory, excepting a small district in the plains of Upper Missouri, that is more than 100 miles from some navigable water. A boat may take in its lading on the banks of the Chataque Lake, in the state of New York; another may receive its cargo in the interior of Virginia; a third may start from the Rice Lakes at the head of the Mississippi; and a fourth may come laden with furs from the Chippewayan Mountains, 2800 miles up the Missouri—and all meet at the mouth of the Ohio, and proceed in company to the ocean.

Reader, you probably inhabit the island of Great Britain, where the traffic of every sea-port, every branch of inland navigation, has been pushed to its utmost limits—where every art is overdone, and where the heart of the ingenious almost sinks within them for want of scope for their enterprise. But, reader, here, on this wide-spread ramification of navigable streams, there is an endless, a boundless field for mercantile adventure. Within the last twenty-four years, the Mississippi, with the Ohio, and its other large tributaries, have been covered with steam-boats and barges of every kind, and populous cities have sprung up on their banks. There are now *sea*-ports at the centre of the American continent—trading towns, each already doing more business than some half-dozen celebrated ports in the Old World, with all the protection which restrictive enactments and traditional importance can confer upon them.

Pittsburg and Cincinnati are the two principal cities in *this* great valley, and from both, as well as from St Louis, *there is kept up* a large traffic by means of steam-boats.

Unfortunately, from defective legislative measures, the navigation of the Mississippi and its chief tributaries has hitherto suffered much loss and inconvenience. Accidents are continually taking place from *snags*, or waste timber fixed to the bottom of the river; their upper end pierces the lower parts of the vessels, and almost instantly sinks them. Another common danger is the sudden explosion of steamers, arising in general from carelessness. We can only hope that these drawbacks on the navigation of the Mississippi will, in time, meet with proper legislative attention. Even with the many chances against life and property, the amount of intercourse between the inland ports and the ocean is inconceivable.

Among the natural wonders of the Valley of the Mississippi, are the magnificent forests of the west, and the not less imposing prairies—extensive green plains, fertile, and in summer adorned with innumerable flowers. Of this varied mixture of forest and prairie, Hall, in his *Notes on the Western States*, presents a fascinating account.

‘The attraction of the prairie consists in its extent—its carpet of verdure and flowers—its undulating surface—its groves, and the fringe of timber by which it is surrounded. Of all these, the latter is the most expressive feature—it is that which gives character to the landscape, which imparts the shape and marks the boundary of the plain. If the prairie be small, its greatest beauty consists in the vicinity of the surrounding margin of woodland, which resembles the shore of a lake, indented with deep vistas like bays and inlets, and throwing out long points, like capes and headlands; while occasionally these points approach so close on either hand, that the traveller passes through a narrow avenue or strait, where the shadows of the woodland fall upon his path—and then again emerges into another prairie. Where the plain is large, the forest outline is seen in the far perspective, like the dim shore when beheld at a distance from the ocean. The eye sometimes roams over the green meadow, without discovering a tree, a shrub, or *any object* in the immense expanse,

but the wilderness of grass and flowers; while another time, the prospect is enlivened by the grass which are seen interspersed like islands, or the solitary tree, which stands alone in the blooming desert.

‘ If it be in the spring of the year, and the grass has just covered the ground with a carpet of delicate green, and especially if the sun is rising behind a distant swell of the plain, and glittering with the dew-drops, no scene can be more lovely to the eye. The deer is seen grazing quietly upon the plain; the hawk is on the wing; the wolf, with his tail drooped, is sneaking away to his covert with the felon tread of one well aware that he has disturbed the peace of nature. The grouse feeding in flocks, or in pairs, like the domestic fowl, cover the whole surface—the males strutting and erecting their plumage like the peacock, and uttering a long, loud, mournful note, something like the cooing of the dove, but resembling still more the sound produced by passing a rough finger boldly over the surface of a tambourine. The number of these birds is astonishing. The plain is covered with them in every direction. When they have been driven from the ground by the snow, I have seen thousands—or, more properly, tens of thousands—thickly clustered in the tops of the trees surrounding the prairie. They do not retire to the woods when a country becomes settled, but continue to lurk in the tall grass around the newly-made farms; and I have many times seen them mingled with the domestic fowl at a short distance from the farmer’s door. They will live and even thrive when confined in a coop, and undoubtedly be domesticated.

‘ When the eye roves off from the green plain to the groves, or points of timber, these also are found to be this season robed in the most attractive hues. The undergrowth is in full bloom. The red-bud, the black-bud, the wood, the crab-apple, the wild-plum, the cherry, the rose, are abundant in all the rich lands; and the *vine, though its blossom is unseen, fills the air with fragrance.* The variety of the wild-fruit and flowers

so great, and such the profusion of the blossoms which they are bowed down, that the eye is regaled to satiety.

gaiety of the prairie, its embellishments, and the of the gloom and savage wildness of the forest, tribute to dispel the feeling of lonesomeness, usually creeps over the mind of the solitary in the wilderness. Though he may not see a or a human being, and is conscious that he is the habitations of men, he can scarcely divest of the idea, that he is travelling through scenes hed by the hand of art. The flowers, so fragile, te, and so ornamental, seem to have been taste-posed to adorn the scene; the groves and clumps appear to have been scattered over the lawn ify the landscape; and it is not easy to avoid that of the fancy, which persuades the beholder, that ury has been created to gratify the refined taste ed man. Europeans are often reminded of the nce of this scenery to that of the extensive noblemen, which they have been accustomed to in the Old World; the lawn, the avenue, the e copse, which are there produced by art, are pared by nature; a splendid specimen of massy ure, and the distant view of villages, are alone to render the similitude complete.

productive capabilities of these rich lands, if proltivated, may easily be conceived. There cannot bt, that the Valley of the Mississippi, one of the natural wonders of the world, will one day and comfortably sustain, a population nearly as that of all Europe. Let its inhabitants become dense with England, including Wales, which 207 to the square mile, and its numbers will to 179,400,000. But let it become equal to the ands—which its fertility would warrant—and its will sustain a population of *two hundred millions*. reflections ought this view to present to the *trapist and the Christian!*

THE NEWLY ENRICHED:

A TALE, FROM THE COMEDY OF 'IL NUOVO RICCO,' BY NOTA.

THE well-known tendency of a sudden accession of fortune, to change the characters of those to whose lot unearned and unmerited wealth falls, is admirably exemplified in the story of the Vandalini, as told in this comedy.

Antonio Vandalini was a poor blacksmith, honest, and respected by all. He had one son, Titto, who was engaged to a young peasant named Agnes, an orphan, and distantly related to him. They were fondly attached to each other, and were looking forward to a long and happy life together, when Antonio's uncle, who had amassed great riches—not, it was asserted, in the most creditable way—died, and his nephew came into possession of his wealth, to the astonishment of many, who had repeatedly heard the old man declare, that his nephew should not have anything of his. However, Antonio was now a rich man, and greatly was he elated with his new position. In order to shake off all plebeian recollections, he assumed Gessido as a Christian name, changing that of his son to Lodovico, by which appellations we shall now distinguish them; and by means of a grand mansion, magnificent furniture, and a large retinue of servants, endeavoured to set up for a fine gentleman.

But what became of poor Agnes at this time? She had the grief of finding herself renounced by Lodovico, as now beneath him; not that he was willing or able to forget her, his desire for gentility being by no means so great as that of his father, and his affection for her being still strong, but because his father insisted upon it, peremptorily broke off the match, and forbade them to meet again.

At last, the broken-hearted girl resolved to bring her

sorrows before the notice of the magistrate of the district, Gulielmi, a man well known for uprightness and integrity, to ask his advice, and to request his interference on her behalf. She entreated him to urge upon Titta's father (the poor creature could not adopt their new names in speaking of them) that his present fortune was owing only to an accident; that she ought not, on account of that, to be deprived of the promised hand of his son; and that she was distracted at the prospect of losing him. To Titta himself she implored Gulielmi to convey a message, should he see him, to tell him how his absence from her increased her fears; how he could never find in another the affection she bore him; and how he ever occupied her thoughts. She could not restrain herself from uttering a threat that her uncle, Bernardo, Gessido's cousin, who was about to arrive, would make him keep his word; but Gulielmi was much touched by her simple story, and the eloquence with which she pleaded her cause, and promised to do what was in his power for her, although he was fully persuaded, that from one like Gessido nothing favourable could be expected.

Gulielmi, kind, good man, did all in his power, by representations both to Gessido and Lodovico, to cause the fulfilment of the promise to Agnes, but without effect. Gessido, like a mean-spirited wretch, reckoned on exalting his name, by allying his son to a lady named Isabella, and in this he was aided by Don Costanyo, who acted as a friend of the family, and directed its affairs with a view to his own interests.

This supposed great match, Isabella, was a niece of a managing personage, Donna Clotilde, who was anxious to secure for her a good home, and a style of rank which she could not otherwise look for. Lodovico, who seems to have been a simple and stupid fellow, easily persuaded to anything, did not present any decided obstacle to the match. He, it is true, continued to love Agnes, but wanted the spirit to say so. And how often is this seen in real life: a man with really no bad intentions suffering *himself to be reasoned* into a breaking of his

engagements, and the marrying of some one for whom he entertains no solid affection.

At last, Donna Clotilde and her niece arrived; and Costanyo had just time to give a hasty lesson to father and son about how they were to receive ladies, and what they were to say, adding a few respecting their attire suitable on such an occasion before hurrying to meet his distinguished visitor. Leaving the room, in order to prepare for the introduction to the grand ladies, Lodovico met Agnes, and a sorrowful conversation ensued, in which they so painfully absorbed as to take no heed of Gessido's presence for his son. Gessido's anger at Lodovico's inattention was greatly increased when, on coming in to look for him, he discovered the cause. He ordered Agnes to tell her that she was no longer a match for his son, but that he would give her a dowry to enable her to marry some one else. To the entreaties of both Lodovico and Agnes he was deaf, only adding insult to injury already inflicted on them, by offering to take them into their service, if she were really attached to him. He then dragged away Lodovico; and the poor girl, broken-hearted, resolving to consult the magistrate about this fresh insult, but she soon remembered that he would do nothing, if Lodovico were induced to give her a match. This, however, she still hoped he would never do.

In the meantime, Donna Clotilde had been endeavouring to point out to her niece the advantages of a match with the son of a man so rich as Gessido, low and vulgar though he might be. She tried to persuade her to give up Don Faustino, to whom she was much attached, and to give weight to her argument, by assuring her that he could no longer provide for her. Isabella replied, being aware of Lodovico's riches, she consented to the match; but that she never could forget Don Faustino, and that though her aunt might forbid their meeting, she would only submit to it while under her roof. *The altercation was ended unexpectedly by the entrance of Don Faustino himself, who flattered the angry Clotilde.*

ing her that he could not bear the privation of not her; that he had only that morning called at her and had with much difficulty elicited from the place where she was gone. Clotilde, with all her striving, could not contrive to send him away. Gessido and Lodovico came in. Their appearance tried the gravity of Isabella, as they looked like peasants dressed up for a frolic. The awkwardness of the father and son rendered it almost impossible for her to restrain her laughter. He made some ridiculous excuses for Lodovico's folly; and Clotilde, finding it impossible to make him speak, apologised for her also. Don Costanyo tried to draw Clotilde and Gessido aside, in order to leave Isabella and Lodovico alone; and Gessido shocked his intimate friend by beginning to talk to Donna Clotilde of oxen and bullocks, on his way to escort her over the meadows.

Isabella soon found that the first efforts at conversation were made by her, for Lodovico remained standing in the corner without looking at her. She invited him to sit, but he thanked her—he was not tired; however, at last he took a chair, but did not venture to raise his eyes from the ground. Isabella began to speak of her feelings at not seeing him, and at the prospect of being his wife, which emboldened him to venture to look up, and even to move his chair nearer to hers. This ridiculous scene terminated with a termination different to what was expected; almost inopportunely, Agnes unceremoniously entered, and told them her uncle Bernardo had arrived, and was gone to the magistrate. Isabella inquired with interest what Agnes was, but she was soon informed by the poor girl herself, who told her of her engagement with Lodovico. Fortunately for all, Don Costanyo came in to enquire what was the matter, and, with his usual conciliatory voice, managed to pacify all, by agreeing with each and promising to settle the affair satisfactorily. Being left alone with Lodovico, he reproved him for his capriciousness, and tried to persuade him it was his

duty, under his altered circumstances, to renounce Agnes and break off his engagement with her, to quiet the suspicions of Isabella, to whom they went, and to take Gessido with her. Don Costanzo assured them, that Lodovico was anxiously looking forward to the time of giving his hand to Isabella; and the young lady, when on being asked, intimated her obedience to her aunt, and her readiness to reciprocate the sentiments of Lodovico, which was perfectly true, aversion to the match being the predominant sentiment with both. Discussion then turned about the arrangements for the wedding. Donna Clara insisted upon Gessido's relatives being invited, and he declared, upon the word of a gentleman, that he had none; when, horror of horrors! his honest cousin Bernardo, the uncle of Agnes, came running in. Addressing him by his former name, and embracing him, he declared he had come to congratulate him on his acquisition of fortune, and to convey the kind wishes of his other relatives, Checca, the baker's daughter, and her niece, the miller's wife.

Words cannot paint the dismay of Gessido at this unwelcome intrusion; he tried to carry off the insult with a high hand, and not to recognise Bernardo. In a haughty manner informing Bernardo who and what he was, he withdrew with Lodovico, apologising to the ladies for so doing, but saying that the insolence of the intruder rendered it necessary. Bernardo at this did not restrain his rage; he was highly indignant at the treatment being offered to a man like himself, who had been three times overseer, and to whom he owed 300 ducats. He applied sundry uncomplimentary epithets to him; and concluded by expressing his conviction, that his fortune would yet be swallowed up by some sharper, who would laugh at him in his old age, and that he would finish by marrying his son to a made-up flirt. He left the house in a rage, and told Agnes, who was waiting for him outside, that all was over for her with those people, but that he would see after her being comfortably settled. She clung to the hope

so was still true to her, and to the strength of Don
ro's promise to her; but Bernardo cut the matter
and took her away, declaring, however, his inten-
returning to obtain his debt from the rich,
7 peasant.

do was terrified at this scene; he knew Bernardo
l to doubt for a moment that he would return,
s deliberating what to do, when he was relieved
entrance of Don Costanyo, who tried to console
h the assurance, that Bernardo was going home
at very evening, or the next morning, and would
mes with him. By way of magnifying the service
rendered to Gessido, he described the treatment
received both from Bernardo and Agnes as most
g and violent, when he advised them to return.
led, that Gessido ought immediately to pay the
cats he owed the man, and kindly (!) offered
charge of them for him, to which he consented

This little matter arranged, Don Costanyo
turned the conversation upon Donna Clotilde;
hout much difficulty, elicited from Gessido a cou-
that he was much struck with her charms. Now,
all along been anxious to secure for himself the
the rich widow, with the trifling addition of her
; and he was annoyed at the prospect of being
ted by the plebeian; but a new method of pro-
soon presented itself to his versatile imagination.
l Gessido that the lady was most scrupulous, and
on the slightest hint of his sentiments at present
uffice to spoil all; but on Gessido's suggestion, he
ok to request her acceptance of a beautiful ring.
stanyo then asked if the jewels for the bride were
o be presented, and receiving a reply in the affir-
begged Gessido, as he heard Donna Clotilde
, to leave him alone with her, and to send him the
in order that he might exhibit the rich gifts her
as to receive from her father-in-law. The wily
ly wanted this opportunity to press his own suit,
e *endeavoured to strengthen it by giving her*

Gessido's ring as a proof of his own affection. She accepted it, complained to him about Isabella's depression of spirits, and told him she had sent away Don Faustino. Don Costanyo requested permission to speak to her on the subject, and Donna Clotilde withdrew to find her, leaving him delightfully sure of the success of his matrimonial project, which, with the settlement he meant to obtain from Gessido for her, would enable him to make his fortune; and he knew that it would not be difficult for him to get rid of the peasant when he had done with him.

Gessido now brought him the 300 ducats and the case of jewels; and Costanyo congratulated him on the very favourable impression he had made on Donna Clotilde, who, he said, had not only accepted the ring, but had been lavish in her expressions of admiration of him. The only obstacle with her was, that she would lose her widow's pension by marrying again. Of course, this was nothing to the man of wealth, who readily listened to Costanyo's advice, that it would be acting nobly to include a settlement on her in the marriage-contract of his son; that then, when her uncle from Naples came to attend Isabella's wedding, this generous conduct would be made known to him, and he could not refuse his consent to Clotilde's marriage. Gessido was most anxious to express himself to the lady his feelings on the subject, but Costanyo strictly charged him to refrain from this, telling him he must be contented with seeing the ring upon her finger, which he had sent her; but still even of that he was not to appear to take any notice, as she might throw it at him, take away her niece, and break off the whole engagement. This was enough for Gessido, whose only fear now remaining was that Lodovico, who was constantly talking about Agnes, would not again meet his destined bride. Costanyo promised to manage all this; and when Isabella, sent by her aunt, came in to speak to him, he *despatched Gessido to pay his respects to her aunt, in order to be left alone with her. Isabella told him candidly that her heart had no share in her approaching*

wedding, but that she was ready to marry the one chosen for her by her aunt, whether he were handsome or ugly, clever or ignorant. She owned that Lodovico and she were on an equality in one respect—namely, in not caring for each other ; but before uttering the irrevocable words that would make her his, she wished to know of what her wardrobe was to consist, and what was to be her allowance for dress, the minimum of which she fixed at a hundred crowns a month. She also avowed her determination to have her carriage, servants employed for herself alone, a box in all the theatres, society according to her inclination ; in short, she would not submit to any restrictions whatever, being resolved that, if the low-bred Gessido wished for one like her for a daughter-in-law, he should spend according to her taste, without any difficulty. She would not at first consent to meet Lodovico, but the sight of the jewels destined for her made her yield, consoling herself with the reflection, that she was not the first to marry for jewels and dresses. She had nothing to give him in return, for the only available article for the purpose which she had had—a card-case worked by herself—she had given to Faustino, and her aunt had sent him away too quickly for her to get it back from him.

Costanyo left to fetch the unwilling bridegroom ; and Isabella, who had quite made up her mind to sacrifice herself at the shrine of wealth, was musing on Don Faustino, when she was startled by his unexpected appearance. He told her that he had concealed himself in the adjoining grove, to watch for a favourable opportunity of bidding her farewell ; and he had just thrown himself at her feet, clasping to his heart the card-case she had given him, when Costanyo and Lodovico entered the room. This was a shock to all ; and how the dilemma would have ended it is impossible to say, had not the ever-ready Costanyo come to their aid, by addressing Faustino as the expected poet who had been invited, and requesting him to continue the scene he was reciting, while he and Lodovico should look on ! He told the amazed youth, that *Faustino was a clever master of*

elocution; but Lodovico, although ignorant, was not easily deceived, and resolutely declared, that if Isabella were to be his wife, he would not allow that man to come into his house. Costanyo's remonstrances for once were in vain, and Lodovico abused Faustino soundly. The noise brought in Clotilde and Gessido, to whom Costanyo gave his own version of the affair, adding, that so great was the anxiety of his friend, the lyric and dramatic poet—relative of Donna Clotilde—for the marriage of Lodovico and Isabella, that he was actually preparing a collection of songs and sonnets for the occasion; and, moreover, that he was teaching his cousin Isabella the art of recitation—an indispensable accomplishment for ladies and gentlemen—and that that morning they had been practising one of their scenes. Isabella, on being appealed to, confirmed all that Costanyo had asserted; and proved her aptitude to learn in the school of deceit, by embellishing the inventive tale of her imaginative helper, specifying the pretended scene, and readily explaining the matter of the card-case, by assuring Lodovico she had worked it for him, and that it had only been used that morning instead of a portrait which was the subject of the scene. She terrified Gessido by saying, that as that innocent play was taken in earnest, and she evidently was not believed, she and her aunt would leave at once, and set them free; but he, by dint of entreaties and threats, having compelled the angry and unwilling Lodovico to apologise for his suspicions, they professed themselves satisfied. The whole party, then, went out together for a drive before dinner, for which important meal, as Gessido boasted to them, he had bought the best the city afforded; and the coachmen were ordered to drive on the high-road, and slowly, that everybody might see them.

A rustic fête was arranged to take place after dinner, when the peasant girls were to come and offer nosegays to the bride, and music and dancing were then to be kept up during the night. Before the appointed time arrived, *Pedruccio* discovered Agnes in the grounds, and begged her to go away; but she would not, and he had to employ

force to remove her. She subsequently contrived to enter again, as we shall find.

The party went in to dinner. Never had there been seen a repast so magnificent. The ladies professed to admire it much; and Gessido required all the manœuvring of Costanyo to keep him in order, for he was perpetually touching upon awkward matters, being on the point of speaking frankly to Donna Clotilde on the state of his heart, which explanation would have been very serious to his disinterested friend. Among other *mal à propos* speeches, he asked Clotilde her age, but the shrewd matron evaded the question. After dinner, they all adjourned to the grounds, where the peasants had already assembled, who then presented their bouquets. While one of them was offering hers to Isabella, Agnes drew near to Lodovico, with one for him; and after uttering a few words of grief and anger, hid herself among her companions. Gessido's magnificent gift of jewels was then presented to Isabella, who artfully selected Lodovico's portrait as the one she valued most, and offered for his acceptance the well-known card-case. Gessido admired it much; and when she told him the design represented Love and Psyche, innocently replied: 'Excellent! Love represents you, and Psyche my son.' Isabella would place it herself in Lodovico's hands, and Agnes, who witnessed this, and had already been with difficulty prevented from shewing herself, waited in breathless anxiety to hear his reply. Lodovico's speech was cut short by the entrance of Bernardo; forcing his way in to look for Agnes, whom he succeeded in finding after meeting with insults from Gessido and his servants. Lodovico and Agnes found time for a few words together, and before Gessido could succeed in separating them, the magistrate, Gulielmi, came in with a notary; and instead of complying with the request of the angry master of the house, to eject Bernardo and Agnes by the power of the law, desired them to wait, for the duty he had to execute required their presence. Gessido, who imagined that the magistrate had come to

bring the marriage-deeds for signature, was very at this resistance to his will, and was about to order offenders to be removed bodily, when Gulielmi of a short respite, and proceeded to state, that his cessor having died suddenly, he had been unable diately to examine and arrange the papers in hi but that very day, looking for a deed that was them, he had found the last will of Francesco dalini—the uncle of whose wealth Gessido had possession, believing him to have died intestate. (wished the marriage-contract to be signed fir the will to be read afterwards; but Costanyo, C and Isabella, were unanimous in their desire to at once.

The first legacy mentioned was one of 4000 ducats paid to Agnes on her marriage with Titta, their ment, although but verbal, being one which he lik approved. This sum Gessido promised to pay he with, saying at the same time that the dead had ne to command, and therefore the marriage would n place. The next legacy was of the same amount, testator's 'dear relative Bernardo.' This also (promised to pay; but Bernardo begged to know w the heir to the whole. What was Gessido's horror that the legatee was only the hospital in the city heir, the testator went on to say, was to provide necessities of Antonio Vandalini, *alias* Gessido however, when he chose to take refuge there! G announced to Lodovico that there was also a leg 5000 ducats to him; and in spite of Gessido's remonstrances, proceeded to affix the legal seals things in the house.

The true state of the case was now but too evident: servants began to laugh at Gessido, and refuse t one of their equals any longer. The contract, of was not signed now. Isabella willingly restored T Agnes, giving her at the same time his miniature. *tino* repossessed himself of the valued card-case, an *undecieved* Gessido as to his position with regard to I

do demanded his debt from Costanyo, and also the ucats he had given him for Bernardo ; this sum he ised to repay, but at the other he laughed. Gulielmi l upon the guests to render him a clear account of thing, and gently hinted to the ladies that they must care how they acted, for they were well known as ; by their wits. The ring Gessido sent Clotilde by nyo he then demanded, but the magistrate took ssion also of that.

or Gessido was now quite broken-hearted ; he found, urely, that his riches had left him, and humbly red Bernardo's forgiveness. This the honest man ly gave, promising he would take care he wanted for ng ; and freely consented to Titta's marriage with s, on the sole condition that the wedded pair should e with him.

stanyo, Faustino, and the two ladies, went back eir town abode, to arrange their own affairs ; and do found, in the lowly state to which he was reduced, contentment, peace, and quiet, rarely discovered the wealth and honours of the world.

WHERE IS MY TRUNK ?

well known in Scotland that the road from Edin- 1 to Dundee, though only forty-three miles in extent, ndered tedious and troublesome by the interposition o arms of the sea—namely, the Friths of Forth and —one of which is seven, and the other three miles s. Several rapid and well-conducted stage-coaches o travel on this road ; but, from their frequent ng and unloading at the ferries, there was not only derable delay to the travellers, but also rather more the usual risk of damage and loss to their luggage. ne occasion, it happened that the common chances ist the *safety of a traveller's integuments* were

multiplied in a mysterious but somewhat amusing manner—as the following little narrative will shew.

The gentleman in question was an inside passenger—a very tall man, which was so much the worse for him in that situation—and it appeared that his whole baggage consisted of a single black trunk—one of medium size, and no way remarkable in appearance. On our leaving Edinburgh, this trunk had been disposed in the boot of the coach, amidst a great variety of other trunks, bundles, and carpet-bags belonging to the rest of the passengers.

Having arrived at Newhaven, the luggage was brought forth from the coach and disposed upon a barrow, in order that it might be taken down to the steamer which was to convey us across. Just as the barrow was moving off, the tall gentleman said : ‘Guard, have you got my trunk ?’

‘O yes, sir,’ answered the guard ; ‘you may be sure it’s there.’

‘Not so sure of that,’ quoth the gentleman ; ‘whereabouts is it ?’

The guard poked into the barrow, and sought in vain among the numberless articles for the trunk. After he had puzzled about for two or three minutes, he came to a pause, and looked up evidently a little nonplussed.

‘Why, here it is in the boot !’ exclaimed the passenger ; ‘snug at the bottom, where it might have remained, I suppose, for you, till safely returned to the coach-yard in Edinburgh.’

The guard made an awkward apology, put the trunk upon the barrow, and away we all went to the steamer.

Nothing further occurred till we were all standing beside the coach at Pettycur, ready to proceed on our journey through Fife.

Everything seemed to have been stowed into the coach, and most of the passengers had taken their proper places, when the tall gentleman cried out : ‘Guard, where is my trunk ?’

‘In the boot, sir,’ answered the guard ; ‘you may depend upon that.’

'I have not seen it pnt in,' said the passenger; 'and I don't believe it is there.'

'O sir,' said the guard, 'there can surely be no doubt about the trunk now.'

'There! I declare---there!' cried the owner of the missing property; 'my trunk is still lying down yonder upon the sands. Don't you see it? The sea, I declare, is just about reaching it. What a careless set of porters! I protest I never was so treated on any journey before.'

The trunk was instantly rescued from its somewhat perilous situation, and all having been at length put to rights, we went on our way to Cupar.

Here the coach stops a few minutes at the inn, and there is generally a partial discharge of passengers. As some individuals, on the present occasion, had to leave the coach, there was a slight discomposure of the luggage, and various trunks and bundles were presently seen departing on the backs of porters after the gentlemen to whom they belonged. After all seemed to have been again put to rights, the tall gentleman made his wonted inquiry respecting his trunk.

'The trunk, sir,' said the guard rather pettishly, 'is in the boot.'

'Not a bit of it,' said its owner, who in the meantime had been peering about. 'There it lies in the lobby of the inn!'

The guard now began to think that this trunk was in some way bewitched, and possessed a power, unenjoyed by other earthly trunks, of removing itself or staying behind according to its own good pleasure.

'Have a care o' us!' cried the astonished custodier of baggage; 'that trunk's no canny.' *

'It's *canny* enough, you fool,' said the gentleman; 'but only you don't pay proper attention to it.'

The fact was, that the trunk had been taken out of the

* Not innocent—a phrase applied by the common people in Scotland to anything which they suppose invested with supernatural powers of a noxious kind.

coach and placed in the lobby, in order to allow of certain other articles being got at which lay beneath. It was now once more stowed away, and we set forward upon the remaining part of our journey, hoping that there would be no more disturbance about this pestilent trunk. All was right till we came to the lonely inn of St Michael's, where a side-road turns off to St Andrews, and where it happened that a passenger had to leave us, to walk to that seat of learning, a servant having been in waiting to carry his luggage.

The tall gentleman hearing a bustle about the boot, projected his immensely long slender body through the coach window, in order, like the lady in the fairy tale, to see what he could see.

'Hollo, fellow!' cried he to the servant following the gentleman down the St Andrews road; 'is not that my trunk? Come back, if you please, and let me inspect it.'

'The trunk, sir,' interposed the guard in a sententious manner, 'is that gemman's trunk, and not yours: yours is in the boot.'

'We'll make sure of that, Mr Guard, if you please. Come back, my good fellow, and let me see the trunk you have got with you.'

The trunk was accordingly brought back, and, to the confusion of the guard, who had thought himself fairly infallible for this time, it was the tall man's property as clear as brass nails could make it.

The trunk was now the universal subject of talk both inside and outside, and everybody said he would be surprised if it got to its journey's end in safety. All agreed that it manifested a most extraordinary disposition to be lost, stolen, or strayed, but yet every one thought that there was a kind of special providence about it, which kept it on the right road after all; and therefore it became a fair subject of debate, whether the chances *against* or the chances *for* were likely to prevail.

Before we arrived at Newport, where we had to go on board the ferry steamer for Dundee, the conversation had gone into other channels, and, each being engaged about

his own concerns, no one thought any more about the trunk, till, just as the barrow was descending along the pier, the eternal long man cried out : 'Guard, have you got my trunk ?'

'O yes,' cried the guard very promptly ; 'I've taken care of it now. There it is on the top of all.'

'It's no such thing,' cried a gentleman who had come into the coach at Cupar ; 'that's *my* trunk.'

Everybody then looked about for the enchanted trunk ; the guard ran back, and once more searched the boot, which he knew to have been searched to the bottom before ; and the tall gentleman gazed over land, water, and sky, in quest of his missing property.

'Well, guard,' cried he at length, 'what a pretty fellow you are ! There, don't you see ?—there's my trunk thrust into the shed like a piece of lumber !'

And so it really was. At the head of the pier at Newport there is a shed, with seats within, where people wait for the ferry-boats ; and there, *perdu* beneath a form, lay the enchanted trunk, having been so disposed, in the bustle of unloading, by means which nobody could pretend to understand. The guard, with a half-frightened look, approached the awful object, and soon placed it with the other things on board the ferry-boat.

On our landing at Dundee Pier, the proprietor of the trunk saw so well after it himself, that it was evident no accident was for this time to be expected. However, it appeared that this was only a lull to our attention. The tall gentleman was to go on to Aberdeen by a coach then just about to start from the Royal Hotel ; while I, for my part, was to proceed by another coach which was about to start from the same place to Perth. A great bustle took place in the narrow street at the inn-door, and some of my late fellow-travellers were getting into the one coach, and some into the other. The Aberdeen coach was soonest prepared to start, and just as the guard cried 'All's right,' the long figure devolved from the window, and said, in an anxious tone of voice : 'Guard, have you got my *trunk* ?'

‘Your trunk, sir!’ cried the man; ‘what like is your trunk? We have nothing here but bags and baskets.’

‘Heaven preserve me!’ exclaimed the unfortunate gentleman, and burst out of the coach.

It immediately appeared that the trunk had been deposited by mistake in the Perth instead of the Aberdeen coach; and unless the owner had spoken, it would have been, in less than an hour, half-way up the Carse of Gowrie. A transfer was immediately made, to the no small amusement of myself and one or two other persons in both coaches who had witnessed its previous misadventures on the road through Fife. Seeing a friend on the Aberdeen vehicle, I took an opportunity of privately requesting that he would, on arriving at his destination, send me an account by post of all the further mistakes and dangers which were sure to befall the trunk in the course of the journey. To this he agreed, and about a week after I received the following letter:—

‘DEAR —, All went well with myself, my fellow-travellers, and THE TRUNK, till we had got a few miles on this side of Stonehaven, when, just as we were passing one of the boggiest parts of the whole of that boggy road, an unfortunate lurch threw us over upon one side, and the exterior passengers, along with several heavy articles of luggage, were all projected several yards off into the morass. As the place was rather soft, nobody was much hurt; but after everything had again been put to rights, the tall man put some two-thirds of himself through the coach window, in his usual manner, and asked the guard if he was sure the trunk was safe in the boot.

“O Lord, sir!” cried the guard, as if a desperate idea had at that moment rushed into his mind; “the trunk was on the top. Has nobody seen it lying about anywhere?”

“If it be a trunk ye’re looking after,” cried a rustic very coolly, “I saw it sink into that well-ee* a quarter of an hour syne.”

* The orifice of a deep pool in a morass is so called in Scotland.

"Good God!" exclaimed the distracted owner, "my trunk is gone for ever. Oh, my poor dear trunk! Where is the place? Shew me where it disappeared."

'The place being pointed out, he rushed madly up to it, and seemed as if he would have plunged into the watery profound to search for his lost property, or die in the attempt. Being informed that the bogs in this part of the country were understood to be bottomless, he soon saw how vain every endeavour of that kind would be; and so he was with difficulty induced to resume his place in the coach, loudly threatening, however, to make the proprietors of the vehicle pay sweetly for his loss.

'What was in the trunk, I have not been able to learn. Perhaps the title-deeds of an estate were among the contents—perhaps it was only filled with bricks and rags, in order to impose upon the innkeepers. In all likelihood, the mysterious object is still descending and descending, like the angel's hatchet in Rabbinical story, down the groundless abyss; in which case, its contents will not probably be revealed till a great many things of more importance and equal mystery are made plain.' R. C.

THE LITTLE GIRL.

THE following excellent story, exemplifying the danger of giving way to the passion of anger, is given in a charming little book, entitled the *Infant Manual* (published upwards of twenty years ago in Edinburgh), and which was eminently suited to cultivate virtuous principles in the minds of children:—

Little Harriet M—— was between four and five years old; she was in many respects a very good little girl. She was obedient, very affectionate to her friends, and very obliging and kind; but she had a very violent temper. When anything teased or provoked her, she would get into a perfect transport of fury, and tear and

strike whatever was in her way. One day, as her mamma was passing the nursery-door, she heard a great noise within, and her little Harriet's voice speaking in a tone that made her sure she was bad; so she opened the door, and there she saw Harriet, with her little face swelled and distorted with rage, her curly hair all torn into disorder, while with feet and hands she was kicking and striking with all her force at one of the servants, and crying out: 'I don't love you, Mary; I don't love you: I *hate* you!' She stopped when she saw her mamma.

'What is the meaning of all this?' said Mrs M—to the servant.

'It is just this, ma'am,' said the servant, 'that Miss Harriet kept throwing water about the room, out of her little new jug; when I forbade her, she threw the water that was in the jug in my face; and when I attempted to take hold of her, to carry her to you, as you desired, when she did wrong, she flew at me, and struck me as you have seen.'

Mrs M— looked very grave, and lifting the sobbing Harriet in her arms, carried her into her own room. She sat down with her on her lap, and remained quite silent till the angry sobs had almost ceased. She then placed her on her knees, and in a very solemn voice told her to repeat after her the following words: 'Oh, my heavenly Father, look down in mercy, with pardoning mercy, on my poor little silly wicked heart, at this moment throbbing with such dreadfully bad feelings as only the spirit of all evil could put into it. Oh, my heavenly Father, drive away this bad spirit, help me with thy good spirit, and pardon me the evil I have done this day, for Christ Jesus' sake. Amen.' Harriet trembled exceedingly; but she repeated the words after her mother, and, as she did so, in her heart she wished that God might hear them.

Her mamma again placed her on her lap, and asked if *her rage was away*. Harriet answered in a soft voice: '*Not quite, mamma; but it's better!*'

‘Very well,’ said her mother, ‘until it is quite away, I shall tell you a story that I was told when I was young, and I hope it will make as deep an impression on your mind, my poor child, as it did on mine, and tend as effectually to make you try yourself to check your bad and furious temper:—Lord and Lady — were very great and rich people. They had only one child, and it was a daughter. They were very, very fond of this child, and she was, in truth, a very fine little creature; very lively, and merry, and affectionate, and exceedingly beautiful: but like you, Harriet, she had a bad, bad temper; like you, she got into transports of rage when anything vexed her, and, like you, would turn at or strike whoever provoked her; like you, after every fit of rage, she was grieved and ashamed of herself, and resolved never to be so bad again; but the next temptation all that was forgotten, and she was as angry as ever. When she was just your age, her mamma had a little son—a sweet, sweet little tender baby. Her papa and mamma were glad, glad—and little Eveline would have been glad too, but the servant very foolishly and wickedly teased and irritated her, by telling her that papa and mamma would not care for her now; all their love and pleasure would be this little brother, and they never would mind her. Poor Eveline burst into a passion of tears, and cried bitterly. “You are a wicked woman to say so; mamma will always love me; I know she will, and I’ll go this very moment and ask her, I will;” and she darted out of the nursery, and flew to her mamma’s room, the servant in the nursery calling after her: “Come, come, miss; you needn’t go to your mamma’s room; she won’t see you now.” Eveline burst open the door of her mamma’s room, but was instantly caught hold of by a stranger woman she had never seen before. “My dear,” said this person, “you cannot be allowed to see your mamma just now.” She would have said more; she would have told Eveline, that the reason she could not see her mamma then, was because she was very sick, and *must not be disturbed*. But Eveline was too

angry to listen; she screamed and kicked at the woman, who, finding her so unreasonable, lifted her by force out of the room, and, carrying her into the nursery, put her down, and said to the servant there, as she was going away, "that she must prevent miss coming to her mamma's room." Eveline heard this, and it added to her rage; and then this wicked servant burst out a laughing, and said: "I told you *that*, miss; you see mamma doesn't love you now!" The poor child became mad with fury; she darted at the cradle where lay the poor little innocent new-born baby. The maid whose duty it was to watch over it was lying asleep upon her chair; and oh, Harriet, Harriet! like as you did to Mary just now, she struck it with all her force—struck it on the little tender head—it gave one feeble, struggling cry, and breathed no more.

'Why, mamma, mamma,' cried Harriet, bursting into tears, 'why did it breathe no more?'

'It was dead—killed by its own sister!'

'Oh, mamma, mamma! what a dreadful, what a wicked little girl! Oh, mamma, I am not so wicked as her; I never killed a little baby,' sobbed Harriet, as she hid her face in her mother's bosom, and clung to her neck.

'My dear child,' said Mrs M—— solemnly, 'how dare you say you are not so wicked as Eveline? You are more wicked, and, but for the goodness of God to you, might have been at this moment as miserable. Were you not in as great a rage when I came to the nursery as she was! Were you not striking Mary with all your force, not one blow, but repeated blows? and had Mary been, like the object of Eveline's rage, a little baby, you would have killed her. It was only because she was bigger and stronger than yourself, that you did not actually do so; and only think for a moment on the difference between the provocation poor Eveline received, and that which you supposed Mary gave you. Indeed, Mary gave you none—you were wrong, and she was right; whereas, no one can wonder *Eveline* was made angry by her wicked maid. Yet you may observe, that had she not got into such ungovernable

ot to listen when she was spoken to by the
 saw in her mamma's room, she would then
 d, that it was from no change in her mamma's
 she had not seen her for several days, but
 e was confined to bed.'

mamma, what did Eveline's poor mamma say to
 ling the baby?'

never again saw her dear and beautiful
 nma; she died that night of grief and horror on
 at her sweet and lovely infant was murdered
 whom.'

ur—oh, dear mamma, was Eveline sorry?'

e, how can you ask such a question?'

mamma, I mean how sorry was she: what way
 rry enough?'

, Harriet it is not easy to know or to tell how
 be sorry enough. All I know is, that she
 a big lady—she lived to be herself a mother
 her whole life no one ever saw her smile.'

mamma, was it a quite true story? it is so
 mamma.'

ny child, it is a quite true story; that unfor-
 ld was the great-grandmother of the present
 —l.'

rest mamma,' said Harriet, once more bursting
 'let me go upon my knees again, and pray to
 ce away my bad temper, lest I, too, become so
 ,

ny love, pray to Him for that, and He will hear
 you; but also thank Him for preserving you
 rom the endless and incalculable wretchedness
 roduced by one fit of sinful rage.'

tor of the *London Literary Gazette*, in noticing
 ing story, mentions his belief of it being per-
 e. 'The unfortunate angry child,' says he, 'was
 ntess of Livingston. She was also Countess of
 ; and, in her right, her son succeeded to the
 f Errol. It was a smoothing-iron which, in her
 of rage and terror, she snatched up and flung

into the infant's cradle. A sad chance directed the blow, and the baby was murdered. No other child was ever born to the family; and the poor girl grew up, fully informed of the fatal deed by which she had attained so many deplorable honours. She was most amiable, and highly esteemed, but in all her life was never known to smile. When very young, she was married to the unfortunate William Earl of Kilmarnock—beheaded in 1746—who, whatever might be the motives of his loyalty to his king, was most disloyal to his wife, being as bad a husband as it is possible to conceive. Notwithstanding this, his excellent, unhappy lady hurried to London, and made every possible effort to obtain his pardon. Her want of success is known.'

A BORDER LEGEND.

EVERYBODY is familiar with the mode of life practised some two or three hundred years ago on the Scottish borders. When a housewife ran out of butcher-meat, she either presented a pair of spurs under cover at dinner, as a hint that her sons and husband should ride out to obtain a supply, or, if inclined to be a little more provident, informed them, in the afternoon, that the 'hough was in the pot,' thereby insinuating that her beef-barrel was reduced to its last and worst fragment. It is told that Scott of Harden, the ancestor of a very respectable family which still flourishes on the border, was one day coming home with a large drove of cattle, which he had lifted, as the phrase went, in some of the dales of Cumberland, when he happened to espy a large haystack in a farmyard by the way-side, which appeared to him as if it could have foddered his prey for half the winter. Vexed to think that this could not also be lifted, the *chieftain* looked at it very earnestly, and said, with bitter and emphatic expression: 'Ah! if ye had four feet,

‘I should gang too!’ A member of this family was what might have then been called *unfortunate* in one of his enterprises. Having invaded the territories of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, ancestor of the noble family of that name and title, he was inveigled by the latter into an ambuscade, and taken, as it were, in the very act. Murray, being an officer of state, thought himself bound to make an example of the offender, and he accordingly gave orders to the unfortunate Harden to prepare for immediate execution. Elated with his victory, he went home and communicated his intention to his lady. ‘Are you mad?’ said her ladyship. ‘Would you hang the young Laird of Harden, you that has sae mony unmarried daughters? Na, na; it’ll be a hantle mair wiselike to mak the young laird marry ane o’ them.’ The eloquence of the lady prevailed; and, as young Harden was in perilous circumstances, and was expected gladly to accept of any alternative to avoid an ignominious death, it was resolved that he should wed ‘Muckle-mou’d Meg,’ the third daughter of the family, who was distinguished by what, in modern phraseology, is termed an ‘open countenance;’ that is, in less metaphorical language, her mouth extended from ear to ear. The alternative was accordingly proposed to the culprit, but, to the astonishment of all concerned, it was at once rejected. ‘Weel, weel, young man,’ says the Laird of Elibank, ‘ye’s get ’till the morn’s mornin’ to think about it;’ and so saying, he left the young laird in his dungeon to his own agreeable reflections. In the morning, Harden, after a sleepless night, looked out from the window, or rather hole of his cell, and saw the gallows erected in the yard, and all the apparatus of death prepared. His heart failed him, and he began to think that life, even though spent in the society of ‘Muckle-mou’d Meg,’ was not a thing to be rashly thrown away. He declared his willingness, therefore, to accept of the maiden’s hand. There were no marriage-laws in those days—no proclamation of bans—no session-clerk’s fees. The priest was sent for, and the indissoluble knot was tied. Nor did Harden ever repent of his bargain; for Meg,

notwithstanding the deformity from which she took her name, was in fact one of the best creatures in existence, possessed of a great fund of excellent sense, and withal a handsome *personable* woman. She turned out an admirable wife, managed the household of Harden with the utmost propriety; and a union which had taken place under such extraordinary circumstances, and with such very unpromising auspices, was in the highest degree cordial and constant.

ISBEL LUCAS:

A HEROINE OF HUMBLE LIFE.

ABOUT thirty-five years ago, a woman of the name of Isbel Lucas kept a small lodging-house in the southern suburbs of Edinburgh. She was the daughter of a respectable teacher in the city, who, at his death, had bequeathed to her, as his sole surviving relation, about L.300, together with the furniture of a house. The latter part of the legacy suggested to her the propriety of endeavouring to support herself by keeping lodgings, while the part which consisted in money promised to stand effectually between her and all the mischances that could be expected to befall her in such a walk of life. She accordingly, for several years, let one or two rooms to students and other persons, and thus contrived to live very decently, without trenching upon her little capital, till at length she attained the discreet age of two-and-forty.

Isbel had at no period of life been a beauty. She had an iron-gray complexion, and a cast of features bespeaking rather strength of character than feminine grace. She was now less a beauty than ever; and for years had tacitly acknowledged her sense of the fact, by abandoning all those modes and materials of dress which *women* wear so long as they have any thoughts of *maturity*. Where, however, is the woman at that, or any

more juvenile period of life, in whose bosom the spark of love lies dead beyond recall! If any such there be, Isbel's was not of the number.

Among her lodgers was an individual of the name of Fordyne, who kept a grocer's shop of an inferior order in the neighbourhood. This person gave himself out for a native of the Isle of Man, and stated that he had made a little money as mess-man to a militia regiment, by which he had been enabled to set up in business. He was a large, dark, coarse man, of about five-and-thirty, with a somewhat unpromising cast of face, and a slight twist in his left eye. Fordyne seemed to be a man of great industry and application, and used to speak of his circumstances as agreeable in every respect, except that he wanted a wife. This, he said, was a great want. There were many things about his shop which no one but a female could properly attend to. Without such a helpmate, things were continually going wrong; but with her, all would go right. One point, however, he must be clear about; she who should be his wife would require to bring something with her, to add to his stock, and buy the necessary house-furniture. He cared little about good looks, if there was good sense; and, indeed, a woman of some experience in the world would answer his purpose best.

Honest Isbel began in a little while to turn all these matters in her mind. She one day took a steady look at Fordyne, and discovered that he had a good upright carriage of body, and that, though his mouth was of the largest, yet his teeth were among the best she had ever seen. Next time she visited his shop, she took a glance at the room behind, and found that it had a nice out-look upon Salisbury Crags. Fordyne, observing that she glanced into his back-shop, invited her to come in and see what a fine house he had, for such in reality it was, though unfurnished. Isbel very quickly saw that there was one capital bed-room, a parlour, a kitchen, and a vast variety of closets, where things could be 'put off one's hand.' One press, Mr Fordyne shewed, was already

furnished, being tenanted by a huge dram-bottle, an server full of short-bread, which, he said, had been law required to treat his customers, on account of the 2 Year. Of this he made Isbel a partaker, drinking in turn to her good health, and a good man to her be the next recurrence of the season. This exchange compliments did not take place without some effort Isbel ascended the stair in a kind of reverie, and for herself entering the next door above, instead of her before she was aware. In a month thereafter, the were married.

Three days after the nuptials, Mrs Fordyne was sitting in her little parlour, waiting supper for her husband, reflecting on the step she was about to take next day, namely, the transference of her household furniture to the apartments behind Fordyne's shop, and the surrender of her little fortune into his hands. Her eye happened in the course of her cogitations, to wander to a portrait of her father, which hung opposite ; and as she gazed on it, she could hardly help thinking that its naturally stern and even sour features assumed an expression still sterner and sourer. No doubt, this was the mere effect of an inward pleading of conscience, for she could not but acknowledge secretly to herself, that the step she had taken was not of that kind which her parent would have approved. She withdrew her eyes with a disturbed mind, and again looked musingly towards the fire, when she thought she heard the outer door open, and a person came in. At first, she supposed that this must be her husband, and she began, therefore, to transfer the supper from the fire to the table. On listening, however, she heard that the footsteps were accompanied by the sound of a walking cane, which assured her that it could not be Fordyne. She stood for a minute motionless and silent, and distinctly heard the sound as of an old man walking along a passage with a stick—sounds which at once brought back her recollection of her departed father. She sank into a chair, the sounds died away in the distance, and almost at that minute her husband came in to cheer her, calling

to the servant as he passed, in his loud and boisterous way, that she had stupidly left the outer door open.

Though Isbel Lucas had committed a very imprudent action in marrying a man who was a perfect stranger to her, nevertheless the predominating feature of her mind was prudence. The impressions just made upon her senses were of a very agitating nature, yet, knowing that it was too late to act upon them, she concealed her emotions. There could be no doubt that she had received what in her native country is called a 'warning;' yet, conceiving that her best course was to go on and betray no suspicion, she never faltered in any of her promises to her husband. She was next day installed in Mr Fordyne's own house, to whom, in return, she committed a sum rather above L.400; for to that extent had she increased her stock in the course of her late employment.

For some time matters proceeded very well. Her husband professed to lay out part of her money upon those goods which he had formerly represented himself as unable to buy. His habits of application were rather increased than diminished, and a few customers of a more respectable kind than any he had hitherto had, began to frequent the shop, being drawn thither in consideration of his wife. Among the new articles he dealt in was whisky, which he bought in large quantities from the distillers, and sold wholesale to a number of the neighbouring dealers. By and by, this branch of his trade seemed to outgrow all the rest, and he found himself occasionally obliged to pay visits to the places where the liquor was manufactured, in order to purchase it at the highest advantage. His wife in a little while became accustomed to his absence for a day or two at a time, and having every reason to believe that his affairs were in a very prosperous state, began to forget all her former misgivings.

On one occasion, he left her on what he described as a circuit of the Highland distilleries, intending, he said, to be absent for at least a week, and carrying with him

money to the amount of nearly L.1000, which he said he would probably spend upon whisky before he came back. Nothing that could awaken the least suspicion occurred at their parting ; but next day, while his wife superintended matters in the shop, she was surprised when a large bill was presented, for which he had made no provision. On inspecting it, she was still further surprised to find that it referred to a transaction which she understood at the time to be a ready-money one. Having dismissed the presenter of the bill, she lost no time in repairing to the counting-house of a large commission house in Leith, with which she knew her husband to have had large transactions. There, on making some indirect inquiries, she found that his purchases, instead of being entirely for ready money, as he had represented to her, were mostly paid by bills, some of which were on the point of becoming due. It was now but too apparent that the unprincipled man had taken his final leave of her and his creditors, bearing with him all the spoil that his ingenuity could collect.

Isbel Lucas was not a person to sit down in idle despair on such an event. She was a steady Scotchwoman, with a stout heart for a difficulty ; and her resolution was soon taken. She instantly proceeded to the Glasgow coach-offices, and ascertained, as she expected, that a man answering to the description of her husband had taken a place for that city the day before. The small quantity of money that had been collected in the shop since his departure, she put into her pocket ; the shop she committed to the porter and her old servant Jenny ; and, having made up a small bundle of extra clothes, she set off by the coach to Glasgow. On alighting in the Tron-gate, the first person she saw was a female friend from Edinburgh, who asked, with surprise, how she and her husband happened to be travelling at the same time ? ' Why do you ask that question ? ' inquired Isbel. ' Because,' replied the other, ' I shook hands with Mr Fordyue yesterday, as he was going on board the *Isle of Man steam-boat* at the Broomielaw.' This was enough for

Isbel. She immediately ascertained the time when the Isle of Man steam-boat would next sail, and, to her great joy, found that she would not be two days later than her husband in reaching the island. On landing in proper time at Douglas, in Man, she found her purse almost empty; but her desperate circumstances made her resolve to prosecute the search, though she should have to beg her way back.

It was morning when she landed at Douglas. The whole forenoon she spent in wandering about the streets, in the hope of encountering her faithless husband, and in inquiring after him at the inns. At length she satisfied herself, that he must have left the town that very day for a remote part of the island, and on foot. She immediately set out upon the same road, and with the same means of conveyance, determined to sink with fatigue, or subject herself, to any kind of danger, rather than return without her object. At first, the road passed over a moorish part of the country; but after proceeding several miles, it began to border on the sea, in some places edging the precipices which overhung the shore, and at others winding into deep recesses of the country. At length, on coming to the opening of a long reach of the road, she saw a figure, which she took for that of her husband, just disappearing at the opposite extremity. Immediately gathering fresh strength, she pushed briskly on, and, after an hour's toilsome march, had the satisfaction, on turning a projection, to find her husband sitting right before her on a stone.

Fordyne was certainly very much surprised at her appearance, which was totally unexpected; but he soon recovered his composure. He met her with more than even usual kindness, as if concerned at her having thought proper to perform so toilsome a journey. He hastened to explain that some information he had received at Glasgow, respecting the dangerous state of his mother, had induced him to make a start out of his way to see her, after which he would immediately return. It was then his turn to ask explanations from her; but this subject

he pressed very lightly, and, for her part, she had dared, in this lonely place, to avow the suspicions which had induced her to undertake the journey. 'It is very well,' said Fordyne, with affected complaisance, 'you'll just go forward with me to my mother's house and she will be the better pleased to see me since I bring you with me.' Isbel, smothering her real feelings, agreed to do this, though it may well be supposed that after what he had already done, and considering the place in which she was, she must have entertained a comfortable prospect of her night's adventures. On that day they walked in the dusk of fast approaching night, through a country which seemed to be destitute alike of houses and inhabitants, and where the universal stillness hardly ever broken by the sound of any animal, wild or tame. The road, as formerly, was partly on the edge of a sea-worn precipice, over which a victim might dash in a moment, with hardly the least chance of being more seen or heard of, and partly in the recesses of a rugged country, in whose pathless wildernesses work of murder might be almost as securely effected. Isbel Lucas, knowing how much reason her husband had to wish her out of this world, opened her mind fully to the dangers of her path, and at every place that seemed more convenient than another for such a work, regarded him, even in the midst of a civil conversation, with a watchful eye of one who dreads the spring of the trap from every brake. She contrived to keep upon the left side of the road most remote from the precipices, and carried in her pocket an unclashed penknife, though almost hopeless that her womanly nerves would support her in any effort to use it. Thus did they walk on for several miles, till at length, all of a sudden, Fordyne started from the road, and was instantly lost in a wild, tortuous ravine. This event was so different from any which she had feared, that for a moment Isbel stood motionless in surprise. Another moment, however, sufficed to run up her mind as to her future course, and she immediately plunged into the defile, following as nearly as possible

rection which the fugitive appeared to have taken. As she toiled, through thick entangling bushes, and much soft and mossy ground, her limbs every instant threatening to sink beneath her with fatigue ; which they would certainly have done very speedily, if desperate anxieties which filled her mind had not rendered her in a great measure insensible to the languor of her body. It at length became a more pressing object with her to find some place where she could be sheltered for the night, than to follow in so hopeless a pursuit ; and she therefore experienced great joy on perceiving a light at a little distance. As she approached the place whence this seemed to proceed, she discovered a cottage, whence she could hear the sounds of singing and dancing. With great caution, she drew near to the window through which the light was glancing, and there, peeping into the apartment, she saw her husband capering in furious mirth amidst a set of coarse, peasant-like individuals, mingled with a few who bore all the appearance of sea-smugglers. An old woman, of most unamiable aspect, sat by the fire-side, occasionally giving orders for the preparation of food, and now and then addressing a complimentary expression to Fordyne, whom Isbel therefore guessed to be her son. After the party seemed to have become quite tired of dancing, they sat down to a rude but plenteous repast ; and after that was concluded, the whole party addressed themselves to repose. Some retired into an apartment at the opposite end of the house ; but most stretched themselves on straw, which lay in various corners of the room in which they had been feasting. The single bed which stood in this apartment was appropriated to Fordyne, apparently on account of his being the most important individual of the party ; and he therefore continued under the unsuspected observation of his wife till he had consigned himself to repose. Previous to doing so, she observed him place something with great caution beneath his pillow.

For another hour, Isbel lay at the window, inspecting the interior of the house, which was now lighted v

imperfectly by the expiring fire. At length, when every recumbent figure seemed to have become bound securely in sleep, she first uttered one brief, but fervent and emphatic prayer, and then undid the loose fastening of the door, and glided into the apartment. Carefully avoiding the straw pallets which lay stretched around, she approached the bed whereon lay the treacherous Fordyne, and slowly and softly withdrew his large pocket-book from beneath the pillow. To her inexpressible joy, she succeeded in executing this manœuvre without giving him the least disturbance. Grasping the book fast in one hand, she piloted her way back with the other, and in a few seconds had regained the exterior of the cottage.

As she had expected, she found the large sum which Fordyne had taken away nearly entire. Transferring the precious parcel to her own bosom, she set forward instantly upon a pathway which led from the cottage apparently in the direction of Douglas. This she pursued a little way, till she regained the road she had formerly left, along which she immediately proceeded with all possible haste. Fortunately, she had not advanced far when a peasant came up behind her in an empty cart, and readily consented to give her a lift for a few miles. By means of this help, she reached Douglas at an early hour in the morning, where, finding a steam-boat just ready to sail, she immediately embarked, and was soon beyond all danger from her husband.

The intrepid Isbel Lucas returned, in a few days, to Edinburgh, with a sufficient sum to satisfy all her husband's creditors, and enough over to set her up once more in her former way of life. She was never again troubled with the wretch Fordyne, who, a few years afterwards, she had the satisfaction of hearing, had died a natural death of an epidemic fever in the bridewell of Tralce, in Ireland.

The moral of this story—and it is a real one—is, that unmarried ladies should be particularly cautious about *their hearts* when they reach the peculiarly tender and *susceptible* age of *forty-two*.

LA PEROUSE.

JOHN FRANCIS GALAUP DE LA PEROUSE, a French navigator, alike distinguished for his talents, his enterprise, and his enlarged philanthropy, but, perhaps, more remarkable for the mystery in which his fate was for nearly forty years involved, was born at Albi, in Languedoc, in the year 1741. He received his education at the Marine School, and at an early age entered into the naval service of his country. The talent and bravery for which he was afterwards so eminent, soon began to appear, and he rapidly rose to the rank of captain. In 1782, when France and England were at war, we find him intrusted with the command of an expedition destined for the destruction of the English settlement at Hudson's Bay. He succeeded in his enterprise, having destroyed Fort York, and taken the English commander prisoner. When on the eve of returning home, he was informed that on his first approach, a number of the English, in order to avoid falling prisoners into his hands, had fled into the woods, where, without food or shelter, they must inevitably fall victims to the rigours of a severe northern winter. His orders had been to destroy altogether the settlement: it mattered not, so that this was fulfilled to the letter, whether the enemy fell by the arms of his soldiers, or by the elements. But the duty he owed to humanity prevailed over every other consideration, and an abundant supply of provisions, arms, and ammunition, was left for the fugitives. Another trait of generosity must also be noticed. Governor Hearne, commander of Fort York, who was his prisoner, had made two expeditions to discover Copper Mine River, in the last of which he was successful. The papers relating to this expedition of course fell into the hands of the victor, but *on being solicited to restore them, he at once complied with the request.* These acts of *disinterested benevolence and generosity* were performed

to enemies in the heat of a rancorous war, and, from a rare occurrence in such circumstances, they shone with greater lustre, and perhaps the more so in an individual whose own unhappy fate must for ever excite the sympathies of mankind.

After the restoration of peace, the French government having determined upon the prosecution of a new discovery, appointed La Perouse to the command. Two vessels, the *Boussole* and the *Astrolabe*, were accordingly fitted out for the purpose. The first had 110 men, including the commodore, and the second 113 men, comprising philosophers of various kinds, draughtsmen, engineers, and other such individuals. They set sail from Brest on the 1st of August 1785, crossed the equinoctial line on the 29th September, and arrived between the island of St Catherine and the continent of Brazil on the 6th November, where they replenished themselves with provisions. From thence they proceeded to Conception Bay, in Chili, and took in refreshment and refitted the ships. On the 28th of May 1786 they came in sight of Owhyhee, one of the Sandwich Islands, and the place where our own navigator, Cook, was killed. Here they stopped for a few days, bartering with the natives for provisions. On the 1st of June they entered the Sandwich Islands, and shaped their course along the north-west coast of America, which they reached at the end of the month, and spent some days in exploring the coast. Here they discovered a port, which was named *Porte des Français*, where they anchored, after making a narrow escape from shipwreck. Nothing remarkable occurred during their stay, except the loss of two men with their whole crews, amounting to twenty-five. With the humanity which was characteristic of La Perouse, he erected a monument, with an appropriate inscription, to the memory of his unfortunate shipmates.

He spent some time in exploring the coast of America, and, after refitting the ships at a settlement in California, he set sail for China, and anchored in Macao on the 3d of January 1787. In crossing the North

avigator discovered Necker Island, so called, after the celebrated French statesman of that name, the son of Madame de Staël. After sheltering from the monsoon for some time at Manilla, he sailed in April 1787 for the north; and passing the islands of Formosa, Quelpaert, the coast of Japan, he sailed between Chinese Tartary and Kamtschatka, where he landed. At length, on September, he arrived in the harbour of St Paul, in Kamtschatka. The Russians treated him and his companions with great kindness, and supplied them with all the necessaries the place could furnish. Here Viscount Lesseps, the interpreter of the expedition, who has since quitted the expedition with dispatches for his country, is still, as far as we know, alive, and of considerable use in identifying the relics of the expedition. Dillon brought to Europe, as having the ships of La Prouse.

On the 10th of September, our navigator left Kamtschatka, after traversing the 'wilderness of waves' in quest of land, which was said to be in parallel of latitude, he proceeded towards the Kuril Islands, where a severe calamity befell the expedition. M. de Langle, commander of the *Astrolabe*, was killed, and many men, amongst whom was a natural philosopher, were cruelly butchered on the island of Maoua, where they went for a supply of water. The savages also destroyed the two long-boats, without which it was impossible to prosecute the voyage of discovery. La Prouse, therefore, determined upon proceeding to Botany Bay, where he arrived on the 26th of January 1788. There the boats were built, supplies taken on board, and connected with the expedition transmitted, and the commodore set sail from Botany Bay on the 1st of the same year. For a period of thirty-eight years, to this date, not the slightest trace of the course of the expedition could be found, although, in 1791, two ships were despatched from Brest in search of him. It was the good-fortune of an Englishman, however, after

the lapse of time above mentioned, to long concealed the destiny of the gallant and his brave companions.

Captain Dillon, commander of a ship of the East India Company, while on a voyage from Zealand to Bengal, came in sight of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, on the 15th of July. Several canoes pulled off for the vessel, and among their crews was one Martin Bushart, an old man, one of the captain's. An interchange of place, and among other articles received was the silver guard of a sword. It had been found; but of these nothing could be inferred. On inquiry being made at Martin Bushart, captain, that, on his first arrival at Tucopia, in possession of the natives several ships' tools, axes, and many other things. That these were from the island of Maunicolo, where two vessels had been cast away about forty years back, and remained large quantities of the wreck. On interrogating several other individuals, the statements of Martin Bushart was confirmed; and the result also elicited, that two of the crews who had been conversed with by the vessels had been conversed with by the natives of Tucopia a few years before. The result being old men, but, probably, still alive. From all these statements, delivered in a plain and unsophisticated manner, Captain Dillon came to the conclusion, that the ships above mentioned were those under the command of the famed La Perouse; for the dates and names of the ships, and no other two European ships were known at that remote period. He therefore concluded, that the ship was at Maunicolo, where the ship was at the distance of eight leagues, and running short of provisions, he was compelled to relinquish his laudable enterprise and return to Bengal.

The Bengal government war

Captain Dillon. They fitted out for him a vessel, with which he set sail, and arrived safely at Maunicolo, after considerable delay, caused by one Dr Tytler. By the aid of Martin Bushart, and some other individuals with whom he had contracted an intimacy, Captain Dillon was enabled to gather a good deal of information respecting the ships which had been thrown away upon the island. The catastrophe happened during the night. Both ships had struck upon a coral-reef. From one of them only a few individuals escaped; but it would appear that most of those belonging to the other got safe to land. With the remnants of the vessels, the survivors constructed a craft, with which all but two men put to sea, but the ill-starred bark was never heard of more. Of the two individuals left behind, one of them had died about three years before, and the other, a short while after that event, had been compelled to flee from the island, along with the tribe to which he had united himself. This was most unfortunate; but still the articles which Captain Dillon obtained from the islanders, leave not the smallest doubt of the identity of the vessels wrecked upon Maunicolo with those under the command of La Perouse.

After a fruitless search amongst some other islands for the supposed only surviving French mariner, Captain Dillon set sail for Calcutta. It is necessary to mention, however, that before quitting this part of the Pacific, he left behind a young man for the purpose of acquiring the language of the place, and ascertaining every fact relative to the loss of the vessels, and the fate of the survivors. From Calcutta, Captain Dillon proceeded first to England, and shortly afterwards to France, where he was deservedly received with much distinction.

We have already mentioned the name of Viscount Lesseps, who left La Perouse's expedition at Kamtchatka. This nobleman carefully examined the relics brought home by the indefatigable Dillon. Among these were several articles upon which the French national emblem, the *fleur de lis*, was either stamped or carved. A piece of board on which *this was carved*, Lesseps said had most

probably formed a part of the ornamental work *Boussole's* stern (the ship which La Perouse commanded on which were the national arms of France, she being only one of the ships bearing such an ornament. The sword-handle was identified as being exactly similar to those worn by the officers belonging to the expedition. Several brass guns were also said by Lesseps to resemble strikingly those used on board of the *Astrolabe* and *Boussole*. But the strongest link in the chain of evidence was afforded by a mill-stone. On observing this the viscount suddenly turned to Dillon, and expressed his surprise, observing, 'this is the best thing you have got; we had some of them mounted on the quarries to grind our corn.' It is only necessary to mention another circumstance of presumptive evidence. The bottom of a silver candlestick were stamped the arms of the noble French family of Collignon. An individual belonging to this family was botanist on board the *Boussole*, and to him this utensil in all likelihood belonged, although some have contended that it belonged to Langle, commander of the *Astrolabe*.

After reading the above detail of evidence, there still remains not a shadow of doubt but that Captain Dillon has so far explained the mystery of La Perouse. But still his ultimate destiny remains in considerable obscurity. For instance, it may be asked, amongst the number of those who escaped from the shipwreck, and afterwards departed in the vessel which was built on the fatal shores of Maunicolo, what became of that craft? Did she founder at sea, or was she cast down in the unfathomable depths of the Pacific? Did her crew experience a disaster similar to that which had already overtaken them? And were they again overtaken away on one of the Solomon Islands, and butchered by savages, or left to die piecemeal? Or are some of them still alive there? These islands, as far as we are concerned, have not been so completely explored as to enable us to draw anything like a satisfactory conclusion with regard to the latter part of our interrogatory.

TO A WILD-FLOWER.*

IN what delightful land,
Sweet-scented flower, didst thou attain thy birth?
Thou art no offspring of the common earth,
By common breezes fanned.

Full oft my gladdened eye,
In pleasant glade or river's marge has traced
(As if there planted by the hand of taste)
Sweet flowers of every dye.

But never did I see,
In mead or mountain, or domestic bower,
'Mong many a lovely and delicious flower,
One half so fair as thee!

Thy beauty makes rejoice
My inmost heart. I know not how 'tis so—
Quick coming fancies thou dost make me know,
For fragrance is thy voice.

And still it comes to me,
In quiet night, and turmoil of the day,
Like memory of friends gone far away,
Or, haply, ceased to be.

Together we'll commune,
As lovers do, when, standing all apart,
No one o'erhears the whispers of their heart,
Save the all-silent moon.

* We find this beautiful little poem in a volume entitled *Poetical Aspirations*, by William Anderson. That a poet who can write such things should be so little known, is a strong signification of the difficulty which characterises the present age, with all its advantages, of attaining almost any degree of literary celebrity.

Thy thoughts I can divine,
Although not uttered in vernacular words :
Thou me remind'st of songs of forest birds ;
Of venerable wine ;

Of earth's fresh shrubs and roots ;
Of summer days, when men their thirsting slake
In the cool fountain, or the cooler lake,
While eating wood-grown fruits.

Thy leaves my memory tell
Of sights, and scents, and sounds, that come again,
Like ocean's murmurs, when the balmy strain
Is echoed in its shell.

The meadows in their green
Smooth-running waters in the far-off ways,
The deep-voiced forest, where the hermit prays,
In thy fair face are seen.

Thy home is in the wild,
'Mong sylvan shades, near music-haunted springs,
Where peace dwells all apart from earthly things,
Like some secluded child.

The beauty of the sky,
The music of the woods, the love that stirs
Wherever Nature charms her worshippers,
Are all by thee brought nigh.

I shall not soon forget
What thou hast taught me in my solitude ;
My feelings have acquired a taste of good,
Sweet flower ! since first we met.

Thou bring'st unto the soul
A blessing and a peace, inspiring thought ;
And dost the goodness and the power denote
Of Him who formed the whole.

THE STORM.

on the morning of a day in the end of November, having taken my gun on my shoulder, put my spy-glass in my pocket, and whistled out my dogs, I left my house, situated on the very verge of a bank overlooking the ocean, and began a walk in quest of game on one of the most rugged coasts on the mainland of Scotland. There is something humiliating to a sportsman returning home without success, and as I was not content on my first outset, I continued going on mile after mile, till, having filled my game-bag, I began to think that it must be dark long ere I could again reach my fireside. My worthy old housekeeper, too, probably experienced more alarm on so unwonted an occurrence, than even the delight of unpacking my filled bag could repay her for, though this was in itself with her an occupation of most absorbing interest. Indeed, I saw cause to wish, on my own account, that I had not extended my ramble so far; for, as I began to descend my steps, I perceived all those portentous sights and sounds which, from my long residence near the sea, I knew full well were the sure indications of a coming storm.

The sun was slanting his sickly setting beams through midst murky clouds on the dark and sullen waters, and I espied a vessel like a dim speck in the distant sea. On looking at her through my glass, I saw that it was a large merchant-brig, apparently heavily laden, labouring on her course, as I hoped, towards a convenient little harbour at the distance of two or three miles along the coast than the site of my residence. The clouds now began to 'blot the sun,' and were fast passing into a lowering gloom. The innumerable sea-birds rose from their roosting-places on the rocks with their loud and boding screams, and winged their flight landward. The tide was moving onward, and the waves came

in with a heavy swell, as if the weight of waters at the back meant to force them far beyond the usual tide-mark, and a sort of drowsy sound arose from them in hollow cadence. The sea became more dusky and indistinct, and I looked in vain for the vessel. The wind suddenly swept along the ocean, and doleful and melancholy sounds were echoed back from the rocks and caves, while the storm seemed to be mustering up its power of destruction. All was black and terrific, and presently there came on the thickest and most suffocating shower of small sleet I remembered to have ever witnessed. It came back was, however, to this whirlwind blast, and it drove me on with much more speed than I could otherwise have attained. When the shower had passed on, I again looked towards the point where I had seen the ship, but it was too dark now to perceive her. Somehow, this vessel seemed to have taken a strong hold of my imagination. I had witnessed many storms during a long residence on the coast, and seen crafts of all dimensions struggling through them, but it appeared to me that I had never felt the same interest in any of them. And when the tempest still waxed more and more wrathful, and the surges began to rush upon the shore with headlong rapidity and seemed in their thundering incursions to make the firm earth to tremble, and I looked upon the boiling deep and heard the fierce winds contending with it in its boundless domain, a presentiment seemed to seize upon me that the vessel would never more reach a haven. The idea haunted me, and all the way home I thought on the merciless exterminating warfare which the relentless elements were waging with this doomed ship and her helpless mariners. When I had nearly reached my own house, I turned and stood awhile on the top of the bank, and saw wave succeeding wave, rolling impetuously to the shore, each rising higher than the last, till their crests were broken and lost in the foamy surf, which even though the tide wanted more than two hours of being at *its height*, threw its white froth upon the greensward *the bank, that sloped down to a little bay.*

The gloom was now gathering into utter darkness. Another shower of mingled hail and sleet was coming fast on the wings of the tempest, and I hurried into the house. My dogs, glad to escape from such a night, had got there before me, and in a great measure tranquillised the mind of my old domestic, who having, as usual, with indefatigable care, aired for me a change of garments, and placed my slippers and a bottle of Fowler's best ale at the fire, was anxiously awaiting my arrival. But neither the old woman's joy at my appearing in safety, after fearing that I might have been driven by the storm over a rock or a precipice, nor her exclamations of exultation as she peered into the game-bag, and bore it off in triumph to parade its contents before the eyes of the man-servant and the scullion, or the sight of a good dinner and a good fire, though cold and hungry, drove from my mind the thoughts of the labouring vessel. I was tired with my long walk, and the rough buffetings I had received from the uncivil elements, and I tried to take half an hour's nap; but there was no sleep in my eyes. I tried to read a new and interesting book, but I could not fix my attention. I tried to think on a thousand momentous subjects, but there was only one that would keep the lead in spite of me, and that was the ship. I rose, and, going into a dark room that looked towards the sea, I threw up the sash of the window. All was impenetrable darkness, except the line of white foam at the bottom of the bank, and this was dimly seen. But if the eye could discern nothing, it was not so with the ear; for the howling of the winds, the deafening bursts of the sea upon the land, and now and then a distant peal of thunder, told that the storm was still more hideous and more fiercely raging than before. It was now high tide, and I trusted, when it began to turn, there might be some abatement in the severity of the storm. With this hope, I was about to shut down the window, when I fancied that I heard, mingling with the hoarser tones of the blast, shrill and discordant cries, such as the sea-birds had uttered when *they forsook the rocks*. I listened long, and,

even after having shut the window, returned, and opened it again and again; but no such sound was repeated. Still, I could not help fancying that these cries might have come from human beings, and I became so restless and uneasy, that I was determined to go down the bank, and try to ascertain the fact. Where was that vessel of which I thought so much? Might she not now be near, even almost at my door, though the darkness prevented my seeing her? And might not the cries, which I still persuaded myself were not imaginary, have been those of her wretched mariners? I could no longer bear the suspense which these questions gave rise to, and, buttoning on a rough greatcoat, and putting on a pair of thick shoes and gaiters, I directed my man-servant to accoutre himself in a similar manner. When this was accomplished, I made him take with him the stable-lantern. Thus provided for the storm, we descended the bank. I had been right in supposing that the receding tide would bring some abatement of the tempest; for so it proved. The wind was not so high as it had been; the clouds were moving faster; and the moon, newly risen, was making an ineffectual attempt to shew herself for more than a minute at a time. The sea was swelling proudly, as if indignant at being foiled in her attempt to overmaster the land; and, though slowly retreating, like a brave but vanquished foe, was dealing her parting strokes with unabated fury.

The little bay of which I have spoken was in some measure divided into two, by a large rock which rose on the edge of the common sea-mark, and by a small burn which ran into the sea at its side. This little brook, which in its calmer moods wound itself quietly round many a grassy knoll and rocky fragment, and used to look in the moonlight like a stream of molten silver, now foamed and fretted, and urged on its turbid and angry waters to the ocean, forming a barrier between one side of the bay and the other. It was to this place, however, that I directed my steps; for if there had been *scath*, I felt assured it was on the other side of the burn,

for there the rocks were most dangerous, and it was from that quarter I had heard the cries, which still seemed to ring in my ears. The water of the swollen rivulet ran deep in its channel; and as the lantern was held up, and I saw that it would take me above the middle, I paused for an instant on the brink. But during this pause I looked on the other side; and though the moon was hid, and all was dim obscurity, I yet thought that I discerned an unusual appearance on the part of the beach and the foot of the bank which the sea had left. My servant thought the same. George was a stout fellow, who did not mind a good drenching; and holding up the lantern above the water, he immediately dashed through to the other side, and in an instant shouted out: 'A wreck! a wreck!' My fears were now confirmed, and I passed the burn, and followed him to where the gravel and the grass were covered like a bleach-ground with garments of all descriptions.

The moon now peeped forth again from among the heavy clouds, and as they drove onward, her light shone more steadily; but there was no vessel to be seen. We climbed a rock which again divided the bay from the other part of the coast, and there lay beneath us, high on the top of a ridge of pointed rocks, and keel upwards, the huge dark hull of the fated vessel. We descended as quickly as possible, and, while searching about for her hapless crew, shouted loudly at intervals, that if any still remained alive, they might know that help was nigh. It was, however, in vain: no answer was returned. We remained a long time, still repeating our shouts without success; and as the sea had not retired far enough for us to approach the ship, we at length began to ascend the grassy bank, and had proceeded but a few steps, when we saw a man stretched at the foot of it. The upper part of his body was naked, and we perceived the blood oozing from a wound in his left side. We attempted to lift him up, for he *was not dead*; but finding him quite insensible, *we again placed him on the grass, and by rubbing his limbs, and putting the dry parts of our greatcoats round*

his shoulders, endeavoured by warmth to re circulation. In this we succeeded after some time. But his speech was so incoherent, that we learn little or nothing about the wreck. He, constantly affirmed that he was the only one left that all, all had perished; and raved wildly about her screams; and when we attempted to go further up the bank till George went home to get more assistance, that he might be conveyed to the beach, he expressed his determination to remain where he was, that he might die with Jessy; but when a person, who, it appeared, had found a watery grave for his wife, his sister, or his sweetheart, it was impossible to guess. He was, however, in spite of his wounds, remain where he was, in no condition to receive aid when George and some men whom he brought with him arrived, he was placed on a horse before one of which was held on, while another slowly led the animal to the shore. Here he was put under the care of my old hunter, who dressed his wound, wrapped him in warm blankets, and having cautiously administered some stimulants, kept him quiet, till exhausted nature found a momentary respite in sleep. Meanwhile, the tide had so far receded, and my servant ventured to approach the vessel, ever and anon she was struck by a wave storm, and its fellows, which sent its spray high in the air, throwing in a heavy shower of brine. In spite of this, however, she entered by a yawning rent in her side, and found her was indeed an utter wreck—her bottom having stove in, and her cargo, and nearly everything else on her, except some planks and cordage, in which the bodies of her unfortunate crew were entangled, groped about, aided by the feeble light of the lantern, with the faint hope of finding some one still alive. I never forget the indescribable awe which I felt during this search, or the thrilling horror which assailed me when my touch came in contact with a corpse. The search was vain, in so far as that we found nothing within her; and it being impossible to do

we were aided by the light of day, I returned home, and went to bed for a few hours. The morning came, and presented a most complete and appalling picture of maritime desolation. The tide had again been at the full, and left behind it, for a considerable distance along the shore, clothes, bedding, barrels, chests, masts, cordage, and dead bodies. The latter were put into carts, decently covered by a white sheet, and removed to the village church, at the distance of a mile, thero to be dressed and confined, and to remain till their interment. In the meantime, my good old dame had, by dint of reiterated questions, aided by her own tact and his wild ravings, learned much of the story of her unhappy patient, and somewhat about the vessel, which it appeared had been loaded with slates at a port far on the east coast of Scotland, and was bound for Newcastle-on-Tyne. The poor young man was a sailor, a native of the little town from whence the vessel had just come, and had been several voyages to sea. He had saved a little money, and had returned to his native place, to ask the consent of Jessy's parents to her becoming his wife, which was refused. But her sailor William had long since won his way to her heart. She loved him passionately, and she could not see him depart again without her. They were to be married as soon as they reached Newcastle; and all would be forgiven when she wrote and told them how happy she was.

Seven corpses were flung upon the beach during the first day, but that of the unfortunate young woman was not among them. On the morning following, however, as I was directing the people I had employed to secure whatever was of any value for the benefit of the owners, a cry was raised that her body had come on shore. My housekeeper had provided for all contingencies; so that, as soon as the corpse came in upon the waves, two women, who had been sent by her to watch for it, were ready to receive and dress it in a long white cotton garment: this done, they carried her to the foot of the bank, and stretched her out on the green-sward. A sort of painful curiosity, mingled with a

deeper feeling, carried me to look upon the remains of the poor girl.

She appeared not more than eighteen, of middle size, and delicate in her form. Her eyes were gently closed, and she looked lovely in death, for the bloom of life and health had not forsaken her cheek, and her lips were still of a coral red, thus preserved by the suddenness of her decease, and the icy bath in which she had been immersed for so many hours. There was a sweet and placid expression on the features, which had probably regained that which was natural to them when the traces of terror had passed away. Her long fair hair had got entangled with the sea-weed, which it was found impossible to separate from it; but this had become an ornament, for the way in which the women had twisted the hair round the head, brought the weeds of different colours into the form of a garland, that well became the marble brow, and was touchingly in keeping with the sad story of her fate. As I stood moralising on the brief history of this confiding innocent young creature, whom love and her lover had wiled away from her duty, I looked up and beheld the wretched William approaching the spot, with all the haste his stiffened wound and bruises allowed him to make. He had expressed so many earnest wishes for the recovery of the body, that my housekeeper informed him instantly when it was found, but was unable to keep him in the house another moment. As soon as he reached the body, and had gazed upon it for a few moments, he threw himself on his knees by her side, and impetuously kissed her lips and cheeks, while his heart seemed as if it would burst through his throbbing breast. I could not, I confess, any longer stand to witness this heart-breaking scene. Indeed, I felt it was a grief too sacred to be disturbed by the presence of any human being, and I moved to a distance and kept watch, that I might prevent the intrusion of any other person until the arrival of a coffin, for which I had sent immediately on the body being found. By the time it arrived, the first frantic paroxysm

If grief had subsided, and he stood silently by while the women lifted her into it. I felt the deepest pity for this poor young man, and directed the body to be taken up to my house, there to lie till its interment. This, however, to my surprise, he opposed; and briefly, but strongly, entreated that it might be carried straight to the church, and that the lid of the coffin might not be screwed down. I have said I was surprised at his rejecting the offer I had made, from the idea that he would wish to watch it till it was hid from his sight in the grave. I, however, soon understood the motive which had actuated him; for no entreaties could move him from following her he loved to the church, and remaining there for two nights, where he felt at full liberty to give vent to the grief which he could not always restrain. It was thought proper that the interment of all the bodies should take place on the second day from that on which the young woman was found; and the male sufferers were accordingly buried in a retired part of the church-yard, set apart as the place of sepulture for the friendless drowned. William, however, had entreated that his *Jessy* should not be buried there, and, through my interest, her grave was dug in a picturesque corner of the church-yard, beneath a weeping birch, which hung its boughs tenderly over the spot.

The lover supported the head of the coffin, as the representative of those who should have been there, for there was no parent, brother or sister, kindred or friend, save himself, to mourn the fate of her who had departed in her bloom, cut down as a flower of the field; but the grief of all seemed centered in him who had taken this office upon himself. He did not speak, nor did he shed a tear, or utter a groan; but when I looked upon his face as the coffin was lowered into the earth, and saw his despairing eye, his compressed lips, and contracted brow, I felt that his was a sorrow which would not soon pass away. As soon as the earth was heaped upon the coffin, and the green sod adjusted, all left the church-yard save

the broken-hearted William, who lingered on the spot from which I did not attempt to withdraw him, till more than an hour afterwards, when, returning to the churchyard, I found him lying on the grave in a state of seeming torpor, from which I gently roused him, and prevailed on him to accompany me home. While on our way, endeavoured to suggest such grounds of comfort as presented themselves to me—such as the softening and obliterating effects of time—his own youth (for he was only two-and-twenty)—and the happiness which might be yet in reserve for him. To all this he answered not a word, but shook his head; and when I looked on his already wasted form, and thought of the severe stroke he had received on his side when dashed on the rock and of his fastings and watchings, and, above all, of his devouring grief, I feared the foundation of some dangerous illness was laid. Having this impression on my mind, I would fain have had him remain quietly at my house for some time before he attempted to return home, but no persuasions were of any avail. ‘Only let me reach the house of *her* parents,’ he said, ‘and let me hear them say they forgive *her*, and that is all now in this world that I care for.’

He accordingly departed almost immediately. Nearly eight months afterwards, he returned, worn to a shadow while the bright colour that flushed his cheek, and the unnatural brilliance of his dark eyes, full of an unearthly expression, shewed that consumption had been stealing upon him, and marked him for its prey. During his absence, no new scene, no employment, no pleasure, but for a moment the power to draw his thoughts from the grave of his *Jessy*; and he had now returned to fulfil his only wish—to be laid by her side. ‘She forsook all for me,’ he said, ‘and it is but meet that I should leave and return to her.’ His end now rapidly approached, and a pious old woman with whom he lodged brought his minister to see him. This worthy man was a dissenting *clergyman*, who was ever the friend of the poor and the sorrowful. He had studied medicine as well as divinity.

and acquired considerable skill during his village practice, and administered both to the mind and body of poor William. For the body he could do little, but he assisted to effect in his mind a pious resignation to his fate. Nor did he wait long before his last hour arrived, in which his spirit went to the merciful Being in whom he trusted, while his mortal remains were laid beside his Jessy.

The melancholy story of these two unfortunate lovers made for some time a deep impression on my mind, and I erected a neat tomb of white stone to their memory, on which is briefly recorded their simple and affecting story.

THE WESTMINSTER TOBACCO-BOX.

LONDON is not what it has been in the way of clubs. There was a time when they were to be found of every description and grade, and when the caustic wit of Goldsmith was applied in illustration of their humours and follies. There are not many of these ancient fraternities now existing in vigour, the ordinary means of recreation having diverted attention from them, and ruined their prospects. Of those which do hold out against the encroachments of modern manners, none are so worthy of notice as one entitled 'The Past-Overseers' Society of the Parishes of Saint Margaret and Saint John the Evangelist, Westminster.' This association of past-overseers of the poor has been greatly indebted for its prolonged popular existence to rather a singular object—namely, a *tobacco-box*, at once the standing subject of talk and bond of amity of the club. The history of this box is exceedingly curious, and affords an excellent commentary on the profuse dispensation of wealth on trifles, in the artificial state of society which exists within the bills of mortality.

This wonderful *tobacco-box*, which, in the present day,

is both an object of antiquarian curiosity and an article of considerable intrinsic value, was originally a common flat horn box, of a portable size for the pocket, and bore, as tradition reports, at Horn Fair, for the trifling sum of fourpence. Its original possessor was a Mr H. Monck, who usually brought it with him to the tavern where those persons, who, like himself, had served in the office of overseer, occasionally met to talk over and confer together upon parochial matters, and smoke their pipes in friendly intercourse; all of which persons subsequently formed themselves into the above-mentioned society. Well, what did Mr Monck do, but present his club, in the year 1713, with his well-known tobacco-box for the general use of the members, who, out of respect to the donor, ornamented it with a silver rim, on which his name was engraved. It was then committed to the custody of the senior overseer for the time being, transmitted it to his successor, with some additional ornament; and this example being followed, with little intermission, for a period of one hundred and eleven years, a new outer case being always prepared whenever further space was required for ornament, the box has increased to the bulk of a small tea-chest, and assumed a consequent importance. In short, the tobacco-box of the parish of St Margaret and St John the Evangelist is now one of the greatest curiosities to be found west of Temple-Bar.

The ornaments of the box, which have been contributed as we mention, consist of plates of silver, on which are emblematical devices and representations of the memorable events of each succeeding year in the history of this country, with appropriate inscriptions, and portraits of many eminent persons who have borne a conspicuous part in these events, are either embossed or engraved so that the box, taken as a whole, may be said to constitute a memorial of some of the most remarkable occurrences relating to the history of Great Britain during the last century. But this is not all. So important has the box been considered, that a folio volume has actually

published, detailing its history, and illustrating, by a series of highly-finished engravings, executed by an eminent artist, the devices on the plates, and the gradual growth of the box itself, up to its present huge size.* Sure such a box was never before heard of, either in heathen mythological lore, or the records of a Christian parish.

We now turn over the leaves of this tobacco-inspired volume. The first picture we find represents the top of the original box, on which are engraved the arms of Westminster, with surrounding ornaments, with a view of the inside of the lid, exhibiting a bust of William Duke of Cumberland, surmounted by the figure of Fame, sounding on a trumpet, as we suppose, the cruelties he practised after the battle of Culloden. At the base of the pedestal lie bound two human figures, as if prepared for sacrifice: one of them a miserable Highlander, with a broken claymore at his feet; the other an old wigged gentleman, probably designed for Lord Lovat. Turning from this dismal memorial, which, however, was the work of Hogarth, we come to the second plate, exhibiting the bottom of the box, on which is engraved a figure emblematic of Charity, surrounded with finely-chased ornaments. This plate also shews a handsome tobacco-stopper of mother-of-pearl, with silver chain; also a profile of the box. The box being now completely covered with ornaments, a case is next provided, whereon to display the taste of the overseers. The third plate represents the top and inside of this case. The top is the representation of the fireworks exhibited in St James's Park on occasion of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1749; the inside shews the engagement which took place between the English and French fleets off Ushant, on the 12th of July 1778—the former commanded by Admiral Keppel, the latter by Count d'Orvilliers: below this sea-fight is the scene of the court-martial, held at the instance of Sir Hugh Palliser,

* This ingenious and certainly curious work, from which these facts are gleaned, bears as its imprint—'London: Printed and Published by J. Clark, 27 Dartmouth Street, Westminster: 1824.'

the rear-admiral, on the conduct of Admiral Keppel in that action, by which he was most honourably acquitted. The fourth plate shews the inside bottom of the case, with the portrait of the notorious John Wilkes, with the date 1767. Plates 5 and 6 exhibit a projection of the rim, or body of the case, which appears beautifully ornamented in silver work, and comprises the names of a number of the overseers.

The next, or seventh plate, represents the box in a new stage. It has now got another case of a size larger than the former. On the top of this second case is the picture of a meeting of the governors and directors of the poor, assembled in the board-room administering relief. There is a fine air of the last century about the scene here represented. The figures are in old-fashioned dresses, with cocked-hats, wigs, and queues, large silver buckles in the shoes, and dressed frills at the wrists. The date below is 1783, and the names of the churchwardens for the time—now at their place of rest in the hallowed precincts of St Margaret's—are neatly inscribed round the edge. The eighth plate, which succeeds, is one of the finest of the whole. It depicts the inside, top, and bottom of the second case. On the former, is a well-executed small picture, representing the altar-piece of St Margaret's Church, being the Supper at Emmaus, in *basso-relievo*, by Alkin, from a painting by Titian; the bottom exhibits St John the Evangelist in the wilderness, approached by an eagle; below is a view of St Margaret's Church, and the date 1789. The ninth plate is of the outside bottom of the second case, and contains a plain gold medallion of the head of George III., with an inscription commemorating the general illumination on the restoration of his health. Plates 10 and 11 are the projection of the rim or body of the second case, which appears covered with rich ornamental chasings in silver.

The box now assumes a new aspect. A third case is added, and, from being round or oval, it becomes octagonal in shape. On the top of this third case is

represented the figure of Justice trampling on Fraud, with Westminster Abbey and St Margaret's Church in the background. This scene, being emblematic of a singular incident in the history of the box, deserves particular notice. At one of the meetings of the society in the spring of the year 1793, when it was the duty of the ex-overseer to deliver the box and its appurtenances, he refused to give up his charge, and stated, as a reason for such conduct, that the vestry had refused to pass his accounts, and pay the balance alleged to be due to him, and threatened the society with the entire destruction of this valuable deposit, if they should attempt to compel its restoration. Persisting in his refusal, an action was brought against him for recovery of the box. A bill in Chancery being filed against him, on the 5th of March 1796, the cause came on before Lord Chancellor Loughborough, who, after having heard the arguments of counsel on both sides, decreed that the box and cases should be restored to the plaintiffs. This interesting action at law is delineated in the fourteenth plate, by a view of the Court of Chancery, with the inscription above, in the words of the Chancellor: 'Restore the Box to the Past-Overseers' Society.'

The next plate that interests us is No. 16, shewing the bottom of the third case, on which is drawn a naval engagement between his majesty's ship *St Fiorenzo*, of 36 guns, and the French frigate *La Piedmontaise*, of 50 guns, on 6th, 7th, and 8th of March 1808. In this warm and protracted contest, the British, *as usual*, were victorious. Plate 17 commemorates the battle of the Nile and conquest of Egypt, with the inscription, 'The United Kingdom at Peace with all the World, 1802.' Below is the figure of Plenty pouring the contents of her Cornucopia into the lap of Britannia. Plate 18 exhibits two octagonal divisions, and is a great effort: here is represented a view of Charing Cross, the Duke of Northumberland's house in the background, and, in front, the heralds and attendants proclaiming the peace of 1802; also, a view of the interior of Westminster Hall, at the time the

St Margaret and St John's volunteers are attending divine service at the drum-head: the clap-trap in this device is admirable. Plate 19 shews the China fleet repulsing the French squadron in 1801; also a portrait of Lord Nelson, with appropriate emblems, indicating the national grief at his death. The plates which follow are all commemorative of distinguished characters, or national events. We have the portraits of Pitt and Fox; a view of Westminster Abbey, on the occasion of the jubilee in 1809; figures emblematic of the characters of the deceased George III. and Duke of Kent; the coronation of George IV.; the bombardment of Algiers by Lord Exmouth; the battle of Waterloo; portraits of the Princess Charlotte and her majesty Queen Caroline; the visit of George IV. to Scotland, in which his majesty is dressed in the garb, and possesses all the air of a Highland porter; the interior of the House of Peers during the trial of the queen, and portrait of the Duke of Wellington. Lastly, in plate 34, we have a view of the bottom of the outside case of the box, delineating the anniversary meeting of the society, with the churchwarden giving the 'charge' previous to delivering the box to the succeeding overseer: date, 1824.

The ceremony which attends the annual transmission of the box and cases from one overseer to another, testifies, in the strongest manner, the solicitude of the society for the preservation of this famous tobacco-box. This ceremony takes place after dinner—for no public business can be transacted in England without a dinner—at the general meeting which is held upon the appointment of the new overseers. At this, as well as all other meetings of the society, the senior churchwarden of St Margaret's parish presides, who, after having proposed some of the usual toasts, demands the restoration of the box and its appurtenances. This demand having been complied with, the secretary proceeds to examine and report whether they are in as good *state* as when delivered, whether any ornament has been *added*, and whether the original box contains the proper

of tobacco. If the report be satisfactory, the box is placed before the chairman, who proposes for The late overseers of the poor, with thanks to their care of the box and the additional ornament, the CHARGE is then made to the new custodian:—‘This box, and the several cases, are the property of the Past-Overseers’ Society, and delivered into your custody and care, *upon condition* that they are to be at all parochial entertainments which you shall be invited to, or have a right to attend, and shall contain a quantity of tobacco at the least, under the penalty of six shillings of claret. And also, *upon further condition* that you shall restore the box, with the several cases belonging to it, to the society in as good state as the same were when they were delivered to you, with some additional ornament, at the termination thereof, after you shall go out of office, or be removed from office, *under the penalty of two hundred shillings*. The chairman then proposes as a toast: ‘The Past-Overseers,’ wishing them health to go through their duties; which well-meaning toast concludes the business.

We now presented an account of a tobacco-box, the most wonderful of its kind in existence, which you could have no previous conception of. For, such a remarkable object is calculated to leave a deep impression on our minds of the exceeding variety of life in and about the metropolis, as well as the profuse dispensation of wealth on objects of no value, and which are only esteemed for their antiquity, or the association of ideas connected with their history.

JAMES TAYLOR,

ORIGINATOR OF STEAM NAVIGATION.

THERE can be no more pleasing duty than that of rescuing the claims of worth and genius from unmerited oblivion, more especially when these claims are grounded upon benefits conferred on the whole civilised world. But the task assumes something even of a sacred character, when undertaken in behalf of the departed; for however gratifying it may be to render that justice which has been so long delayed, it is melancholy to reflect that he to whom it was due does not now exist to reap the benefit of the vindication.

The credit of the inestimable invention of applying steam to the purposes of navigation, has now been claimed by so many pretenders, that we believe the public are at this moment as much puzzled to whom to assign the palm, as they have all along been to penetrate the mystery of the authorship of *Junius*. Independent of numerous claimants in our own country, our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic have not been slow to assert their title; but although it be true that the great and important results likely to accrue from the discovery, were first fairly developed on the Hudson, we are perfectly prepared to shew, that there certainly the idea did not originate; that it was altogether of British, or rather of Scottish origin; and from documents now in our possession, we have little doubt of being able to set this disputed question for ever at rest to the satisfaction of the public, and to prove that to the individual whose name stands at the head of this memoir, the world is indebted for all the benefits it enjoys by means of that wonderful fabric, the STEAM-BOAT.

It is needless here to give a detailed account of Mr Taylor's birth and parentage; suffice it to say, that they

both respectable. He received the rudiments of education at the celebrated school at Clouseburn, in Dumfriesshire, and afterwards attended the University of Edinburgh for several years. He appears to have prosecuted his studies with much assiduity and success, for at the end of his course he was prepared to enter either upon the profession of medicine or divinity. But the excursiveness of his genius hindered him at the time from fixing his mind down to any one pursuit; and although, as we are told, more than one living was placed within his acceptance, he continued to devote himself to his favourite philosophical studies, particularly geology, mineralogy, chemistry, and *mechanics*. The ardour of enthusiasm, however, although it may sustain the mind, will not support the body; and in the year 1785 he accepted the situation of preceptor in the family of the late Patrick Miller, Esq. of Dalswinton. That well-known, excellent, and patriotic gentleman, whose exertions as a practical experimentalist on almost all useful subjects are well known, had shortly before then completed a long and expensive course of experiments upon artillery, of which the carronade was the result, and was, at the time, engaged in a similar course upon shipping. He had built several vessels of various constructions and magnitudes, with the view of improving upon the existing modes of shipbuilding—in particular, a double vessel, intended to be propelled by the hand by means of wheels. It will readily be imagined that two individuals, so similar in habits, and so ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, as Mr Taylor and his employer, should soon contract a friendship and regard for each other; and, accordingly, Mr Miller soon acquired the habit of uniformly consulting the opinion of his family tutor, and making him a sort of partner in all his shipping experiments. In 1787, Mr Miller engaged in a sailing match with a party of gentlemen at Leith, in his double vessel, against a first-rate sailing wherry. Mr Taylor was, of course, on board; and to this circumstance may be attributed the *primary projection* of applying the steam

engine to navigation. Mr Miller's vessel won the day and Mr Taylor felt perfectly convinced of the efficiency of the *principle* by which it was wrought; but, having taken a spell at the wheels, he found the labour so excessive, that he told Mr Miller, that, unless he could apply a more commanding power than that of men, the invention would be of little use. Mr Miller acknowledged the justice of the observation, and requested the aid of his cogitations on the subject; adding, that the only other plan he himself could think of, was the employment of the capstan. Mr Taylor's thoughts forthwith became steadfastly directed to the subject; and, after much reflection, and many conversations with his employer, he at last suggested the steam-engine. Mr Miller at first started many objections on the score of the danger of fire, &c.; but at last, after great persuasion, and not until Mr Taylor had demonstrated by drawings the practicability of connecting the engine with the wheels, he agreed to have a small engine built, and to give the plan a trial. Accordingly, on the family coming into Edinburgh for the winter, from Dalswinton, Mr Taylor was requested to find out a proper engineer for the purpose; and a young acquaintance of his, named William Symington, employed at the lead-mines at Wanlockhead, Dumfriesshire, and who had invented a new construction of the steam-engine (by throwing off the air-pump), being at the time in Edinburgh for his education, he recommended and introduced him to Mr Miller. It was then agreed that the experiment should be made on the lake at Dalswinton, in the ensuing summer (1788); and upon the family returning to the country in the spring, Mr Taylor remained behind to superintend and transmit the castings, which were formed of brass. In the autumn, Symington was sent for to Dalswinton to put the parts together, and fit the engine upon the vessel, a handsome double pleasure-boat. The experiment which followed succeeded perfectly; the vessel moving at the rate of five miles an hour, notwithstanding the smallness of the cylinders, which were only four inches in diameter. This trial

took place in presence of hundreds of people, and an account of it, drawn up by Mr Taylor, was inserted in the *Dumfries Journal* the same month (October). It was also noticed in the *Scots Magazine* of the following November.

The success of the foregoing experiment was so complete and satisfactory, that it was agreed to form a business of it, and cover the invention with a patent ; but, before doing so, it was reckoned prudent to repeat the trial upon a larger scale on the Forth and Clyde Canal. Accordingly, in the following spring, Mr Taylor repaired to Carron, with Mr Symington, to superintend the casting of a double engine, with cylinders of eighteen inches diameter ; but it was the month of November ere all things were ready for action. There were present, on this occasion, the Committee of the Managers of the Carron Company, Mr Balfour of Pilrig, Mr Adam of Blair-Adam, Mr Stainton, manager of the works, and other gentlemen, together with Mr Taylor and Mr Symington. Several unforeseen, and, indeed, almost unavoidable mishaps, at first occurred, owing to the too slight construction of several parts of the engine ; but ultimately, on the 26th December, everything was put to rights, and the vessel went beautifully and steadily at the rate of seven miles an hour. The experiment, indeed, was as complete as any that has ever since been tried. By Mr Miller's directions—who was not present on the above occasion—the vessel was dismantled and laid up, and the engine placed in the Carron Works ; and when Mr Taylor joined him at Dalswinton, he found him too much occupied with his agricultural improvements to think of prosecuting the steam-boat scheme further at that time ; nor could he ever afterwards be induced to take it up again. The patent was never taken out. Mr Taylor, not possessing sufficient funds of his own, either to insure protection to, or enable him to reap the due benefit from, his invention, was compelled to remain passive ; and, as but too often happens in such cases, others began to turn the fruits of his genius to their

own account. In the following year, however, an opportunity seemed to offer itself, by which Mr Taylor's temporary prospect of realising his hopes of far fortune from his ingenuity. R. Cutlar Fergusson of Craigdarroch, then resident at Paris, having heard of the steam-boat experiments, wrote home, encouraging and advising Mr Taylor to carry his invention to the continent and promising to introduce him to the notice of the Emperor of Hungary. Several letters passed between Mr Fergusson and Mr Taylor on the subject; but the scheme was entirely dissipated by the breaking out of the French Revolution. It is proper here to observe, that both Mr Fergusson and his father, who corresponded with Mr Taylor on the subject, although intimate friends and constant visitors of Mr Miller, never once mentioned his name in their letters, but uniformly addressed the subject of this memoir personally, as the originator and proprietor of the invention. Shortly after this period, Mr Taylor and Mr Miller separated.

In 1801 or 1802, Mr Symington, who, up to this time had never laid the shadow of a claim to Mr Taylor's invention, induced Lord Dundas to employ him to construct a vessel for the Forth and Clyde Canal Company. It was accordingly done, but when set a working, the leakage of the water, and consequent washing of the banks, which it caused, was so alarming, that the company would not permit it to be used again, and it was abandoned at Lock Sixteen. It happened that at this period Robert Fulton, the American engineer, was travelling in Scotland for information in the line of his profession, and, while visiting Carron Works, in company with Mr Henry, then a carpenter at Glasgow, first heard of the steam-boat. He forthwith applied to Mr Symington, who resided at Falkirk, for leave to inspect the boat, and was immediately complied with, and every information readily furnished. The consequence was, that both Mr Fulton and Mr Bell immediately conceived the project of separately turning the invention to their own account. Mr Fulton launched his first boat on the Hudson

and he and his country claimed the merit of the invention. Mr Bell was somewhat tardier in his movements, and it was not until 1812 that his first steam-vessel, the *Comet*, was set agoing on the Clyde—when he, like Mr Fulton, also claimed the merit of the invention. In the meantime, it appears that Mr Symington, too, not only laid pretensions to it, but had secretly taken out a patent so far back as the year 1802 or 1803. This stealthy step, however, of which neither Mr Taylor nor Mr Miller had the slightest suspicion, served him nothing; for when he raised an action of damages upon it in 1815, against the proprietors of the Clyde steam-boats, they defended themselves successfully, on the plea that he was not the original inventor. Mr Symington's unfair and continued interference, and the discovery of the surreptitious patent, of which Mr Taylor was not made aware until long afterwards, and not until many years after Mr Miller's death, seem to have called forth an indignant remonstrance from Mr Taylor, as we find by a letter of Mr Symington, dated February 1821, evidently intended to soothe his irritation, and promising to pay him one-half of the interest and proceeds of the patent.

When the steam-boats first commenced plying on the Clyde, Mr Taylor again waited on Mr Miller, who had now become very infirm, and pressingly urged upon him to preserve the benefit of his invention by patent. Mr Miller, however, urged his age and declining health as an excuse for not engaging any more in such speculations, and added: 'I must now rest satisfied with having produced an improvement which will do good to my country, and benefit all mankind.' Under such circumstances, and Mr Taylor not having funds of his own to interfere, the benefit of the invention was unfortunately allowed to pass away from both. It is not easy to account for Mr Miller's singular apathy and indifference towards the subject, subsequent to the undoubted success of his experiments—the point at which most other people would feel chiefly encouraged to persevere. That it was from indifference to fame and reputation, no one who was

acquainted with that gentleman can for a moment suspect; and we are indeed strongly inclined to believe, that it was his very fondness for that most delusive but innocent of vanities which caused his silence. It must be recollected, that no pretender to the invention had started up in Britain previous to this time, and he knew that he himself currently got the entire credit of it. Had he, however, proceeded to take out a patent, he would have been compelled to have included Mr Taylor in it; and thus, by making public the principal share which the latter gentleman had in the invention, have deprived himself of the credit he had so long been in the habit of receiving. This explanation of his conduct, at least, is the only probable one which we are able to arrive at.

Whilst steam navigation was every day rising in importance, and numerous companies and individuals were rapidly building their fortunes through its means, the friends of Mr Taylor, who was in anything but prosperous circumstances, never ceased to urge upon him the propriety of laying his claims before government, and soliciting a reward suited to the magnitude and importance of his discovery. At last, in 1824, he was induced to draw up a statement, detailing all the particulars connected with the origin and progress of steam navigation, which he printed, and addressed to Sir Henry Parnell, chairman of the Select Committee of the House of Commons upon Steam-boats, &c. It would not appear that this application elicited any favourable reply; for early in 1825, we find him applying to Mr Huskisson, then president of the Board of Trade, through Mr Kennedy, of Dunure, to which application an answer was returned to the effect, that 'there was little hope that government would consider the subject a fit one for remuneration!' Imagining that this indifference of the ministry to his claims arose from the uncertainty which was felt in regard to the real author of the invention, owing to the multiplicity of claimants, he again wrote in August of the same year, with a fuller and more particular detail of all the circumstances. At this time, he was

on his death-bed, and, indeed, within a month of his decease—bowed down by infirmities, and pressed with pecuniary difficulties, having previously engaged in an extensive pottery at Cumnock, in Ayrshire, which had not succeeded. He died on the 18th September 1825, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, an addition to the already numerous list of men whose genius has secured mighty results for the world, but nothing beneficial for themselves. Very shortly after his decease, a third application was made to the same quarter, by one of his relatives, on behalf of his widow and family, in which some pretensions, brought forward at the time by Mr Lymington, in a letter to the editor of the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, were most satisfactorily refuted. In his communication to government, also, a letter was quoted, penned so far back as the year 1787, by Mr Lymington to Mr Taylor, in which that gentleman so explicitly acknowledges the originality of the conception of the applicability of the steam-engine to the purposes of navigation, as belonging to the subject of this memoir, that it seems altogether incomprehensible how he could ever afterwards presume to attempt the appropriation of it to himself.

It is peculiarly gratifying to us, and must be so to every admirer of genius and every lover of humanity, to be enabled to conclude this memoir by stating, that, shortly after Mr Taylor's death, a pension of £50 a year was bestowed by government on his widow, a most respectable gentlewoman residing in Edinburgh—thus acknowledging substantially, though tardily, the justness of those claims advanced thus late, and under such peculiar circumstances.

THE TWIN-FLOWERS:

AN AMERICAN STORY.

'WILL you buy my flowers?' said a neat-looking girl, addressing herself to a young lady in Chestnut Street, and holding out, at the same time, a small basket containing some beautiful roses; 'they are newly blown and fresh. Buy a red rose for your hair, miss! Here's one that will look delightful twined among those pretty locks.'

'Not a rose, my child,' said the young lady; 'there are thorns among them; but I'll take this little flower, it looks so lively and sweet. Oh, it's a forget-me-not!'

'Pardon me, miss,' replied the child; 'that flower is engaged.'

'To whom?'

'To Master Charles Leland.'

'Charles Leland, indeed,' said the lady; 'well, but here's another: what a beautiful pair!'

'They are twin-flowers—they are both for that gentleman,' said the little girl.

'Oh, a fig for him!' said the young lady; but an arch smile played upon her cheek as she said it, and something sparkled in her beautiful dark eye that told a tale her lips refused to utter; while she ingeniously marked both the favourite flowers, and returned them to the basket; then choosing a little bunch of roses, she walked home, leaving the flower-girl to visit the rest of her customers.

Love is impatient; and Harriet counted the tedious minutes as she sat at her window and listened for the well-known rap. The clock struck nine, and yet Leland did not appear: she thought he had been neglectful of late, but then the flowers; he knew they were favourites of hers, and she thought to receive them from his hand; and to hear him say: 'Harriet, forget me not,' would be *a sweet atonement* for many little offences past. But once *the thought* stole to her bosom—perhaps they are destined

mother ! She banished it with a sigh, and it had
ly escaped her ere Charles Leland entered. She rose
ceive him, and he gently took her hand. 'Accept,'
he, 'my humble offering, and forget me'——

Harriet interrupted him as he attempted to place a
flower in her bosom. 'Where is the other?' said
as she playfully put back his hand.

A moment's silence ensued: Charles appeared embar-
d, and Harriet, recollecting herself, blushed deeply,
turned it off; but the flower was not offered again,
Charles had only said forget me!

He could not have been all he intended to say, but
his reserve rendered the remainder of the evening
formal, and insipid; and when Leland took his leave,
Harriet felt more than ever dissatisfied. As it was not
late in the evening, she resolved to dissipate the
melancholy that this little interview, in spite of all her
efforts to laugh at it, left on her mind, by spending a few
minutes at a neighbour's, whose three daughters were
her most intimate companions.

The youngest of these ladies was a gay and interesting
girl, and was the first to meet and welcome her young
friend; but, as she held out her hand, Harriet discovered
the flower in it: it was a forget-me-not. She examined
it; it was one of Leland's; the mark she had made upon
it when she took it from the basket of the flower-girl,
was there. This was, at the moment, an unfortunate
discovery. She had heard that Charles frequently visited
her family, and that he even paid attention to Jane; but
she had never before believed it; and now she shuddered
at the idea of admitting that for once rumour told truth.
'Where did you get this pretty flower, Jane?' said she.
'Oh, from a beau, to be sure,' said Jane archly; 'don't
forget me, forget-me-not;' and as she took back the flower:
she could not like to tell you where I got it; I'll wear it
in my bosom though. Come, sing——

I'll dearly love this pretty flower,
For his own sake who bid me keep it;
I'll wear it in my bosom's——

‘Hush, Jane!’ said Harriet, interrupting her; ‘my head aches, and your singing distracts me.’

‘Ah, it’s your heart,’ said Jane, ‘or you would not look so dull.’

‘Well, if it is my heart,’ said Harriet, as she turned to conceal her tears, ‘it does not become a friend to trifle with it.’

She intended to convey a double meaning in this reply, but it was not taken; and as soon as possible she returned home.

A sleepless night followed: Harriet felt that she was injured, and the more she thought about it, the more she felt. She had engaged her hand to Leland six months before; the time appointed for their union was approaching fast; and he acted thus! ‘If he wants to be freed from his engagements,’ she said to herself, ‘I will give him no trouble;’ and she sat down and wrote, requesting him to discontinue his visits. She wept over it a flood of tears, but she was resolute, until she had despatched the note to his residence. Then she repented of it, and then again reasoned herself into the belief that she had acted right. She waited for the result, not without many anxiously cherished hopes, that he would call for an explanation. But she only learned that the note was delivered into his hands, and about a month afterwards, he sailed for England.

This was an end to the matter. Charles went into business in Liverpool, but never married; and Harriet remained single, devoting her life to the care of her aged mother, and ministering to the wants of the poor and distressed around her.

About forty years after Leland left Philadelphia, Harriet paid a visit to New York; and dining in a large company one day, an old gentleman, who, it seemed, was a bachelor, being called upon to defend the fraternity to which he belonged from the aspersions of some of the younger *and more fortunate* part of the company, told a story *about Philadelphia*, and an engagement which he alleged *was broken off* by his capricious mistress, for no other

reason than his offering her a sweet new-blown forget-me-not, six weeks before she was to have been made his wife.

'But was there no other cause?' asked Harriet, who sat nearly opposite the stranger, and eyed him with intense curiosity.

'None to my knowledge, as Heaven is my witness!'

'Then what did you do with the other flower?' said Harriet.

The stranger gazed in astonishment. It was Leland himself, and he recognised his Harriet, though almost half a century had passed since they had met; and before they parted, the mischief made by the twin-flowers was all explained away, and might have been forty years before, had Charles said he had lost one of the forget-me-nots, or had Jane said she had found it. The old couple never married; but they corresponded constantly afterwards; and it was always observed, that Harriet looked happier after this meeting than she ever looked before.

NARRATIVE OF AN ADVENTURE AT SEA.

It was somewhere near the middle of the ocean, on our homeward passage from Jamaica, that we fell in with the wreck of a vessel, and several poor souls clinging to the rigging. The weather, for some days before, had been rough, with hard gales from the north-east, and our ship being heavy laden, we were much afraid that she would founder. For a time we gave ourselves up to despair, seeing nothing around us but certain death. We drove at the mercy of the tempest, without being able to set a stitch of sail, and we expected every moment that our masts would go by the board. Several large seas broke over us, one of which carried away a boy and two seamen, *as well as our best boat*, upon which we mainly *relied for assistance*, in case we had been forced to leave *our vessel*. When we were in the greatest extremity.

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however, and every one on board, like the seamen in the ship of Tarshish, was calling upon his God, the storm suddenly abated, and the wind, veering round to the south-west, blew a brisk and steady breeze.

The captain, now taking an observation, found that we had been driven to the southward several hundred leagues out of our course; but we set all our canvas again, and bore away in the right track; and a double allowance of grog being handed out to the seamen, we soon forgot our late dangers, and laughed and talked as merrily as if nothing evil had happened.

After some days' sail, the man at the mast-head one evening called out: 'On deck there! Breakers ahead!' and the vessel, which was then going at the rate of ten knots an hour, was immediately brought to. The old seamen said, that no breakers were known in that part of the ocean, and that they had sailed in that course twenty times, and had never seen any. The captain took his spy-glass, and going up into the fore-shrouds, soon found that it was the hull of a vessel, half sunk, and part of a mast standing, which the man had mistaken for rocks. He looked sulky when he came down, and ordered us to proceed. As we approached the wreck, we observed the people upon it making signals to us with their hats and handkerchiefs; and the captain, having gone below for a few minutes, the mate hoisted the English jack as a token that we had observed them; but the captain, when he came again upon deck, was angry with him for so doing, and ordered the jack to be instantly hauled down; at the same time telling the mate, that if he acted so again without orders, he would punish him for his presumption. Our captain was a hard man, and when he was out of humour, carried it with a high hand, both to his officers and crew.

When we came alongside the wreck, we discerned that the men, five in number, who were clinging to it, *were pale and sickly, and seemed as if they had been some days in that situation. It is probable their vessel had suffered in the same tempest from which we ourselves had escaped.* They stretched out their hands

towards us, and seemed delighted with the prospect of deliverance; and one of them hailed us, and told us they were from Quebec, that their vessel was timber-loaded, and that they were the only survivors of the crew. Our captain replied, that he could not take them up, for we had already had a long voyage ourselves, and would soon be on a short allowance of provisions. 'But some other vessels are behind,' said he, 'and will relieve you.' The poor man then cried out earnestly: 'Oh, for the love of God, do not leave us here! We have been waiting for nights and for days, but no ship has come near us, and we are dying of hunger and cold. Our shipmates are all dead, and buried in the waves, and we are alone and helpless on the wide ocean, and we have no one to comfort or save us. Oh, if ye be men and Christians, have mercy upon us, and do not leave us here!' His companions then raised their voices, and joined their entreaties to his so piteously, that every man in our ship shed tears of sympathy and commiseration except our unfeeling captain. He stood upon the quarter-deck, and looked upon the poor supplicating wretches with coldness and indifference, sometimes humming a tune, and sometimes giving directions to his men, as if he saw not, or heeded not, the scene of misery which lay before him.

The mate then went up to him, and asked whether he would hoist out the boat; but the captain swore that he would not shorten sail or hoist out his boat to save all the lubbers that ever stepped between stem and stern. 'No! no! Morris,' said he; 'we have mouths enow already, and we will not have a biscuit a day to each by the time we make the Land's End.' The mate, who was a humane man, said: 'We have received mercy ourselves, and how can we deny it to others who are our fellow-creatures? Let us save these unhappy men, that we ourselves may be saved in the time of need—for by what measure we mete, it shall be measured unto us again.' But this only enraged the captain more. He cursed the mate for a canting scoundrel, and swore if he did not keep quiet, and mind his own business, he would have him

started up with a rope's-end. The mate saw it was needless to remonstrate any longer—so he left him, and walked away.

It was mournful to hear the cries of the poor men, when they saw we were deserting them. They cried out, and entreated mercy in such heart-rending accents of distress, as would have moved the compassion of a savage. Greatly did I regret that our crew did not then take the command of the ship into their own hands, and rescue the sufferers; but such was our habitual reverence for our captain, and so much were we lost in astonishment at his strange and inhuman conduct, that we were utterly incapable at that moment of acting otherwise than in obedience to his will.

I thank the Father of Goodness, however, that *I* am innocent of the blood of these men; yet guiltless as I am of the death they endured, their sufferings made a deep impression on my mind; and many a time still do I awaken at night, and hear their short thick sobs and piercing screams, as distinctly as if they were uttered at the side of my bed.

They continued to call after us till we were far past them, and their voices were lost in the whistling of the wind. I kept my eyes fixed upon the wreck, where my fellow-creatures were struggling for existence, till the intervening swellings of the sea hid it from my sight.

The breeze now freshened, as the darkness of night approached, whereby we were obliged to close-reef our mainsail and topsails, in order that we might be prepared for the worst. It was my turn at the helm that night, and my thoughts often wandered back to the poor wretches we had left behind, and I thought that they must soon perish in the waves, for the sea was now running high and dangerous. The crew had all gone below, except the watch, who were on the forecastle, looking out ahead, and managing the rigging. It was some time past midnight, I think, when I heard the captain bawling as loud *as he could*, 'About ship!' and at the same time he came *running towards me*, followed by the mate, and taking the

wheel out of my hand, turned the ship's head round to the wind in a twinkling. 'We must go back,' said he to the mate, 'and save these poor men on the wreck—I cannot sleep for thinking of them.' The mate looked mournfully out to the sea, then shook his head, but remained silent.

As we had now a strong breeze in our teeth, and as our ship was deep, and did not lie near the wind, we beat about for a good while, and made but little of it. A clouded moon shone out upon the sea, and shewed it heaving in a strange and tempestuous manner, so that we could not hope that the wreck would hold together for many hours. All this while, the captain walked restlessly about the deck, with his night-glass in his hand, frequently looking out ahead, and appearing to be in great agitation of mind.

'It is going of a fool's errand,' said the boatswain, 'to seek for these poor fellows. Their last day's cruise is over, I'll warrant them; and all we can do for them now, is to hope that they have got into snug and quiet berths aloft, in a better harbour than the one they have left here.' 'Amen!' said the mate. The captain turned away from them, and his feet struck hard against the deck, as he paced it irregularly fore and aft.

It was noon next day ere we reached the place where we conjectured the wreck had been, but not a vestige of it remained. The air was now clear, and the sea stretched far and wide, but nothing was seen to indicate either that the unhappy sufferers still existed, or that they had been entombed in the waves. The mate and some of the more experienced seamen advised that we should forthwith proceed on our voyage, as it was impossible that the wreck could have outlived the tempest of the night; but the captain was now as anxious to save the lives of these poor men as he had before been averse to it. His conscience seemed to reproach him for his inhumanity, and he seemed to feel that he would one day be made to account for the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, which he had refused to compassionate. Even when he acknowledged that *there was no hope of meeting with the wreck,*

still he persisted in the search, and a considerable time was spent before he consented to quit the spot. We beat about for several days, but at length we were obliged, with heavy hearts, to stretch away on our course.

The captain, during the rest of our voyage, seemed much disturbed in his mind. He frequently walked the deck for a whole day without speaking to any one, and seemingly unconscious of everything around him. Sometimes, too, he was observed to steal out of his cabin at night, and stand at the bows of the vessel, as if watching for a sail, till morning.

After we had arrived in port, and discharged our cargo, I quitted the ship, as did the whole of my comrades—for we liked not to sail any longer with our captain. He, however, in a short time set out again for Jamaica—but he was never afterwards heard of. Some say he foundered at sea, at the very place where he had refused to rescue the poor suffering mariners; and others, that his crew mutinied, and ran away with the vessel to the negro coast of Africa. Whatever may have been his fate, it is certain that he never reached the end of his voyage, nor was he once spoke with or heard of after leaving this country. Little doubt can remain but that he perished miserably, either on a barren coast, among cruel and relentless savages, or in the bosom of the raging ocean. Herein, therefore, as in many other circumstances of my life, I had reason to thank the goodness of Providence, which had directed me to leave his company, and to seek my fortune elsewhere.

When I had remained some time at home, I engaged myself in quality of mate on board a vessel bound to the Brazils, and made several prosperous voyages to that coast—taking out with me a small stock of merchandise, which turned to very good account.*

** The above interesting account of what seems to have been too true an incident, appeared originally, as far as we are aware, in a small and entertaining work, entitled the Literary Coronet, 1853.*

A TALE OF TOP-BOOTS.

TOP-BOOTS, as everybody must have remarked, are now nearly altogether out of fashion. Their race is all but extinct. An occasional pair may indeed still be seen incasing the brawny legs of a stout elderly country gentleman on a market-day, or on the occasion of a flying visit to the metropolis; but with this exception, and with probably that of some hale obstinate bachelor octogenarian, who, in full recollection of the impression which his top-boots had made on the public mind many years since, still persists in thrusting his shrivelled shanks into the boots of his youth—we say, with the first positive, and the last probable exception, this highly respectable-looking and somewhat flashy article of dress has entirely disappeared.

Time was, however, and we recollect it well, when matters stood far otherwise with top-boots. We have a distinct vision of numberless pairs flitting before our eyes, through the mazes of the various thoroughfares of the city; but, alas! they have vanished, one after another, like stars before the light of approaching day. Their brightness is extinguished, their glory is gone. The conqueror of Waterloo hath conquered them also. The top-boots have fallen before the Wellingtons.

We have said, that we recollect when it was otherwise with top-boots, and so we do. We recollect when a pair of top-boots was a great object of ambition with the young, whose worldly prosperity was all yet to come, whose means of indulging in such little vanities were yet to be acquired. To them, a pair of top-boots was a sort of landmark in the voyage of life. In short, top-boots were the rage of the day. The apprentice, when he got out of his time, got into his top-boots. The first thing the young grocer did was to get a pair of top-boots. No lover then went to woo his mistress but in top-boots.

or at least if he did, the chance was, that he would go to very little purpose. The buckishly-inclined mechanic, too, hoarded his superfluous earnings until they reached the height of a pair of top-boots, in which to entomb his lower limbs. No marvel it is, then, that, in the midst of the wide prevalence of this top-boot epidemic, poor Tommy Aikin should have fallen a victim to the disease—that his heart should have been set upon a pair of top-boots; nor is it a marvel that Mr Aikin should have been able finally to gratify this longing of his, seeing that he was in tolerable circumstances, or at least in such circumstances as enabled him, by retrenching a little somewhere else, to attain the great object of his ambition—a pair of top-boots. No marvel, then, as we have said, are these things which we have related of Mr Aikin; but great marvel is it that a pair of top-boots should have wrought any man such mischief, as we shall presently shew they did, to that honest man. But let us not anticipate. Let us, as has been before wisely said, begin at the beginning, and say who Mr Aikin was, and what were the evils in which his top-boots involved him. Be it known, then, to all whom it may concern, that Mr Thomas Aikin was an officer of Excise, and was, at the period to which our story relates, residing in a certain small town not more than fifty miles distant from the city of Glasgow. Mr Aikin was a stout-made, middle-aged man, exceedingly good-natured, kind, civil, and obliging. In short, he was an excellent fellow, honest and upright in all his dealings, and a faithful servant of the revenue. Everybody liked Mr Aikin, and Mr Aikin liked everybody; and sorely did everybody lament his misfortunes when they fell upon him. Mr Aikin had for many years led a happy life in the bosom of his family. He laughed and joked away, took his jug of toddy, caressed his children, spoke always affectionately to and of his wife, and was so spoken to and of by her in return. In short, Mr Aikin was a happy man up to that evil hour when he conceived the idea of possessing himself of a pair of top-boots.

'Mary,' said Mr Aikin, one luckless evening, to his loving wife, after having sat for about half an hour looking into the fire.

'Aweel, Thomas?' said his spouse, in token of her attention.

'I wad like to hae a pair o' tap-boots,' replied Mr Aikin, shortly, and without further preamble, although he had in reality bestowed a good deal of thought on the subject previously; indeed, a dim undefined vision of top-boots had been floating before his mind's eye for nearly a month before it took the distinct shape of such a determination as he was now about to express.

'Aweel, Thomas,' replied his better half, with equal brevity, 'ye had better get a pair.'

'They're decent-lookin' things,' rejoined Mr Aikin.

'Indeed are they,' said his indulgent spouse: 'very decent and respectable, Thomas.'

'Rather flashy though, I doubt, for the like o' me,' quoth Mr Aikin.

'I dinna see that, Thomas, sae lang as ye're able to pay for them,' remarked Mrs Aikin.

'No so very able, my dear,' responded her husband; 'but I wad like to hae a pair for a' that, just to wear on Sundays and collection-days.'

'Aweel, Thomas, get them; and what for no?' replied Mrs Aikin, 'since your mind's bent on them. We'll save the price o' them aff something else.'

We need not pursue further the amiable colloquy which took place on this fatal night between Mr Aikin and his wife. Suffice it to say, that that night fixed Mr Aikin's resolution to order a pair of top-boots. On the very next day he was measured for the said boots; and late on the Saturday evening following, the boots, with their tops carefully papered, to protect them from injury, were regularly delivered by an apprentice boy into the hands of Mrs Aikin herself, for her husband's interest.

As Mr Aikin was not himself in the house when the boots were brought home, they were placed in a corner of the parlour, to await his pleasure; and certainly

nothing could look more harmless or more inoffensive than did these treacherous boots, as they now stood, with their muffled tops and shining feet, in the corner of Mr Aikin's parlour. But, alas! alas! short-sighted mortals that we are! that could not foresee any the slightest portion of the evils with which these rascally boots were fraught. To shorten our story as much as possible, we proceed to say, that Mr Aikin at length came home, and being directed to where the boots lay, he raised them up in one hand, holding a candle in the other; and having turned them round and round several times, admiring their gloss and fair proportions, laid them down again with a calm quiet smile of satisfaction, and retired to bed. Sunday came, the church-bells rang, and Mr Aikin sallied forth in all the pomp and glory of a pair of spick-and-span-new top-boots. With all Mr Aikin's good qualities, there was, however, and we forgot to mention it before, a little touch of personal vanity: the slightest imaginable it was, but still such an ingredient did enter into the composition of his character, and it was this weakness, as philosophers call it, which made him hold his head at an unwonted height, and throw out his legs with a flourish, and plant his foot with a firmness and decision on this particular Sunday, which was quite unusual with him, or, at least, which had passed unnoticed before. With the exception, however, of a few passing remarks, in which there was neither much sermmony nor much novelty, Mr Aikin's boots were allowed to go to and from the church in peace and quietness. 'Hae ye seen Mr Aikin's tap-boots?' 'Faith! Mr Aikin looks weel in his tap-boots.' 'Mr Aikin was twice grand the day in his tap-boots.' Such and such-like were the only observations which Mr Aikin's top-boots excited on the first Sunday of their appearance. Sunday after Sunday came and departed, and with the Sundays mine also and departed Mr Aikin's top-boots, for he wore them only on that sacred day, and on collection-days, as to himself originally proposed. Like every other man, they at length sunk quietly to rest, according to

ated and identified with the wearer, that no one ever it of discussing them separately. Deceitful calm, ous silence—it was but the gathering of the ! It so happened that Mr Aikin, in the language

Excise, surveyed, that is, ascertained and levied ties payable by a tanner, or leather-dresser, who d on his business in the town in which Mr Aikin d. Now, the Honourable Board of Excise were in days extremely jealous of the fidelity of their s, and, in a spirit of suspicion of the honour and of man peculiar to themselves, readily listened to report prejudicial to the character of their servants. then, was an apparently intimate connection, and e worst sort—a pair of top-boots—between a ne-officer and a trader, a dresser of leather. te and obscure hints of connivance between the r and the latter began to arise; and in despite of neral esteem in which Mr Aikin was held, and the opinion which was entertained of his worth and ity, these hints and suspicions—such is the wicked- and perversity of human nature—gradually gained d, until they at length reached the ears of the Board, he most absurd aggravations.

ir honours were told, but by whom was never ained, that the most nefarious practices were going —, and to an enormous extent. Large specula- in contraband leather, on the joint account of the and trader, were talked of; the one sinking his l, the other sacrificing the king's duties. Whole eads of manufactured boots and shoes were said eported to the West Indies, as the common ture of the officer and trader. The whole family iends of the former, to the tenth degree of pro- ty, were said to have been supplied gratis with and shoes for the last ten years. In short, the affair was laid before their Honours the Commis- of Excise, decked out in the blackest colours, swollen, distorted, and exaggerated, that no man ve conceived for a moment that so monstrous

tale of dishonesty and turpitude could have been manufactured out of a thing so simple as a pair of top-boots. Indeed, how could he? for the boots, the real ground of the vile fabrication, were never once mentioned, nor in the slightest degree alluded to; but, as it was, the thing bore a serious aspect, and so thought the Honourable Board of Excise. A long and grave consultation was held in the board-room, and the result was, an order to the then Collector of Excise in Glasgow to make a strict and immediate inquiry into the circumstances of the case, and to report thereon; a measure which was followed up in a day or two afterwards, by their honours despatching two surveying-generals, as they are called, also to Glasgow, to assist at and superintend the investigation which the collector had been directed to set on foot. On the arrival of these officers at Glasgow, they forthwith waited upon the collector, to ascertain what he had learned regarding Mr Aikin's nefarious practices. The result of the consultation which was here again held, was a determination, on the part of the generals and the collector, to proceed to the scene of Mr Aikin's ignominy, and to prosecute their inquiries on the spot, as the most likely way of arriving at a due knowledge of the facts. Accordingly, two chaises were hired at the expense of the Crown, one for the two generals, and another for the collector and his clerk: all this, good reader, be it remembered, arising from the simple circumstance of Mr Aikin having indulged himself in the luxury of a single solitary pair of top-boots, and, moreover, the first pair he ever had. The gentlemen having seated themselves in the carriages, were joined, just before starting, by a friend of the collector's on horseback, who, agreeably to an arrangement he had made with the latter on the preceding day, now came to ride out with them to the scene of their impending labours; and thus, though of course he had nothing to do with the proceedings of the day, he added not a little to the imposing character of the procession, which was now about to move in the direction of Mr Aikin's top-boots. An hour and a hal

drive brought the whole cavalcade into the little town in which the unfortunate owner of the said boots resided; and little did he think, honest man, as he eyed the procession passing his windows, marvelling the while what it could mean—little, we say, did he think that the sole and only object, *pro tempore* at least, of those who composed it, was to inquire how, and by what means, and from whom, he had gotten his top-boots. Of this fact, however, he was soon made aware. In less than half an hour he was sent for, and told, for the first time, of the heavy charges which lay against him. A long, tedious investigation took place; item after item of poor Aikin's indictment melted away beneath the process of inquiry; until at length the whole affair resolved itself into the original cause of all the mischief—the pair of top-boots. Nothing which could in the slightest degree impugn Mr Aikin's honesty remained, but these unlucky top-boots, and for them he immediately produced his shoemaker's receipt. 'Mr Aikin—Bought of David Anderson, one pair of top-boots, L.2, 2s. Settled in full, D. Anderson.' With this finisher, the investigation closed, and Mr Aikin stood fully and honourably acquitted of all the charges brought against him. The impression, however, which the affair made at head-quarters, was far from being favourable to him. He was ever after considered there in the light, not of an innocent man, but as one against whom nothing could be proven; and his motions were watched with the utmost vigilance. The consequence was, that, in less than three months, he was dismissed from the service of the revenue, ostensibly for some trifling omission of duty; but he himself thought, and so did everybody else, that the top-boots were in reality the cause of his misfortune.

One would have thought that this was quite enough of mischief to arise from one pair of top-boots; and so thought everybody but the top-boots themselves, we suppose. *This was but a beginning of the misfortunes into which they walked with their unfortunate owner. About four miles distant from the town in which*

Mr Aikin lived, there resided an extensive coal-mine proprietor, of the name of Davidson; and it so happened that he, too, had a predilection for that particular article of dress, already so often named—namely, top-boots; indeed, he was never known to wear anything else in their place. Davidson was an elderly gentleman, harsh and haughty in his manner, and extremely mean in all his dealings—a manner and disposition which made him greatly disliked by the whole country, and especially by his workmen, the miners, of whom he employed upwards of 150. The abhorrence in which Mr Davidson was at all times held by his servants, was at this particular moment greatly increased by an attempt which he was making to reduce his workmen's wages; and to such a height had their resentment risen against their employer, that some of the more ferocious of them were heard to throw out dark hints of personal violence; and it was much feared by Davidson's friends—of whom he had, however, but a very few, and these mostly connected with him by motives of interest—that such an occurrence would, in reality, happen one night or other, and that at no great distance of time. Nor was this fear groundless. Mr Davidson was invited to dine with a neighbouring gentleman. He accepted the invitation, very foolishly, as his family thought; but he did accept it, and went accordingly. It was in the winter-time, and the house of his host was about a mile distant from his own residence. Such an opportunity as this of giving their employer a sound drubbing had been long looked for by some half-dozen of Mr Davidson's workmen, and early and correct information on the subject of his dining-out enabled them to avail themselves of it. The conspirators having held a consultation, resolved to waylay Davidson on his return home. With this view they proceeded, after it became dark, in the direction of the house in which their employer was dining. Having gone about half-way, they *halted*, and held another consultation, whereat it was *determined that they should conceal themselves in a sunk fence which ran alongside of the road, until the*

object of their resentment approached, when they should all rush out upon him at once, and belabour him to their heart's content. This settled, they all cowered down into the ditch, to await the arrival of their victim. 'But how will we ken him i' the dark?' said Jock Tamson, one of the conspirators, in a low whisper, to his next neighbour: 'we may fa' foul o' somebody else in a mistak'.' The question rather posed Jock's neighbour, who immediately put it to the person next him, and he again to the next, and on went the important query, until all were in possession of it, but none could answer it. At length, one of more happy device than the rest, suggested that Mr Davidson might be recognised by his top-boots. The idea pleased all, and was by all considered infallible, for the fame of Mr Aikin's boots had not yet reached this particular quarter of the country. Satisfied that they had hit upon an unerring mark by which to know their man, the ruffians waited patiently for his approach. At length, after fully two hours' watching, the fall of a footstep broke faintly on their ears; it came nearer and nearer, and became every moment more and more distinct. Breathless with the intensity of their feelings, the conspirators, in dead silence, grasped their cudgels with increased energy, and sunk themselves in the ditch until their eyes were on a level with the ground, that they might at once place the approaching object full before them, and between them and the feeble light which lingered in the western sky. In the meantime, the wayfarer approached; two dim white objects glimmered indistinctly in the darkness. They were instantly recognised to be Mr Davidson's top-boots; a loud shout followed this feeling of conviction; the colliers rushed from their hiding-place, and in the next instant half-a-dozen bludgeons whistled round the ears of the unfortunate wayfarer. The sufferer roared lustily for mercy, but he roared in vain. The blows fell thick and fast upon his *luckless head and shoulders*, for it was *necessary that the work should be done quickly*; and a few *seconds more saw him lying senseless and bleeding in the*

ditch in which his assailants had concealed. Having satisfied their vengeance, the ruffian leaving their victim behind them in the cell have described. Morning came, a man was in the ditch, speechless, and bleeding profusely from severe wounds on the head and face. He was brought out, and after cleansing his face from the blood with which it was incrustated, the unfortunate was recognised to be—Mr Thomas Aikin.

The cursed boots, and they alone, were the cause of poor Aikin's mischance. He had, indeed, been injured by mistake, as the reader will have already seen. There was no intention whatever on the part of the colliers to do Mr Aikin any injury, for Mr Aikin's whole course of his harmless life, had never been known to any; indeed, he was wholly unknown to them. It was the top-boots, and nothing but the top-boots, that did all the mischief. But to go on with the story. Aikin was carried home, and, through the assistance of a naturally good constitution and skilful medical assistance, recovered so far in six weeks as to go about as usual, although he bore to his face the marks of the violence which he had received, besides being disfigured by the loss of half-a-dozen of his front teeth.

The top-boots, which poor Aikin had worn as articles of dress, and, of course, as a matter of course, he was now obliged to wear daily from necessity, as we have already related, dismissed him from his office in the Excise. One would think that Aikin had suffered enough for his predilection for top-boots, at least so far as we can see, that there was no harm in such an apparently inoffensive indulgence. Mr Aikin's evil-stars, or his top-boots themselves, did not know which, were of a totally different opinion on this opinion, they forthwith proceeded to a

Some weeks after the occurrence of the disaster recorded, the little town of ———, where Aikin was suddenly thrown into a state of the utmost

and consternation, by the report of a foul murder and robbery having been committed on the highway, and within a short distance of the town; and of all the inhabitants who felt horror-struck on this occasion, there was no one more horrified than Mr Thomas Aikin. The report, however, of the murder and robbery was incorrect, in so far as the unfortunate man was still living, although little more, when found in the morning, for the deed had been committed overnight. Being a stranger, he was immediately conveyed to the principal inn of the town, put to bed, and medical aid called in. The fiscal, on learning that the man was still in existence, instantly summoned his clerk, and, accompanied by a magistrate, hastened to the dying man's bedside, to take down whatever particulars could be learned from him regarding the assault and robbery. After patiently and laboriously connecting the half-intelligible and disjointed sentences which they from time to time elicited from him, they made out that he was a cattle-dealer, that he belonged to Edinburgh, that he had been in Glasgow, and that, having missed the evening coach which plies between the former and the latter city, he had taken the road on foot, with the view of accomplishing one stage, and there awaiting the coming up of the next coach. They further elicited from him that he had had a large sum of money upon him, of which, of course, he had been deprived. The fiscal next proceeded to inquire if he could identify the person or persons who attacked him. He mumbled a reply in the negative.

'How many were there of them?' inquired the magistrate. 'Was there more than one?'

'Only one,' muttered the unfortunate man.

'Was there any peculiarity in his dress or appearance that struck you?' asked the fiscal.

He mumbled a reply, but none of the bystanders could make it out. The question was again put, and both the magistrate and fiscal stooped down simultaneously to catch the answer. After an interval, it came, and what think you it was, good reader? Why, 'top-boots!'

distinctly and unequivocally. The fiscal and magistrate looked at each other for a second, but neither ventured to hint at the astounding suspicion which mention of these remarkable objects forced upon the

‘He wore top-boots, you say?’ again inquired the fiscal, to make sure that he had heard aright.

‘Y-e-s, t-o-p b-o-o-t-s,’ was again the reply.

‘Was he a thin or a stout man?’

‘A stout man.’

‘Young or middle-aged?’

‘Middle-aged.’

‘Tall or short?’

‘Short,’ groaned out the sufferer; and, with that, the breath of life departed from him.

This event, of course, put an immediate end to inquiry. The fiscal and magistrate now retired to consult together regarding what was best to be done, and reconsider the deposition of the murdered man. There was a certain pair of top-boots present to the minds of both, but the wearer of them had hitherto borne an unblemished character, and was personally known to them both as a kind-hearted, inoffensive man. In spite of this hour, they would as soon have believed the minister of the parish would commit a robbery as Aikin—we say Mr Aikin, for we can no longer conceal the fact, that it was Aikin’s boots, however reluctantly admitted, that flashed upon the minds of the gentlemen of whom we are now speaking.

‘The thing is impossible, incredible of such a man as Mr Aikin!’ said the magistrate, in reply to the first insinuation of the fiscal, although, in saying this, he was what was not in strict accordance with certain suspicions which had taken possession of his own mind.

‘Why, I should say so too,’ replied the officer of law, ‘were I to judge by the character which he has hitherto borne; but here,’ he said, holding up the deposition of the murdered man, ‘here are circumstances which we cannot be warranted in overlooking, let us implicate whom they may. There is in especial the

went on the fiscal; 'now, there is not another pair ten miles of us but Aikin's; for Mr Davidson, the an whom I know that wears them besides, is now don. There is the personal description, too, exact. Besides all this, bailie,' continued the law-officer, 'I will recollect that Mr Aikin is, and has been out of the country for the last six months; and there is no doubt what a man who has a large family upon his shoulders will do in these circumstances.'

The bailie acknowledged the force of his colleague's arguments; but remarked that, as it was a serious matter, it must be gone cautiously and warily about. 'It may be,' he said, 'rather a hard matter to hang a man upon nae ither evidence than a pair o' tap-boots.' 'Butless it would,' replied the fiscal; 'but here is, I think, a concatenation of circumstances—a chain of evidence, so far as it goes, perfectly entire and connected. I have continued, as if to reconcile the bailie to the obvious suspicion, 'an alibi on the part o' Mr Aikin that a' to rights, and blaw the hail charge awa like a' o' ingans; and if he be an innocent man, bailie, I hae nae difficulty in establishing an alibi.'

'So fast, Mr Fiscal—not so fast, if you please; this is as not so easily established, or rather, it could not be established at all. Most unfortunately for poor Aikin it turned out, upon an inquiry which the official authorities thought it necessary to set on foot before coming to extremities—that is, before taking any steps against the object of their suspicion—that Aikin had been not only absent from his own house until the hour of the night on which the murder and robbery was committed, but had actually been at that hour on the very identical road on which it had taken place.'

The truth is, that Aikin had been dining with a friend who lived about a mile in the country, and, unfortunately happened, in the very direction in which the crime had been perpetrated; still, could it have been shewn that no unnecessary time had elapsed between the moment of his leaving his friend's

house and his arrival at his own? Such a circumstance would surely have weighed something in his favor. So it would, probably; but, alas! even this exculpatory incident could not be urged in his favor for the poor man, little dreaming of what was to him, had drunk a tumbler or two more than enough, and had fallen asleep on the road. In short, the fiscal, considering all the circumstances of the case as they now stood, did not think it consistent with his duty either to proceed with proceedings longer against Aikin, or to maintain further delicacy with regard to him. A report of the whole affair was made to the sheriff of Glasgow, who immediately ordered a warrant to be made out for the apprehension of Aikin. This instrument was given over into the custody of two criminal officers, who proceeded directly in a postchaise to execute their commission. Arriving in the middle of the night, they found Aikin, wholly unconscious of the situation in which he stood, in bed and sound asleep. Having roused the unhappy man, and barely allowed him time to dress, they put on his top-boots, they hurried him into the chaise, and in little more than an hour thereafter, Aikin was lodged in Glasgow Jail, to stand his trial for murder and robbery, and this mainly, if not wholly, on the strength of his top-boots. The day of trial came. The fiscal summed up the evidence, and, in an eloquent and powerful manner, directed the special attention of the jury to Aikin's top-boots; indeed on these he dwelt so much, and with so much effect, that the jury returned a verdict of guilty. Aikin, the prisoner at the bar, who accordingly received sentence of death, but was strongly recommended to mercy by the jury, as well on the ground of his previous good character, as on that of certain misgivings regarding his top-boots, which a number of the jury could not but find entertaining, in despite of their prominence in the evidence which was led against their unfortunate owner. *Aikin's friends*, who could not be persuaded of his guilt, *notwithstanding* the strong circumstantial proof which it was apparently established, availing the

of this recommendation of the jury, immediately set to work to second the humane interference; and Providence, in his mercy, kindly assisted them. From a communication which the superintendent of police in Glasgow received from the corresponding officer in Edinburgh about a week after Aikin's condemnation, it appeared that there were more gentlemen of suspicious character in the world who wore top-boots than poor Aikin. The letter alluded to announced the capture of a notorious character—regarding whom information had been received from Bow Street—a flash cove, fresh from London, on a foraying expedition in Scotland. The communication described him as being remarkably well dressed, and, in especial, alluded to the circumstance of his wearing top-boots; concluding the whole, which was indeed the principal purpose of the letter, by inquiring if there was any charge in Glasgow against such a person as they described. The circumstance, by some fortunate chance, reached the ears of Aikin's friends; and in the hope that something might be made of it, they employed an eminent lawyer in Edinburgh to sift the matter to the bottom. In the meantime, the Englishman in the top-boots was brought to trial for another highway robbery, found guilty, and sentenced to death without hope of mercy. The lawyer whom Aikin's friends had employed, thinking this a favourable opportunity for eliciting the truth from him, seeing that he had now nothing more to fear in this world, waited upon the unfortunate man, and, amidst a confession of a long series of crimes, obtained from him that of the murder and robbery for which poor Aikin had been tried and condemned. The consequence of this important discovery was, the immediate liberation of Aikin, who again returned in peace to the bosom of his family. His friends, however, not contented with what they had done, represented the whole circumstances of the case to the *Secretary of State for the Home Department*; and under the impression that there lay a claim on the *country for reparation for the injury*, though inadvertent,

which its laws had done to an innocent man, the application was replied to in favourable terms in course of post, and in less than three weeks thereafter, Mr Thomas Aikin was appointed to a situation in the Custom-house in London, worth L.200 a year. His steadiness, integrity and general good conduct, soon procured him still further advancement; and he finally died, after enjoying his appointment for many years, in the annual receipt a more than double the sum which we have just named. And thus ends the eventful history of Mr THOMAS AIKIN and his TOP-BOOTS.

A RATCLIFFE HEROINE IN REAL LIFE.

IN the year 1746, a short time before the battle of Culloden, the castle of —, in the north of Scotland, was inhabited by its then proprietor, Captain D—, a young officer of the royal army, and zealously attached to the house of Brunswick; by his sister, a young lady of a timid disposition and delicate health; and by her particular friend, Miss M—, a daughter of Lord R—, a woman of superior understanding and great resolution, and as much attached to the throne as the proprietor of the castle. This castle, now destroyed, was of great extent, and, from the superstition of the natives of the country, had for many years acquired the reputation of being haunted. Captain D—, who had lately quitted the Duke of Cumberland's army, to which he was shortly to return, appeared for some time extremely thoughtful; and one day, when his sister was confined to her room, he told Miss M— he wished to have some private conversation with her, and to intrust her with a secret which had hitherto been carefully preserved in his family, *and never disclosed but from father to son, so that never more than two persons had been in possession of it at the same time: that he would have revealed it to his sister but that he did not think she possessed strength of mind*

and resolution enough to make the proper use of it ; and as the time was now come when it was necessary for this important secret to be confided to some person besides himself, he entreated her, as a friend to his family, to become the depositary of it, and to undertake the necessary engagements attached to the possession of it. Miss M——, unwilling to bind herself to an undertaking of which she did not know the extent, and in which she found that fortitude was a necessary qualification, which necessarily implied it might be attended with dangerous consequences, begged to be excused from a trust of such magnitude as this appeared to be, and wished to decline any further communication on the subject. But Captain D—— was not easily deterred from his purpose, and conjured her, not only by the friendship she professed, and which he knew she had for the family, but if this motive was not sufficiently powerful, by the still more important consideration that the safety, and even the existence of the English army under the Duke of Cumberland, must depend on her resolution and exertion, as he knew no one else at this critical moment in whom he could confide this important secret. Staggered by these forcible arguments, and relying on the well-known honour and integrity of Captain D——, Miss M—— was at length persuaded to give a reluctant consent to her friend's entreaty, and agreed that, after all the inhabitants of the castle were gone to rest, he should call upon her for the fulfilment of her promise. Accordingly, about one o'clock in the morning she heard a gentle tap at the door. She was in trembling expectation of the signal, and leaving the chamber, accompanied by Captain D—— to the library, where he had provided two cloaks, in one of which he wrapped Miss M——, and throwing the other over his own shoulder, took a dark lantern, which he had prepared, and called on her to summon all her resolution, to recollect the vast importance of the duty she had engaged in, and to follow him *without fear, as he would lead her into no danger. He then conducted her up several flights of stairs to a part*

of the castle she had never been in, and which never been inhabited in the memory of man. They descended into the vaults of the castle, and, moun another flight of steps, found themselves in a court, w they traversed. Miss M——'s courage so compl failed her in the course of their progress, that she stop and once more entreated Captain D—— to be reli from her promise, and permitted to return to her a ment; but he urged her to proceed by every argu in his power, and assured her they were almost ar at the place of their destination, and had no caus alarm. Ashamed at her own want of resolution, once more agreed to proceed if the distance was great. They reached the opposite corner of the c and arrived at a low door, at the bottom of a tu which opened with a key with which he was provi As soon as Miss M—— had entered this door, he lo it in the inside, took the key with him, and desired to observe exactly what he did. He then took her a narrow winding staircase, at the top of which unlocked a door, and closed it after them, when t found themselves in a small square stone-chamber, w had only one small window, closed by a shutter opp the door. In the middle of the floor was a large t door, to which Captain D—— applied a key, unloc it, and lifted up the trap, beneath which a sort of la staircase led to a chamber below. He went first with lantern, and assisted Miss M—— to descend; and w she reached the bottom, he informed her they were arrived at the place concerning which so much sec was necessary; that in this room, unknown to any but himself, were concealed all the title-deeds, paj and other effects of value belonging to his family; that this chamber had, in all the troublesome time which Scotland had unfortunately seen so many, l considered as a secure asylum for any of the family, ' from the distraction of the times, had required su place of concealment. But this room now cont what was of still more importance; for the fate

English army depended upon the security of that chamber. The Duke of Cumberland, on his arrival in Scotland, expressed great anxiety for the security of the large sums he had brought with him for the payment of his troops, and other purposes attending so important a crisis. Captain D——, aware of the security of this place of concealment, offered the use of it, which had stood undiscovered for ages, to his Royal Highness, who, well aware of his unshaken loyalty, had willingly accepted it, and intrusted Captain D—— with the concealment of his treasure, from which he would receive weekly supplies without danger or suspicion. Captain D——'s situation in the English army required his presence there; and it was to be the guardian of this secret, and the keeper of this treasure, for which he wanted a person of honour and resolution, which induced him to repose his confidence in Miss M——, who, from her residence with his sister, would excite no suspicion, as the reception of a stranger in the absence of Captain D—— might have done. Miss M——, aware of the importance of the confidence reposed in her, promised to fulfil her engagement, by descending alone every Thursday night to take out such sums and papers as might be necessary, and to deliver them next morning to a servant whom Captain D—— was to despatch from the army to convey them to him. This arrangement being made to Captain D——'s satisfaction, and to Miss M——'s great anxiety, they returned in the same manner they came, to the habitable part of the castle, Captain D—— entreating her to observe exactly what he did in their progress, that she might be sure to proceed in safety. He reconducted her to the chamber, delivered to her the key, and after the most fervent thanks, took his leave, and early the next morning departed for the army. Many were the anxious moments to Miss M—— between the morning of his departure, and the fatal night in which she felt bound, by every tie of honour and duty, to fulfil the engagement she had entered into. Though a woman of great spirit and resolution, she was not totally free from

that superstition for which her countrymen, notwithstanding their strong sense and informed minds, are remarkable; and the idea of her solitary expedition night through the uninhabited parts of this remarkable castle, added to the high importance of the charge which she was intrusted, weighed heavily on her and rendered her less equal to the task. When the eventful night arrived, no fears nor sufferings could deter her from fulfilling, to the best of her power, the engagements she had entered into; and dead of the night, at the time appointed, she left her chamber, with the keys, the cloak, and the dark lantern with which Captain D—— had furnished her. With hurried steps, and a palpitating heart, she traversed long passages, mounted and descended the long flights of stairs, passed through the vaults, and at length found herself in the court in which formerly her courage had failed her. She proceeded without a moment's hesitation to the foot of the turret, unlocked the door, and, according to Captain D——'s particular injunctions, locked it inside, and taking the key with her, went up the winding staircase. She unlocked the door, and entered the stone-room; but impatient to complete her task, though she might meet with as few impediments as possible on her return, she did not close and lock the door after she had left it a little ajar. Finding something particularly dark and gloomy in this chamber, she unfastened and opened the window, not considering that her light might possibly betray her. She unlocked and lifted up the trap-door, congratulating herself that her task was nearly completed. She descended with her lantern in her hand, and when she was already proceeded above half the way down, she was alarmed on a sudden by a tremendous noise from the chamber above. The trap-door at the same moment was closed with a thundering clap, and terror so completely overwhelmed her, that the lantern fell from her hand, and she sank senseless at the bottom of the shaft. She was not hurt by the fall, and when she began to recover, she listened attentively if she could hear

footsteps or voices that might in any way account for the cause of her alarm; but all was still and silent. After waiting for a considerable time, she began to flatter herself that some accidental cause had created those tremendous sounds. She ventured up the ladder, intending, by lifting up the trap-door, to re-enter the stone-chamber, and, by waiting till daybreak, endeavour to regain the apartment before the family were stirring. But how great was her dismay, how unutterable her anguish, when she found that the trap-door was secured in a firm and immovable manner from above; that no power or force she could use—and her exertions were the last efforts of despair—could move it in the least degree! As the lock was not a spring-lock, there was no way of accounting for what had happened, but by the idea that some rebel or enemy of the family had discovered the fatal secret, and had condemned her to the most painful and lingering of all deaths. Finding all attempts at escape hopeless, and exhausted by her fruitless endeavours, she resigned herself to her fate, and, submitting unrepining to the will of Providence, all earthly hope was past. She felt that she must die, but lost her life in a good cause, and had a conscience free of offence towards God or man. She descended the ladder, wrapped her cloak round her, and feeling herself growing faint, sank on the ground, where her senses forsook her, and she lay motionless at the bottom of the steps. How long she remained in that state is not known; but when, after a lapse of some hours, her senses began to return, she imagined she had already passed from this world to a better, and that she was then in heaven: as her senses grew less confused, she began to distinguish a form bending over her, and concluded it must be an angel come to comfort her. At length she found herself lifted up, and carried up the ladder; and the first breeze of outward air reviving her, she at length began to distinguish surrounding objects. She again found herself in the square stone-chamber, and perceived that she was supported by Captain D—. The whole of her

sufferings appeared like a dream; and it was some time before she could comprehend the cause of the danger, or the means of her deliverance. When she was recovered, Captain D—— explained to her that the cause of her alarm arose from her having left the door of her stone-chamber ajar, and having opened the window, a sudden gust of wind had blown open the door with violence, so as not only to knock down the trap-door but to open beyond it, and cover the hinges in such a manner as rendered it impossible to open it by any means from below, and it was with considerable difficulty that Captain D—— himself was able to close it so as to enable him to lift up the trap-door. The occasion of his being at so critical a moment, to her deliverance, was that after he had despatched the servant to fetch the necessary supply, he recollected some papers which were immediately necessary to be provided, and which he had not pointed out to her. He went to her apartment on his arrival, and was alarmed to find her absent, and that no one knew what was become of her. It immediately occurred to him, that some accident must have befallen her in the secret expedition, and he set out in quest of her. He arrived at the door of the chamber in which she had locked from within, but he was fortunately provided with a key. The confusion in which he had found the chamber above, and not receiving any answer to his repeated calls, alarmed him extremely, and he forced back the door, fastened it, lifted up the trap-door, and at the foot of the steps perceived her lying on the ground, appearing dead, as she had lain in a fainting-fit for several hours. The air, however, soon revived her, and the explanation of the window explained the cause of what had nearly proved a fatal accident to an amiable and deserving woman.

This wonderful escape was related by the heroine many years after it had happened, to a party of friends, who were relating many alarms they had experienced; and she with great truth observed, that few could relate a tale of more terror than what had befallen herself in the memorable year 1746.

FINNING AT THE WRONG END.

erved by a modern writer, in alluding to the general
 e of mankind respecting the wonders of creation,
 'neglect of small things is the rock on which the
 jority of the human race have split;' and the
 is equally applicable to the domestic and worldly
 of very many individuals. Our readers must
 e course of their lives, have known one or more
 upon whose exertions for advancement in life
 ediable ban of misfortune appears to have been
 o, with every advantage in their favour—natural
 ober and industrious habits, advantageous situa-
 l connections—every quality and opportunity, in
 7 which people are generally supposed to raise
 es in the world, seem, nevertheless, doomed to
 unrelieved poverty, hardship, and discomfort.
 people, it is charitably said by their friends and
 ns, that 'the world goes against them.' They
 esented as the victims of an unhappy destiny,
 hich it is in vain for them to strive; as beings,
 specially excluded by Providence from all the
 of worldly prosperity and success enjoyed by
 low-creatures. Leaving out of view the some-
 terodox nature of this doctrine, as well as the
 is and disheartening influence which the pro-
 ; of it must have on the minds of youth just
 g for the struggle of life, we will venture to say,
 hing, generally speaking, can be more utterly
 nd fallacious than the conclusion here come to.
 ere are many really unfortunate people in the
 e are far from being inclined to dispute; nay, if
 did not far outbalance the good-fortune of life, it
 ot be what the *Almighty* decreed it—one of trial,
 timent, and suffering. But where men are driven
 revented from getting forward in the world by

a downright series of misfortunes, these are generally so evident and palpable, as to be seen, understood and sympathised with by their fellow-creatures. With regard to the individuals above spoken of, on the other hand, those whom the world is said to 'go against,' and who are lagging behind their fellows in the career of life cannot be traced to no particular cause—we are convinced that in nine cases out of ten, their 'unhappy destiny' is attributable solely to some flaw or imperfection in their conduct or character. In short, we have great faith in the aphorism of the poet in these matters, that—

' We make ourselves our own distress,
We are ourselves our happiness.'

This fatal bar to advancement in life consists sometimes in a natural inaptitude for the business of it; but more frequently from some mismanagement in the finance department—a miscalculation of the expenditure to the 'ways and means;' and, in short, a general want of attention to those little matters of economy by which, to use a homely phrase, the two ends are made to meet. It has been frequently remarked how imperceptibly and fatally, the giving way to a habit of laying out large sums on unnecessary matters, eats up a man's means. We daily see instances of families who, with very limited incomes, by dint of sheer domestic management, not only make a more respectable figure out of doors, but are even more comfortable and contented within, than those with double or triple their income. As one fact, however, is worth a thousand arguments in what concerns practical matters of life, we will relate an anecdote illustrative of the present subject, which was brought under our observation, and for the truth of which we can with safety vouch:—

In a certain burgh, which it is needless to particularise, *resided* a worthy couple, who, by dint of persevering *industry*, had realised a handsome competency *literally out of nothing*. Their family consisted of one son, who had *obtained* a proper settlement in a respectable way of doing,

themselves had retired from the cares of business, was now almost their only earthly concern; and as they had proved, in their own persons, both the misery of poverty and the blessings of independence, they thought they could not do better than rear him to the same line of business in which they had themselves succeeded so well. In process of time, accordingly, Mr Thomas was installed in suitable premises in an excellent locality of the burgh, and an ample and valuable stock of goods was laid in: he was well connected, and still better recommended, through his father's influence; on the latter account, too, his credit stood high in the trading world. In short, no young man in his way of business could possibly start in life with fairer prospects of success. On his own part, nothing seemed wanting to fulfil the expectations entertained by his friends. He was a sober, industrious young man, regular and correct in his private habits, assiduous in attending to his business, and as his goods were both excellent and cheap, his customers every day increased, and every one thought he was rapidly and deservedly realising a fortune. Guess the astonishment, then, of all and sundry, when, in about a year and a half after his opening shop, Mr Thomas —, or rather his worthy sire, found it prudent to close it again; and the friends of the parties learned, that the paternal funds were minus a good many hundred pounds by the speculation! Here was a poser for the trading quidnuncs of the place! The matter was to them perfectly incomprehensible. It seemed like that which had hitherto been supposed an impossibility in nature—an effect without a cause. Mr Thomas had been universally reckoned a perfect pattern of what a man ought to be who wished to thrive in the world. In fact, he had been held up to all the young men in the neighbourhood as a model whereby to fashion their own conduct. Neither was he of an adventurous turn of mind, nor had he met with any serious losses in trade to account for his 'misfortune.' As there was no *feasible way, therefore, of explaining the matter, the usual verdict was of course passed upon the occasion—*

that, in spite of all Mr Thomas ——'s efforts and industry, 'the world had gone against him.' He was the victim of *ill-luck*, or, to speak out plainly the meaning of their words, he was one 'doomed by Providence not to thrive in the world;' and all, therefore, agreed in the propriety of his parents withdrawing him, as they did, from the concerns of business to their little rural abode, as they said that 'doing *nothing* was still better than doing *ill*.' Shortly after the event took place, a kind-hearted lady, who had been a steady customer and warm patron of Mr Thomas ever since he 'set up,' and had all along admired his exemplary conduct, had occasion to call at his parents' abode about a servant's character, or some such matter, when she took the opportunity of expressing the surprise and regret of herself and friends at what had happened.

'Deed, Mrs ——,' replied the sorrowing dame, 'I'm sure we're a' much obleeged to yersel', and other weel-wushers, for your concern about Tam; but, ye see, the world just gaed against him, and we thocht it better to keep what we had left, than rin the risk of losing a'.' As the visitor did not appear altogether satisfied with this explanation, and seemed anxious to learn in *what way* the world had gone against him, the other continued: 'Aweel, ye see, though Tam's a weel-behaved, industrious lad, he just hadna a way of managing things; and though he could *mak* siller easy enough, he wants the knack to keep it. I never could get him to understand the value o' siller, or to see that it was pence that made pounds—and the long and the short o't is, that Tam, like mony a ane, just *began the world at the wrang end!*'

As this was a mode of proceeding through life which the lady had never heard of before, she begged a more particular explanation, and received the following, to which we would beg the particular attention of all young people in Mr Thomas's situation:—'Ye see, mem, when the guidman and me began the world thegither, we were *just as bare* as we weel could be—hardly as sixpence to

bagainst anither, and no a friend to gie us a helping and. So, mem, we just suited our way o' living to our cumstances, and contented ourselves wi' a drap parritch and milk i' the morning, a herring and a potato, or sae, to our dinner, and our parritch at nicht again. By and by, we began to mak a little, we had some guid broth and meat at dinner-time, and after that a wee, we ventured on a drap tea in the morning. As things got better wi' us, the guidman wad whiles send hame a lamb-leg for our Sunday's dinner; and od, mem, before a' was dune, we used sometimes to treat ourselves to a *chuckie*. Now, we see, mem, our Tam took the clean contrair way o' going about things—he began wi' the *chuckie*!"

We now never hear of young men, placed in an advantageous situation for getting forward in the world, but who nevertheless, and without any apparent cause for their bad success, are unable to 'get their head above water,' but we are apt to suspect that they have '*begun with the chuckie*.'

A SKELETON IN EVERY HOUSE.

WHEN suffering under the pressure of our own distresses, whether they be of regular continuance, or have come upon us of a sudden, we are apt to imagine that no individual in the surrounding world is so unfortunate as we; or, perhaps, that we stand altogether by ourselves in calamity; or, at the most, belong to a small body of unfortunates, forming an exception from all the rest of mankind. We look to a neighbour, and, seeing that he is not afflicted by any open or palpable grievance, and makes no complaint of any which are hidden from our eyes, we conclude that he is a man entirely fortunate and thoroughly happy, while we are never free from trouble of one kind or another, and, in fact, appear as the very step-children of Providence. For every particular evil

which besets us, we find a contrast in the opposite circumstances of some other person, the pains of envy, perhaps, add materially to extent of our distresses. Are we condemned to toil for our daily bread?—then we look to him who by some means which appear to us less laborious we little of worldly wealth?—then do we compare with the affluent man, who not only commands necessaries of which we can barely obtain a share but many luxuries besides, which we only know. Are we unblessed with the possession of children? to see the superabundance which characterises a family, where they are far less earnestly desired we bereft of a succession of tenderly beloved relatives?—we wonder at the felicity of certain under our observation, who never know what wear mourning. In short, no evil falls to our lot are apt to think ourselves its almost sole victim either overlook a great deal of the correspondences of our fellow-creatures, or think, in our that they are far less than ours.

We remember a story in the course of our which illustrates this fallacy in a very affecting A widow of Naples, named, if we recollect right Countess Corsini, had but one son remaining to an interest in the world ; and he was a youth so able for the elegance of his person, and every and amiable quality, that, even if he had not stood situation of unusual tenderness towards his mother might well have been excused for beholding his extravagant degree of attachment. When this gentleman grew up, he was sent to pursue his studies at the university of Bologna, where he so well improved time, that he soon became one of the most distinguished scholars, at the same time that he gained the affection of all who knew him, on account of his singular character and pleasing manners. Every vacation returned to spend a few months with his mother *never failed to mark with delight the progress*

in his literary studies, at least in the cultivary personal accomplishment. Her attachment prevented from experiencing any abatement, as encouraged to place always more and more upon that hope of his future greatness, which led her at first to send him to so distant a land and had hitherto supported her under his weight. Who can describe the solicitude with which she regarded a last-surviving son! His every wish—she watches with attentive

He cannot be absent a few minutes longer out, but she becomes uneasy, and, whatever be the way in which she sits at the moment, permits her soul to become abstracted in a reverie, from which nothing can rouse her but his return. If he comes back, she hears the footfall of the animal, while it is far beyond the ken of ordinary ears: if he goes, she knows the sound of his foot upon the floor, though confounded, to all other listeners, amidst the noise of his companions. Let him come into her room on any occasions never so softly, she distinguishes every breathing—his lightest respiration—and knows it is her son. Her entire being is bound up in the sole gorgon thought at which she dare not think the idea of his following the goodly and comely company with whom she has already parted away. Such exactly were the feelings of the mother respecting her noble and beloved—

And, however, that, just when he was about to depart for Naples, perfected in all the instruction which he had bestowed upon him, he was seized suddenly by a violent sickness, which, notwithstanding the efforts of the best physicians in Bologna, brought him in three days to the brink of the grave. Being assured that he would survive, his only care, so far as concerned the future, was for his mother, who, he feared, would be severely from her loss, if not altogether sink

under it. It was his most anxious wish that some means should be used to prevent her being overpowered by grief; and an expedient for that purpose at length suggested itself to him. He wrote a letter to his mother, informing her of his illness, but not of its threatening character, and requesting that she would send him a shirt made by the happiest lady in all Naples, or she who appeared most free of the cares and sorrows of this world, for he had taken a fancy for such an article, and had a notion that, by wearing it, he would be speedily cured. The countess thought her son's request rather odd; but being loath to refuse anything that would give him even a visionary satisfaction, she instantly set about her inquiry after the happiest lady in Naples, with the view of requesting her kind offices after the manner described. Her inquiry was tedious and difficult; everybody she could think of, or who was pointed out to her, was found, on searching nearer, to have her own share of troubles. For some time, she almost despaired; but having nevertheless persevered, she at length was introduced to one—a middle-aged married lady—who not only appeared to have all the imaginable materials of worldly bliss, but bore every external mark of being cheerful and contented in her situation. To this fortunate dame, the countess preferred her request, making the circumstances of the case her only excuse for so strange an application. 'My dear countess,' said the lady, 'spare all apology, for, if I had really been qualified for the task, I would most gladly have undertaken it. But if you will just follow me to another room, I will prove to you that I am the most *miserable* woman in Naples.' So saying, she led the mother to a remote chamber, where there was nothing but a curtain which hung from the ceiling to the floor. This being drawn aside, she disclosed, to the horror of her visitor, a skeleton hanging from a beam! 'Oh, dreadful!' exclaimed the countess; '*what means this?*' The lady looked mournfully at her, and, after a minute's silence, gave the following explanation. 'This,' she said, 'was a youth who

as before my marriage, and whom I was obliged to
 h, when my relations compelled me to marry my
 husband. We afterwards renewed our acquaint-
 ance with no evil intent, and my husband was so
 infuriated at finding him one day in my presence,
 drew his sword and ran him through the heart.
 Satisfied with this, he caused him to be hung up here,
 every night and morning since then, has compelled
 me and survey his remains. To the world, I may
 cheerful aspect, and seem to be possessed of all
 the comforts of life; but you may judge if I can be
 entitled to the reputation which you have
 accorded to me, or be qualified to execute your son's
 mission.'

Countess Corsini readily acknowledged that her
 son was most miserable, and retired to her own
 room in despair of obtaining what she was in quest of,
 that, if an apparently happy woman had such a
 sorrow as this, what were those likely to have who
 had such appearance! 'Alas,' she said to herself,
 'no one is exempt from the disasters and sorrows of life
is a skeleton in every house!'

When she reached home, she found a letter conveying
 notice of her son's death, which in other circum-
 stances would have overturned her reason, or broken her
 heart, but, prepared as she was by the foresight of her
 situation, produced only a rational degree of grief. When the
 acute sensations were past, she said resignedly to
 herself, that, great as the calamity was, it was pro-
 bably greater than what her fellow-creatures were
 undergoing every day, and she would therefore submit with
 tranquillity.

The application of this tale, tinged as it is with the
 true hue of continental manners and ideas, must be
 interesting to every one of our readers. They must see how
 fallacious it is to suppose that others are, more
 happy than ourselves, spared any of the common
 calamities of life, or that we, in particular, are under the
 influence of a severe fate. They may be assured that

beneath many of the most gorgeous shows of this there lurk terrible sores, which are not the less that they are unseen. The very happiest-looking and women, the most prosperous mercantile or have all their secret cankers and drawbacks. The of the noble, the luxury of the opulent, even the and worship of the crown, all have a *something* to them, if it were known, less enviable than they. We never, for our part, enter upon any glittering magnificent scene, or hear of any person who is to be singularly prosperous or happy, but we immediately think of the probability which exists, that our own home and condition, disposed as we sometimes are to repine about them, comprise just as much of what is to be desired by a rational man as the other. Even those great capitals, where affluence and luxury wonderfully concentrated, and all the higher appear so singularly well lodged and fed and attended, we cannot help looking to the other side, and imagining for every one his own particular misery. The palaces appear like palaces; but the idlest spectator is not assured of it, as one of the incontrovertible decrees of Providence, *that there is a skeleton in every one of them*.

 D A V I E.

SOME time in the year 1832, the family of Mr H Kelbank, in Perthshire, had occasion to pay a visit to the continent. Of this family it is unnecessary to say more than that it consisted, while settled in Scotland, of Mr and Mrs Hope, with one son and two daughters, all well brought up. On the present occasion, the son, Mr George, intrusted with the charge of the family, as the father, a gentleman was obliged by business to remain at home *for a time*, with the intention, however, of speedily

rest at Rome. Mr George was an elegant and dashing young man, had spent two fashionable winters in Edinburgh, and in particular, had formed an intimate acquaintance with the Baron Damas, an official in the court of Charles X., at Holyrood House.

When Mrs Hope had determined upon the jaunt, she engaged a favourite female servant, by name Margaret, to accompany her abroad; and till a few days before she was appointed for setting out, nothing occurred to mar the arrangement. It was found, however, almost at the last, that Margaret had a 'lad,' from whom she could on no account part: good wages and foreign sights were no doubt tempting, and a bargain was a thing not to be lightly broken: but what were all these to plighted love? Margaret, in short, could not go. Mrs Hope found it impossible, in the very brief time which now remained, to engage another female servant. It occurred to her, however, as a last resource, that a certain clever little stable-boy, whom they had had for two or three years about the house, and who usually went by the familiar name of Davie, might be brushed up into a tolerably good foot-boy, provided he would consent to go. No sooner thought of than acted on. Davie was instantly called into the presence of his master and mistress, and asked if he had any objections to going abroad as a waiting-man, instead of remaining at home as only an attendant upon horses. The little fellow brightened at the very mention of such a thing. Objection!—Davie would go to the end of the world with his mistress—if his father and mother would only let him. Mr Hope dismissed the boy with commendations at once for his readiness, and his deference to the will of his parents, and immediately riding over the country to the place where Davie's friends resided, easily prevailed upon them to allow their son to go abroad.

Behold the family party, then, squired by Davie, setting out on their tour to the continent.

In order that the remainder of our story should have its proper force, we must premise that Davie was essentially

a Scotch village-boy. He was one of those little bertigibbets—to use one of Sir Walter's ideas—always to be seen flying about small towns in the land, with bare feet and fluttering attire, working kinds of mischief against cats and poultry, fish-eels, and tying their skins by way of trophy round ankles, darkened by the sun to the tinge of a filbert. Unconscious of any evil on earth except the Catechism. Such only, however, was Davie, previous to his being reduced to servitude under Mr Hope. Since then he has been put into proper externals—had to do a little in the way of serving a table—could sing the hunting-song in *Der Freischütz*, and even had manifested a tendency to that jockeyish coxcombism which consists in turning the row of knee-buttons to the front. In former times, Davie's sun-bleached hair was arranged above the brow in a curious ruffian fashion, which bears in Scotland an equally vulgar name; but now he had learned to turn his hair neatly forwards, after a manner approved of by persons of his own rank and station in life—an improvement, the whole, he was a fair good-looking boy, as yet in no respect superior in natural or acquired gifts to the humble duties which it was his business to perform.

At the French ambassador's office in London, the family obtained a general passport, which expressed that they were going to Rome on business, and in which the redoubtable Davie was of course included as a servant. Nothing particular occurred till they arrived at a hotel in Paris, when, as they were about to go down to take some refreshment, Miss Hope happened to cast a glance through the window, and saw a troop of gendarmes ranked up in front of the house. 'I said she, 'there must be some unusually distinguished person in this hotel—see what a fine guard of honour he has at the door!'

At that moment two of the said gendarmes entered the room, with a low bow; and while one stood

a poker, the other, who appeared to be the commanding-officer of the party, said very politely in French: 'sir, and ladies, I am sorry to be under the necessity of forming you, that you must consider yourselves under arrest.'

The astonishment of our honest Scotch friends may be conceived at this unexpected and unaccountable turn of affairs. 'Under arrest!' exclaimed young Mr Hope; 'for what?'

'I beg your pardon, sir,' answered the Frenchman; 'it is suspected by the French government that you have brought the Duc de Bourdeaux in your party from Holyrood House. I can but do my duty by putting you all under arrest. I think, sir, you are not all here: one of the individuals described in your passport seems to be wanting. *He* must be immediately had.'

The mystery all at once flashed upon the mind of the younger Miss Hope, who exclaimed, in a transport in which mirth struggled with wonder: 'George, I declare it's Davie!'

'Davie!' said her brother; 'what of Davie?'—for the idea was so far beyond all natural likelihood and feasibility, that he could not yet comprehend it.

'Why, Davie,' replied Miss Hope, 'Davie is supposed to be the Duc de Bourdeaux in disguise.'

At this explanation, the whole party, excepting the Frenchmen, and Davie himself, who at that moment came in with a tray, burst into a fit of laughter, which hardly experienced any check even from the fear of a little temporary trouble. Davie taken for the Duc de Bourdeaux! Davie a legitimate but disinherited sovereign! Davie, who but yesterday was stable-boy at Kelbank, and is even, at this moment, all unconscious of his honours, engaged in the humble duty of marshalling vinegar and mustard-cruets! The idea was too ludicrous. It was more than the risible faculties of man could well bear; and we verily believe, that though the party had seen the muskets of the National Guard levelled at them, they yet still have laughed. After their merriment had

passed the first burst, Mr Hope went up to the cadant, who was looking always graver and gravely, politely begged his pardon for what might appear as scarcely the conduct appropriate to the occasion. He must really say, however, that the notion which the French government has formed as to our poor waiting-boy, is so *outré*—so *bizarre*—that some mirth is hardly avoidable.'

'Pardonnez moi,' said the Frenchman; 'the description in the passport answers exactly to the Duc de Bourdeaux; it is known also to the French government. You, Monsieur Hope, was a visitor at Holyrood. When these circumstances are taken in connection with the known intention of the ex-king to flee immediately from Scotland, it appears to me as if the probabilities were pretty strong.'

'Well, sir,' rejoined Mr Hope, 'here is the boy. I will take a good look at him; examine him by yourself, if you like; otherwise, shew him to any person who may have known the Duc de Bourdeaux before he left France. I will let this be the illustrious personage you suspect him to be. I will be happy to submit to the consequences, I am sure, disagreeable.'

Davie, who had stood for some time in a state of complete bewilderment, with a bread-knife arranged in his surprised hand, and his eye fixed alarmfully on his master—though his sensations referred rather to the gestures than the language—was now brought to himself by Mr Hope, and subjected to the scrutiny of the soldiers, none of whom, however, were able to do anything to him.

'Comment vous appelez-vous?' said the commandant with an evident mixture of involuntary respect. 'You would have otherwise been the blunt question of a man in authority.'

Davie only stared, for the very good reason, that he did not understand the question. His master, however, having explained to him that the gentleman was to know his name, the supposed duke answered

scotch accent: 'Davie Fairbairn, if it please

en,' said the Frenchman in the same tone; 'et vos parens!'

ing likewise interpreted, Davie answered in all: 'My father is the sutor at Collace, and my eeps the public.'

this was explained to the interrogator, he ele- eyebrows with an incredulous expression, and he had been long in the service of his present

; I've been three year 'gain Martinmas wi' auld —I was the groom's right-hand man, sir; but promoted to wait on the ladies; and I'm gaun to Eetaly.'

prince,' said the commandant with a mock, 'vous avez employé bien votre temps en Ecosse. que vous avez appris à la perfection la [My prince, you have employed your time well id—I perceive you have learned the language to 1.]

avity of the family was here once more fairly vn, and they laughed long and loud, notwithstanding the evidently rising wrath of the two soldiers.

th, mastering his mirth, Mr Hope proposed to ae supposed pretender to the throne of France, called Davie Fairbairn, under a guard to the of the intendant of police, where he conceived ld be sure to find some one qualified to decide er in question. To this the commandant cond they accordingly departed in a coach—Davie

proud as a peacock in the back seat, between e soldiers, while a detachment was left to guard s in the hotel. They were speedily introduced tendant—a very dignified-looking person—who, en informed of the case, set it at once to rest by —what he had every reason to be sure of—that s not the duke.

pe and his man were then liberated, with many

polite expressions of regret, and conducted back hotel, under every mark of respect. The form advised, however, when he called next day at the ambassador's, to get a separate passport for Da the rest of their journey, as the circumstances had already marked him out for suspicion might elsewhere, and be productive of serious inconvenience to the family. Mr Hope obeyed this counsel; was found unnecessary. The story of the mis Paris had taken wind, and was known wherever halted. Davie was, accordingly, treated all t France as a sort of lion—people seeming to kind of interest in one who *might have turned on Henry V.*

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CHAMBERS'S CKET MISCELLANY.

MARY STUART.

hundred years ago, there were two reigning in our island—Elizabeth Tudor in England, and Stuart in Scotland—both independent sovereigns, and in a remarkable manner connected with the and concerned in events which are only now beginning to be properly understood. It may seem that three centuries should have been required to bring up facts the property of history, and which have at various times been discussed by men of the shrewdest intelligence. The apparent wonder is explained by the manner in which documentary evidence has come to light.

The historians of last century had not the good fortune to obtain access to the various stores of state-papers at home and abroad, and were almost necessarily obliged to accept the facts and conclusions of their predecessors. Besides, a number of them wrote from a strong or sectarian bias, and allowed their imagination to give a colour to circumstances. Only in the present century do these imperfections manifest themselves. A rigorous search of the papers—such as secret letters of ambassadors,

and epistolary correspondence of the parties chiefly concerned—has materially altered the aspect of the great historical events of the sixteenth century. In a word, after a world of doubting, partiality, and misapprehension, truth has come out at last; and this truth, drawn from the latest authorities, we are now going to state, for the sake of those whose unacquaintance with recent disclosures keeps them somewhat in the dark respecting certain events in the history of the two rival queens. Our concern is first and principally with the queen of Scotland.

Mary Stuart was born at Linlithgow on the 8th of December 1542, a few days previous to the death of her father, James V. Thus, Mary was a queen almost from the moment of her birth. Her relationship to the English royal family, which had such an important influence on her destiny, must be distinctly understood. Henry VII. with a view to strengthening his power, effected a marriage with his daughter Margaret and James IV. of Scotland. James V., the son of this pair, was therefore nephew of Henry VIII., and cousin of Elizabeth, to whom, consequently, the young Queen of Scots stood in the relationship of second-cousin. As the Tudor family was exhausted in the person of Elizabeth, the nearest heir to the English crown was Mary Stuart, claiming through Margaret, her grandmother. Unfortunately, as will be afterwards seen, Mary was not satisfied with being heir-presumptive of the English monarchy, but put forth an absolute claim for immediate possession, on the ground that Elizabeth was illegitimate. The question of Elizabeth's legitimacy is one of the most curious things in history. Her father, Henry VIII., had married Catherine of Aragon, widow of his brother Arthur, Prince of Wales. A dispensation from the pope was procured, in order to legalise the marriage; and if such was consistent with the law at the time, no objection can be founded on it. Some years afterwards, however, Henry, in order to marry Anne Boleyn, applied to the pope to annul this unfortunate marriage, by sanctioning a divorce. The pope

hesitated, from a fear of giving offence to Catherine's Spanish relations; and Henry becoming impatient, annulled the marriage by his own royal will. This act, as is well known, provoked the resentment of the pope; and Henry, to cut the matter short, threw off allegiance to Rome, and declared himself head of the English church. Whether a divorce in these circumstances was strictly legal, may be gravely doubted: as far as history is concerned, it is sufficient for us to know, that by the Roman Catholics of the period the divorce was pronounced to be invalid and irregular; with this necessary consequence, that Elizabeth, daughter of Anne Boleyn, was illegitimate, and that Mary Stuart was the rightful claimant of the English crown. One can now look back coolly upon these contentions, and at the same time see that it was a great misfortune for the young Queen of Scots to be placed in the false position she occupied towards her relation, Elizabeth. From her very cradle, she was flattered with the notion that she was queen of England as well as queen of Scotland; and this really became the blight of her existence—the thing which was intimately connected with her ultimate ruin.

Mary Stuart was the daughter of a most unfortunate line of kings. For hundreds of years, the Scottish sovereigns had maintained a desperate struggle against the English on the one side, and the native aristocracy on the other. Possessed of no standing army to fortify their authority, they depended on the assistance of the nobles, with their feudal retainers; and to keep their place, they were constantly under the necessity of playing off one party against the other, without gaining permanent strength by the alliance. These nobles were what we should now describe as men altogether devoid of conscientiousness. Not one of them seemed to possess anything like genuine patriotism; they were treacherous and rapacious, and kept the country in continual disorder with their crimes. With all their address, the kings could barely manage to maintain the royal succession. Two of them, James I. and III., were assassinated

other two, James II. and IV., fell in battle; and V. died in a stupor of despair. At a period of civil religious distraction, Mary, the descendant of an illustrious race, made her appearance in the world.

While a baby of nine months, Mary was crowned at Stirling by Cardinal Beaton; and shortly after this, as if her birth was to produce nothing but disaster, James VI. proclaimed war against Scotland, because the Scottish guardians would not agree to a treaty for her marriage with his son Edward, also an infant. Nothing more significant of the rudeness of men's nature in those times than the fact, that for no other reason than the refusal of this ridiculous match, the Scotch had their territory ravaged, and suffered enormous loss of life. In the course of this senseless war did much to create a hatred against England in the Scottish mind, and it was subsequently the cause of serious national troubles; for it led to the alliance of Scotland with France, which was long a source of weakness to the English monarchy. It also proved injurious to the young Queen of Scots. Fearful for her safety, she was removed from place to place; and finally, at the age of eight years, she was shipped off to France, to the care of her mother, the Queen-Regent. This lady was Mary of Lorraine, a connection of the king of France, who gave refuge to the young Queen of Scots, and took charge of her education.

At the court of France, Mary grew up with personal and mental attractions. She was tall, beautiful, intelligent, and witty; possessed a remarkable talent for poetry and music, and wrote several languages with elegance. The atmosphere of the French court was, however, decidedly vicious. Mary had constant examples before her eyes, and acquired loose notions of moral and domestic obligations. She likewise bred up with an intense attachment to the Catholic faith, and the divine right of sovereignty, which was consequently ill suited to an age which had just begun the Reformation for its prevailing feature. While a girl of fifteen, she was, in the month of August,

to Francis, the dauphin of France—an event med likely to separate her for ever from her country. On this occasion, she signed a written , certain Scottish commissioners, that her alliance nce should in no respect infringe on the inde- and integrity of Scotland ; while, to her ever- liagrace, she had only a few days previously d a secret treaty with Henry II., annexing , in all time coming, to the crown of France, the pledge to be given to the Scottish commis- hould be considered worthless. This act of trea- ay be called the first departure from rectitude Stuart.

had been married only a few months, when h ascended the throne of England ; and as 1 was considered to be illegitimate, and incapable g, the court of France induced Mary and her to quarter the arms of England with those of —a circumstance which, as a matter of course, Elizabeth, and put her in a state of unappeas- tility with Mary. On the death of Henry II., the dauphin became king, as Francis II. ; and ry Stuart was Queen of France and Scotland, to e added the style and title of Queen of England, addressed as such. But this exalted position pied only six months. Her husband died, and, France was concerned, she was only a dowager- ith a pension, which in after-life appears to have only pocket-money.

ow approach those incidents in the life of this ate princess, on which her character is mainly ounded. Mary returned to her native country, she knew hardly anything from personal recol- She landed at Leith on the 19th of August d was immediately escorted to the palace of l.

Young Queen of Scots was received with accla- by her subjects, between whom, however, and ere was little real sympathy. Some time

previously, the Reformation had been effected by a gust of popular sentiment, under the direction of a party among the nobility and gentry, who largely profited by a division of the church property—the poor presbyters of Knox receiving but a small share of the ecclesiastical spoil, and the people still less. In the unseemly struggle at this juncture, the successful party was opposed by a faction equally desperate in trying to recover what was in the course of passing from its hands. In short, the leading men of the time were divided; and to preserve authority between the two—state-necessity pulling one way, and prejudice another—was Mary's pressing difficulty. Then, there were jealousies on account of her retaining a few foreign domestics; and, worse than all, she adhered to the Romish ritual in despite of all remonstrances. In vain did she plead for the same liberty of worship she accorded to others. Such licence was totally irreconcilable with the notions of the period; and, to her surprise, Mary found herself criticised and rebuked for what she had been taught to consider the most innocent enjoyments. Music and dancing, and other recreations were denounced as sinful, or worse than useless. It is clear that Mary, with her accomplishments in music and versification, was entirely out of her element in Holyrood House. Had she come to Scotland three hundred years later, all would have been well; for her successor in the present era is actually applauded for what was in her case a subject of the gravest censure.

For about three years after her arrival in Scotland Mary led the life of a young widow—gay, as far as she was possible in the midst of a general rudeness and severity; and who should be her second husband was a subject of pretty frequent cogitation. All the young princes in Europe seem to have been talked of, one *after the other*; but in the end, to the astonishment of *most people*, the queen fixed upon an inexperienced *youth of nineteen*—she having arrived at the *mature age of twenty-three*. One can hardly divine

as of this attachment for the young Lord Darnley. was a raw 'long lad,' perhaps a little handsome in re, but of no settled principle, and somewhat of a and a blockhead. Could it be that Darnley had the commendation of being next heir-presumptive, after self, to the crown of England and Scotland? He son of the Earl of Lennox, who had married Lady Margaret Douglas, the daughter of the Earl of Angus Margaret Tudor, widow of James IV. Darnley was a cousin, at two removes, to Elizabeth and Mary; in the crooked policy of the period, the union of rests with a rival claimant of the English crown considered a fair arrangement. The match was y much disliked; but Mary acted with resolute determination—married she would be to Darnley in spite of opponents, and married she was to him on the 29th July 1565.

We will not go into the political events which ensued this unfortunate marriage, but pass on to certain tragic cumstances connected with the private life of the en. Mary retained about her person, as private retary for foreign correspondence, a young Italian, ned David Rizzio, who had formerly served in the acity of valet to a nobleman, but possessed qualifications for a higher post. The selection of this person as private adviser gave immense offence to a party of oles, and these easily induced Darnley, whose habits had eady offended the queen, to enter into a conspiracy to order Rizzio. The plot was too successful. The poor lian was dragged from a small evening party in Mary's inet, and assassinated, March 9, 1566. The Earl Morton, Lord Ruthven, and several other noblemen, th two hundred armed men, were concerned in this gracefui outrage.

Enraged at the indignity which she had suffered, and rmed for her own personal safety, Mary was for a ment roused to a sense of her royal authority, and eeded to take some steps towards an investigation of onspiracy, in which she shrewdly suspected that he

husband was concerned. To allay her suspicions possible, restore himself to favour, Darnley protested innocence, and gave her the names of certain officers of state who had promoted the murder. This brief faith only brought about his ruin. The conspiracy of self-defence, shewed two bonds subscribed by Darnley determining that Rizzio should be murdered, and that Mary should be forced to confer on him the crown of Scotland. By this revelation of Darnley's complicity, she now stood before the queen a cowardly liar, an unfaithful husband, a traitor, and an assassin. Already his conduct had become offensive by his drunken revelries. Henceforth, Mary regarded him with feelings of horror and disgust. Banished from her presence, he now lived in exile from the court, and spent most of his time in remote parts of the country. Sunk in character, and hopeless for some time spoke of leaving the kingdom. His mind was now given to his thoughts by Mary giving birth to a son, at Stirling, on the 19th of June 1566. The birth of this royal infant, who afterwards became James VI of Scotland and James I of England, was not hailed as an auspicious event by Darnley; for in his own son he recognised a more preferable heir to two crowns; and as he manifested a strong desire to obtain access to the child, it was placed under careful guardianship.

On a consideration of these facts, it will appear that Mary's alienation from Darnley was not altogether justifiable. Having married him entirely to herself, and it may be said with a knowledge of her slender mental endowments, it surely was her duty to adhere to him; to reclaim him, if possible, from his unfortunate habits; or at all events, not to make his matters worse by her levity and indifference. Venerating the faults of Darnley, we can therefore excuse him for the luckless circumstances in which he was placed. Efforts at reconciliation were made but without avail; and he finally retired to Glasgow. Here he was attacked with small-pox, and for a time he was despaired of.

We now enter upon a terrible and mysterious chapter in Mary's history. She had barely recovered from her confinement in the summer of 1566, when she began to entertain a fatal passion for James Hepburn, fourth Earl of Bothwell, a young man of thirty years of age, and owning considerable possessions. Bothwell was a person of enterprising and unscrupulous character. Already, he was married to Lady Jane Gordon, sister of the Earl of Huntly. Neither this circumstance, however, nor that of Mary being herself a married woman, seems to have in the slightest degree checked the most unbecoming familiarities. Bothwell having been wounded in a personal encounter, while engaged in suppressing disorder on the Borders, Mary visited him in the castle of Hermitage; wrote letters to him; and lastly, so great was her sorrow for his illness, that she fell into a violent fever, and believed herself to be dying. Slowly she recovered, and Bothwell also was restored to health. There now arose an anxiety on the part of Mary to get rid of Darnley by fair means or foul. A divorce was at first thought of, but dismissed as impracticable. Relief came from an unexpected quarter. Ruthven, and other murderers of Rizzio, with a view of restoring themselves to favour, made it known to Lethington, Mary's prime minister, that they were willing to aid in any plan for ridding the queen of Darnley. This fact was communicated to Mary by Lethington, who also stated that her natural brother, the Earl of Murray, 'would look through his fingers' at any deed that might be resolved on. A plot, called in history the Craigmillar Conspiracy, was now entered into for the murder of Darnley, in which Bothwell was the moving agent, with the concurrence of the Archbishop of St Andrews, Lord Caithness, and several persons of different ranks. The part which Mary performed in this horrible affair has been thoroughly exposed by Mignet, the latest historian on the subject. *No longer can there be the smallest doubt that she was the truly guilty instigator and promoter of her husband's assassination.*

Poor Darnley was still an invalid in Glasgow. To his extreme surprise, he received an unexpected visit from the queen, who lavished upon him marks of strong affection, and in the fulness of his joy at being restored to favour, 'professed sincere repentance for all his errors, ascribed his faults to his youth and inexperience, and promised to act more prudently for the future. He also expressed his extreme delight at seeing her once more by his side, and begged her never to leave him again. Mary then proposed to convey him in a litter to Craigmillar [a castle near Edinburgh], as soon as he was strong enough to travel; and he declared his readiness to accompany her.' Two days after this interview, Mary wrote to Bothwell, giving an account of her deceptions proceedings, and stating that she was willing to obey him in all things. Referring to Darnley, she observes: 'If I had not known from experience that his heart is soft as wax, and mine as hard as diamond, I should almost have taken pity on him.' One cannot but be shocked with the heartless perfidy of this epistle, which indubitably demonstrates that Mary sacrificed dignity and every honourable feeling for the gratification of her wishes.

In a few days, Darnley was able to travel. Carried in a litter by easy stages to Edinburgh, he was conducted by Mary to a small country-house, situated on the sloping ground south of the city, now covered by the buildings of the University. This house, called the Kirk-of-Field, belonged to Sir James Balfour, a creature of Bothwell, and was put at the disposal of the conspirators. Darnley did not object to this change of destination. He had some misgiving as to his safety, and a dwelling near the town was, on the whole, preferred by him to Craigmillar. The selection of the Kirk-of-Field as the residence of this unfortunate being, may in itself be considered as evidence of the determination to despatch him. Although solitary, the house was accessible, and otherwise convenient for the execution of a deadly purpose. It consisted of three floors. The first, or cellar floor, was

itchen; the second was a room prepared as a
r the queen; and on the third was an apartment
r Darnley, and a closet for his three servants
Nelson, and Edward Simons. Here the royal

installed, while Bothwell made his arrange-
the murder. His scheme was soon perfected,
ad the assistance of his chamberlain, Dalgleish,
, Paris, his tailor, Wilson, his porter, Powrie,
rd of Ormiston, with his brother Robert, and
t-arms, Hay of Tallo, and Hepburn of Bolton.
assistance of Paris, he got false keys made to
to enter the house at pleasure. The design
ow it up with gunpowder, which should be
the queen's apartment, immediately beneath
of the floor above on which stood Darnley's
accommodate this diabolical design, Mary
er own bed to be removed to an opposite
the room, and caused certain articles of value
n away, so that they should not be destroyed.

now arrived at the most critical part of this
ory, we shall suffer Mignet to relate what

On the Sunday (February 9, 1567), the queen
pend the evening with Darnley, 'whom she had
at she would remain in Balfour's house during

Whilst she was talking familiarly with him
m upstairs, the preparations for his death were
going on below. On the previous evening,
had brought the barrel containing the powder
ether hall of the lodging occupied by Bothwell
od Abbey. Before evening, on Sunday, Bothwell
bled all his accomplices in that same room, had
his plan with them, and had allotted to each
he was to perform in the nocturnal tragedy.
ten o'clock in the evening, the sacks of powder
ied across the gardens by Wilson, Powrie, and
as far as the foot of Blackfriars' Wynd, where
e received by Hay of Tallo, Hepburn, and
and conveyed into Balfour's house by the
of Paris. As soon as the powder had been

strewed in heaps over the floor of the room, just by the king's bed, Ormiston went away, but Hepburn and Hay of Tallo remained with their false keys to the queen's bedchamber. When all was ready, Parry went up into the king's room, and the queen then recalled that she had promised to be present at a masque given in Holyrood Palace, in honour of the marriage of her servant Bastian with Margaret Carwood, one of her favourite women. She therefore took farewell of the king, left the house with her suite, including Bastian, and proceeded by torch-light to Holyrood. The king beheld her departure with grief and secret fear. The unhappy prince, as though foreboding the mortal blow by which he was threatened, sought consolation in the Bible, and read the 55th psalm, which contained passages adapted to his peculiar circumstances. In the morning, by his devotion, he went to bed and fell asleep, Talbot, a young page, lying beside him in the same apartment.

Bothwell remained for some time at the castle, and then stole away about midnight to join his confederates. He changed his rich costume of black velvet and sat in a dress of common stuff, and left his apartments, followed by Dalgleish, Paris, Wilson, and Powrie. In the darkness, attracting less attention, he went down the street which led from Holyrood into the queen's garden, and directed his course towards the southern gate. Finding two sentinels on guard, seeing a party of men along this unusual path at so late an hour, challenged them. "Who goes there?" "Friends!" answered Powrie. "Whose friends?" demanded one of the sentinels. "Friends of Lord Bothwell!" was the answer. On this they were allowed to proceed, and going through the Canongate, found that the Netherbow gate, by which he intended to leave the city, was shut. Wilson immediately awoke John Galloway, the gatekeeper, calling to him to "open the port to friends of Lord Bothwell." Galloway, in surprise, inquired what they were doing out of their beds at that time of night. They made no answer, and passed on. Bothwell intended to have taken up O

ed; but the laird, though he had assisted in he powder into the king's house, had gone would not answer the summons, as he feared tion in the murder might bring him to the ich it actually did a few years after. Con- route as far as Blackfriars' Wynd, Bothwell Wilson, and Dalgleish at this point, and pro- Paris alone to Kirk-of-Field, where he waited and Hay of Tallo in Balfour's garden.

this moment, we have every reason to believe, murderers concealed within the house per- ir crime. By the aid of their false keys, they s into the king's apartment. On hearing the ey jumped out of bed in his shirt and pelisse, ured to escape. But the assassins seized and m. His page was put to death in the same nd their bodies were carried into a small r at hand, where they were found on the next scathed by fire or powder, the king covered only, and the pelisse lying by his side. After on of this dark deed, Hepburn lighted the a communicated with the gunpowder in the and the house was blown up, in order com- pliterate all traces of the murder. Bothwell, ay of Tallo, and the other bandits, went to a ce to await the explosion, which occurred rter of an hour afterwards, between two and k in the morning, with a fearful noise. The s immediately ran back to Edinburgh as fast ld; and Bothwell, having been prevented by l arm from clambering over a breach in the the city, was constrained, with most of his turn home through the Netherbow gate, and Galloway once more. On reaching Holyrood r were again challenged by the sentinels, and pass on. Bothwell hurried to his apartments, wine to calm his agitation, and hastened to tly afterwards, a messenger came in haste to of the blowing up of the Kirk-of-Field; and

affecting extreme astonishment, he hurried to communicate the intelligence to the queen; and afterwards went with a body of soldiers to the scene of his crime. 'The people of Edinburgh,' proceeds Mignet, 'had awakened by the explosion, and crowded to the spot at daybreak. They gathered in multitudes around the door of the house, beneath which Nelson had been found, and filled the orchard in which the bodies of the king and his page, Taylor, were lying. Bothwell dispersed the horror-stricken crowd, and conveyed his two victims into a neighbouring house, without suffering any one to approach or examine them. But it had escaped the notice of none of the spectators, that the bodies displayed no wounds, and had not been mutilated by the powder; that the king's pelisse, which lay by his side, was not even scorched by the fire; and that the corpses could not have been hurled to so great a distance by the explosion of the house, without great external injury. A few days afterwards, Darnley was buried in great privacy in the chapel of Holyrood.'

Mary affected great sorrow for the occurrence, but took no active steps to discover the murderers, and one but Bothwell was admitted to her presence. The courts in Europe were horror-struck when intelligence of the murder reached them, and Mary was obliged to investigate the affair, and punish the perpetrators. So far from being moved by these appeals, she remained at Edinburgh for the residence of Lord Seton, and Bothwell remained with her, occupying herself with amusements. While so engaged, the people of Edinburgh accused Bothwell of the murder, and the king of Lennox cried for justice. To satisfy public feeling Bothwell was brought to trial; but the whole affair was a burlesque on the forms of law. The accused attended with a retinue of 4000 armed men; the tribunal was composed of his own accomplices; and no witnesses were called. He was of course acquitted.

After this, Mary lavished new honours on Bothwell, and to pave the way for her marriage with

procured a sentence of divorce against his wife, although no offence could be alleged against that injured lady. It now appears that seven days before Bothwell's trial, the queen had signed a contract to marry him. Everything, in short, gave way before her insane passion; yet, as she could not with decency enter into marriage within three months of her husband's decease, it was arranged that she should be carried off apparently by violence, and that then marriage would be only proper and reasonable. Accordingly, while travelling from Stirling to Edinburgh, Mary and her retinue were on the 24th of April taken possession of by Bothwell, accompanied by 600 horsemen, and without opposition conducted to the castle of Dunbar. On the 15th of May following, she was married to Bothwell at Edinburgh—an alliance so revolting and unhappy, that till the present time, marriage in the month of May is deemed unlucky by the common people in Scotland.

By this fatal marriage, Mary's reputation was irretrievably sunk. Nor did she realise one day's happiness by the step she had taken. Bothwell's imperious temper and ambitious views produced constant quarrels in the royal household; and in public affairs, Mary perceived the commencement of a league which very soon overwhelmed her authority. She, in fact, did not remain with Bothwell more than a month. Her subjects, led by the confederated lords, met her forces at Carberry in the middle of June, and, as is well known, to avoid bloodshed, this miserable princess yielded herself into the hands of her enemies. Conducted to Edinburgh, and thence to the castle of Lochleven, she was from this moment a captive. The glory of her life, her honour, and her happiness were gone. The infant James, with a regency, had superseded her authority. Bothwell was a fugitive, engaged in piratical adventures, and died a few years afterwards a prisoner in Norway.

Mary remained a captive in Lochleven till May 2, 1568, when, having furtively escaped with the aid of one or two attendants, she again took the field. Fortune

declared against her. Her troops were defeated at Langside, near Glasgow, and she fled on horseback to the banks of the Solway. Fearful of falling once more into the hands of her late captors, and scarcely knowing on which side to turn for succour, she crossed the Solway, May 18, and landed on the English shore, where, by a letter, she sought an asylum from Elizabeth. Moved about from place to place, always treated with courtesy, but always as a prisoner, Mary had not mended her prospects by throwing herself on the good offices of Elizabeth. Mary ought not, indeed, to have expected anything else. She had ever persisted in her claim to the English crown, and still would not yield it up; a piece of stubbornness which fretted Elizabeth, and afforded her a reason for viewing the Queen of Scots with suspicion. At the same time, it must be said that Elizabeth assumed an authority over Mary's affairs which was in no respect justifiable. She insisted on a public investigation of Mary's complicity in the murder of Darnley—a crime which, as done in a foreign country, was beyond her jurisdiction. It is true that an affectionate wish to clear up Mary's character was the pretended cause for this interference; but as Mary declined her authority, and stood on her rights as an independent sovereign, Elizabeth was clearly in the wrong. A rejection of the overtures of the English queen on this and subsequent occasions led to the permanent confinement of Mary. Yet, this most unfortunate captive never yielded to despair, during her long period of seclusion. She amused herself with a few attendants in cultivating flowers, and in divers ingenious operations with her needle, in which she was a proficient. She was likewise fond of birds and small dogs, and had pleasure in their society.

It would have been well for Mary that she had confined herself to these harmless pursuits. Her restless mind constantly brooded over means of escape, if not of *revenge*, and she kept up a secret correspondence with *those leaders of the Catholic party who looked longingly for her accession to the throne of England.* A Catholic

omented by the Duke of Norfolk, actually and, for his connection with this event, that as brought to trial, condemned, and beheaded. hat the existence of the Queen of Scots was h continual danger to his sovereign, Walsingham of Elizabeth, resolved on her destruc- manner in which he set about this was most le. By means of spies in Mary's service, all ondenance secretly passed through his hands. ed to cause a revolution in England, liberate take away the life of Elizabeth, was conducted ig man of respectable connexions named

A letter which this person wrote to Mary, the dark designs in view, was treacherously Walsingham by the messenger employed to Walsingham, through the same base means, atiently for a reply. It was brought to him, ed a criminal knowledge of designs formed state. Eagerly seizing on it, he now felt that of Scots was in his power. Doubts have often ded of Mary's connection with the conspiracy on; but the recovery of her letters shews ad a certain knowledge of the affair, and proved of it. It was now believed that she gth brought herself within the scope of the v of high-treason.

arge of this kind, Mary was tried before a ally appointed for the purpose, on the 5th of 56. The trial was grossly unfair. Mary was have no advocate, and to call no witnesses; s she allowed to produce papers vindictory, ged, of her innocence. The truth is, the Eng- ers were afraid that the case could not be sustained, although they had no doubt of lt on moral grounds. Such, on a perusal of the s, is our impression. Mary was doubtless *and sanctioned Babington's conspiracy*; but *as irregularly conducted*, and she was *con- violation of legal forms*. The sentence of

death, which, as a matter of course, was recorded against her, was in these circumstances an act of tyranny. But, indeed, her whole treatment since the day she sought an asylum in England, had been oppressive. Mary was a refugee, not a prisoner of war; and that she should have been confined, and ultimately put to death on no other plea than that of state-policy, must be deemed unjust and iniquitous. For her imprudence in carrying on a secret correspondence which pointed to a revolution in England, and the overthrow of Elizabeth, there is also a degree of excuse. She was detained in prison against her will: she begged and prayed to be allowed to retire to France; and driven to extremity, she intrigued to obtain freedom by the sole means which seemed left to her to exercise. Such is the reasonable view now taken of this unhappy affair, the whole course and termination of which, while reflecting discredit on Elizabeth, softens the judgment respecting Mary's manifold errors.

With her rival prostrated at her feet, Elizabeth hesitated to send her to the scaffold. The sentence of death was not confirmed for three months, during which unavailing efforts were made by James of Scotland and others to save Mary from the block. At length, urged by her counsellors, the English queen granted a warrant for the execution, which was to take place at Fotheringay, on the morning of the 8th of February 1587. The Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury were commissioned to see the Queen of Scots put to death, and the London executioner was despatched to do the bloody deed.

Mary received the intelligence of her approaching dissolution with a calm and pious feeling, so singularly in contrast with the levities of her former life, that she scarcely seems to have been the same being. The account of her last moments is affectingly given by the authority already quoted. On the night preceding her execution, she long occupied herself in writing, and at length, *'feeling somewhat fatigued, and wishing to preserve or restore her strength for the final moment, she went to bed.* Her women continued praying; and

his last repose of her body, though her eyes were not so much closed, it was evident, from the slight motion of her lips, that a transport of rapture spread over her countenance, that she was addressing herself to Him on whom alone her soul was now rested. At daybreak, she arose, saying that she had but only two hours to live. She picked out one of her kerchiefs, with a fringe of gold, as a bandage for her head on the scaffold, and dressed herself with a stern simplicity. Having assembled her servants, she made them read over to them her will, which she then signed, and afterwards gave them the letters, papers, and money, of which they were to be the bearers to the friends of her family, and her friends on the continent. She had already distributed to them, on the previous day, her rings, jewels, furniture, and dresses; and she gave them the purses which she had prepared for them, and in which she had enclosed, in small sums, the money and the usand crowns which remained over to her. With a calm grace, and with affecting kindness, she mingled consolations with her gifts, and strengthened them in their affliction into which her death would soon throw them. . . . These last attentions to terrestrial cares being now concluded, she repaired to her oratory, where there was an altar, on which her almoner, before he was banished from her, used to say mass to her in secret. She knelt before this altar, and read with great fervour the psalms for the dying. Before she had concluded, there was knocking at the door; she made them understand that she would soon be ready, and continued her prayers. At afterwards, eight o'clock having struck, there was again knocking at the door, which this time was opened. The sheriff entered, with a white wand in his hand, and stood close to Mary, who had not yet moved her head, and pronounced these few words: "Madam, thou art to await you, and have sent me to you." "Yes," said Mary, rising from her knees, "let us go." Her attendants having been removed from her, Mary resumed her place with a mild and noble air, the crucifix in one hand and a *prayer-book* in the other, dressed in the

widow's garb, which she used to wear on days of solemnity, consisting of a gown of dark crimson with black satin corsage, from which chaplets and pularies were suspended, and which was surmounted by a cloak of figured satin of the same colour, with train lined with sable, a standing-up collar, and h sleeves. A white veil was thrown over her, re from her head to her feet. She evinced the dignity of a queen, along with the calm composure of a Christian Interceding that her servants might attend her, the now allowed to do so, after some altercation. On a in the hall, where stood the apparatus of death, she addressed the assemblage in vindication of her innocence. After this, she knelt down and prayed fervently, drawing tears from many eyes. 'The terrible moment arrived, and the executioner approached to assist in removing a portion of her dress; but she motioned away, saying with a smile, that she had never had *valets de chambre*. She then called Jean Kennedy, Elizabeth Curll, who had remained all the time c kneeling at the foot of the scaffold, and she began to help herself with their assistance, remarking, that she was accustomed to do so before so many people. The girls performed this last sad office in tears. To the utterance of their grief, she placed her finger c lips, and reminded them that she had promised : name that they would shew more firmness. "In weeping, rejoice!" she said. "I am very happy t this world, and in so good a cause." She then lai her cloak, and took off her veil, retaining only a p of red taffety, flowered with velvet. Then, seating on the chair, she gave her blessing to her v servants. The executioner having asked her par his knees, she told him that she pardoned eve She embraced Elizabeth Curll and Jean Kenne gave them her blessing, making the sign of th over them; and after Jean Kennedy had bandaged eyes, she desired them to withdraw, which weeping.

me time, she knelt down with great courage, holding the crucifix in her hands, stretched out to the executioner. She then said aloud, and with the most ardent feeling of confidence: "My God, I am in you: I commit myself to your hands." And that she would have been struck in the heart in France, in an upright posture, and with the same calmness. The two masters of the works, perceiving this, informed her of it, and assisted her to lay her head on the block, which she did without ceasing to feel a universal feeling of compassion for this lamentable misfortune, this heroic death, and this admirable sweetness. The executioner moved, and aimed with an unsteady hand. Instead of falling on the neck, struck the back and wounded her; yet she made no movement, uttered a complaint. It was only on repeating that the executioner struck off her head, which she said: "God save Queen Elizabeth." "Thus," she said, "may all her enemies perish." A voice was heard after his, saying: "Amen!" It was the gloomy Earl of Kent.

The cloth was thrown over her remains. The two masters left to the executioner, according to the custom, the golden cross around her neck, the chaplets on her girdle, nor the clothes she wore at her death. These dear and venerated spoils should be preserved by her servants, and transformed into relics. They were burned them. They also took great pains that nothing being kept that had been stained by blood, all traces of which they caused to be removed. When they were lifting the body to remove it into the church of the castle, in order to embalm it, they perceived that the little favourite dog, which had slipped in the cloak, between the head and the neck of his mistress. He would not quit the bloody spot, and refused to remove him. The body of the Queen was embalmed with little respect, wrapped up and enclosed in a leaden coffin, and left aside

until Elizabeth should fix the place where laid.' It now lies in Westminster Abbey.

So ends the history of Mary Stuart, tragical and affecting in no ordinary degree. With thrown upon it by recent writers, it is seen clearly guilty, as participator, in Darnley crime rendered more odious by her insane and marriage with, the chief actor in that tale. A leading feature in her character was its levity, and this, with a disposition to levity, and for the opinion of her best friends, caused her sorrows. Her errors, however, are almost her misfortunes; we may condemn, but we help commiserating the unhappy Mary Stuart.

SNAKES AND SNAKE-CHARMERS

To new-comers in Hindostan, and particularly nervous temperament, snakes of various tints are a source of perpetual alarm. Their numbers are immense, and no place is sacred from their visits. Just fancy the agreeable surprise resulting from little occurrences as the following, which are not being rare. You get up in a morning, after a night perhaps; languidly you reach for your slippers upon pulling on one, feel something soft under your toes, and on turning it upside down, and shaking it, out pops a small snake of the carpet. You are called, probably from their domestic habits, wondering what can be the cause of his being ejected from his night's quarters. Or suppose at some time during the day, you should be music-making; you take your flute from its resting-place, and to screw it together, but find, on making it play, that something is the matter, and on examining it, discover that a little serpentine gentleman

ht and found a snug lodgment. Perhaps your savour to give it breath with your mouth, makes Mr ke feel his habitation in the instrument uncomfortably, and, ere you are aware of his presence, he is out, wriggling among your fingers.

uch incidents as these cause rather unpleasant starts those who are new to Hindostanic matters, though natives of the land, or persons who have been long lent in it, might only smile at the new-comer's misadventure, and tell him that these little intruders were really harmless. But even with the assurance of this

it is long ere most Europeans can tolerate the sight presence of these snakes, much less feel comfortable with their cold touch. Besides, it is but too well known,

all these creatures are not innocuous. Well do I remember the fright that one poor fellow got in the streets at Madras. He had possibly been indulging too long overnight; at least, when he rose in the morning next day, he felt thirsty in the extreme. Yawning most unconsciously, he made up to one of the room windows, where stood a large water-bottle or jar, one of those long-necked clay things in which they usually keep fluids in the East. Upon taking this inviting vessel into his hands, he observed that there seemed to be but little water in it, yet enough, as he thought, to cool his parched throat; and he had just applied it to his lips, when something touched them—certainly not water, whatever else it might be. He hastily withdrew the vessel from his hands, though still retaining it in his hands, when, to his amazement and horror, a regular cobra, the most deadly dangerous of all the common serpents of India, reared its hideously distended and spectacled head from the jar, a foot from its disturber's nose. 'O murder!' cried the poor fellow, who was a son of Erin; and as he uttered the exclamation, he dashed bottle, snake, and all to the ground, and took to his heels, nor stopped until he was a hundred yards from the spot. Here he told his story in safety; and the intruder was in good time got rid of by the cautious use of firearms.

Very different from the conduct of this fellow was that of one of his comrades in the same barracks, who was exposed to an almost unprecedented trial from a similar cause. In the vicinity of the barracks assigned to the European soldiers in India, there is usually a number of little solitary buildings or cells, where the more disorderly members of the corps are confined for longer or shorter terms by order of the commanding-officer. In one of these, on a certain occasion, was locked up poor Jock Hall, a Scotsman belonging to Edinburgh or Leith. Jock had got intoxicated, and being found in that condition at the hour of drill, was sentenced to eight days' solitary imprisonment. Soldiers in India have their bedding partly furnished by the Honourable Company, and find the remainder for themselves. About this part of house-furnishing, however, Jock Hall troubled himself very little, being one of those hardy, reckless beings on whom privation and suffering seem to make no impression. A hard floor was as good as a down-bed to Jock; and therefore, as he never scrupled to sell what he got, it may be supposed that his sleeping furniture was none of the most abundant or select. Such as it was, he was stretched upon and under it one night in his cell, during his term of penance, and possibly was reflecting on the impropriety of in future putting 'an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains,' when, lo! he thought he heard a rustling in the cell, close by him. At this moment, he recollected that he had not, as he ought to have done, stopped up an air-hole, which entered the cell on a level with its floor, and also with the rock, externally, on which the building was planted. A strong suspicion of what had happened, or was about to happen, came over Hall's mind, but he knew it was probably too late to do any good, could he even find the hole in the darkness, and get it closed. He therefore lay still, and in a minute or two heard another rustle close to him, which was followed by the cold slimy touch of a snake upon his bare foot! Who in such a situation would not have started and bawled for help! Jock did neither; he lay stone still, and held his peace,

that his cries would most probably have been by the distant guard. Had his bedclothes been plentiful, he might have endeavoured to protect by wrapping them closely around him, but this tightness forbade. Accordingly, being aware that, a motion or touch will provoke snakes to bite, he did not generally do it without such incitement, and held himself as still as if he had been a log. Mean-while this horrible bedfellow, which he at once felt to be of his size, crept over his feet, legs, and body, and over his very face. Nothing but the most astonishing nerve, and the consciousness that the twitch of a muscle would have signed his death-warrant, have enabled the poor fellow to undergo this trial. For a whole hour did the reptile crawl, slither and forwards, over Jock's body and face, as if it were itself, seemingly, that it had nothing to fear as a recumbent object on its own part. At length it took up a position somewhere about his head, and went on in apparent security. The poor soldier's trial, however, was not over. Till daylight, he remained in the same posture, flat on his back, without daring to stir, and with the fear of disturbing his dangerous companion. Never, perhaps, was dawn so anxiously longed for by a mortal man. When it did come, Jock cautiously awoke about him, arose noiselessly, and moved over to the corner of his cell, where there lay a pretty large stone. This he seized, and looked about for the intruder. Finding the snake, he became assured that it was under his pillow. He raised the end of this just sufficiently to get a peep of the creature's crest. Jock then pressed his knee firmly on the pillow, but allowed the snake to wriggle out its head, which he battered to pieces with the stone. This done, the courageous fellow for the first time breathed freely.

When the hour for breakfast came, Jock, who thought of the matter after it was fairly over, took the opportunity of the opening of the door to throw the stone at it. When the officer whose duty it was to visit

the cells for the day, was going his rounds, he perched himself on the wall, and peering over the crowd around the cell-door examining the reptile was described by the natives as of the most vicious character, its bite being invariably and rapidly fatal. The officer, on being told that it had been killed by a man in the adjoining cell, went in and inquired into the matter.

'When did you first know that there was a snake in the cell with you?' said he.

'About nine o'clock last night,' was Jock's reply.

'Why didn't you call to the guard?' asked the officer.

'I thought the guard wadna hear me, and I was afraid I might tramp on't, so I just lay still.'

'But you might have been bit. Did you know that you would have died instantly?'

'I kent that very weel,' said Jock; 'but they said the snakes winna meddle with you if you dinna meddle with them; sae I just let it crawl as it liket.'

'Well, my lad, I believe you did what was best; but it was what not one man in a thousand would have done.'

When the story was told, and the snake shown to the commanding-officer, he thought the same, and for his extraordinary nerve and courage, got a reprieve from his punishment. For some time, at least, he did not care how he again got into such a situation as to expose himself to the chance of passing another night with a bedfellow.

It has frequently been asserted, that the most numerous of the snake tribe, the boa-constrictor, do not now exist in Hindostan, and has not done so for a considerable time. This statement is to be taken with reservation. When our Anglo-Indian army were sent to the field a few years ago, to teach a lesson to an obstinate native potentate, two of our soldiers, at a temporary encampment of the troops, in order to bathe, were in a jungle to cross a river. *While doing so, the foot of one of them slipped into a sort of trap.* This proved to be an old elephant-trap; that is

a pit of considerable size dug in the earth, and covered over with branches, sticks, and such like matters, so as to deceive the wild elephant into placing his mighty weight upon it, when he sinks, and is unable to get out again. The soldier got his foot withdrawn from the trap, though at the cost of his shoe, which the closeness of the branches caused to come off. Little did the poor fellow know at the moment what a fate he had narrowly escaped! But he soon became sensible of it. On looking down to see whither his shoe was gone, and if it was recoverable, he beheld a sight, which, but for the hold he had of his companion's arm, would have made him yet totter into the pit from sheer horror. Through the opening made by his foot, he saw an enormous boa-constrictor, with its body coiled up, and its head curved, watching the opening above, and evidently prepared to dart on the falling prey. Hurrying from the spot, the two soldiers informed some of their officers, who immediately came to the trap with firearms. The creature was still there, and, indeed, had most probably remained in the place for a length of time, preying on the unfortunate animals, great and small, which tumbled into its den. Ball and swan shot, both used at once, brought the reptile's life to a close, and it was got out of the hole. It proved to be fifteen feet long, and about the general thickness of a man's thigh. The skin and scales were most beautiful. It was intended to make two cases of the skin, for holding the regimental colours, and would have been large enough for the purpose; but it was intrusted to unskilful hands, and got withered and wasted in the preparation.

The Hindoos, or at least the serpent-charmers among them, pretend, as is well known, to handle all sorts of snakes with impunity, to make them come and go at a call, and, in short, to have a cabalistic authority over the whole race. These pretensions are necessary to the exercise of their profession, which consists, in part, in ridding private houses of troublesome visitants of this description. *One of these serpent-charmers will assert*

to a householder that there are snakes about his premises, and, partly from motives of fear, and partly from curiosity, the householder promises the man a reward, if he succeed in shewing and removing them. The juggler goes to work, and soon snakes are seen to issue from some corner or another, obedient to his call. The performer takes them up fearlessly, and they meet like old friends. In fact, the opinion of the more enlightened residents in India is, that the snakes and their charmer *are* old friends; that he hid them there, and of course knew where to find them; and, moreover, that having long ago extracted the poisonous fangs, he may well handle them without alarm. Still, a large portion of the community, Europeans as well as natives, believe that these charmers have strange powers over the snake tribe. In Madras, however, while I was there, this belief received a sad shake by a circumstance which occurred. One of the most noted serpent-charmers about the district chanced one morning to get hold of a cobra of considerable size, which he got conveyed to his home. He was occupied abroad all day, and had not time to get the dangerous fang extracted from the serpent's mouth; this, at least, is the probable solution of the matter. In the evening, he returned to his dwelling, considerably excited with liquor, and began to exhibit tricks with his snakes to various persons who were around him at the time. The newly-caught cobra was brought out with the others, and the man, spirit valiant, commenced to handle the stranger like the rest. But the cobra darted at his chin, and bit it, making two marks like pin points. The poor juggler was sobered in an instant. 'I am a dead man!' he exclaimed. The prospect of immediate death made the maintenance of his professional mysticism a thing of no moment. 'Let the creature alone,' said he to those about him, who would have killed the cobra; 'it may be of service to others of my trade. To me, it can be of no more use. *Nothing can save me.*' His professional knowledge *was but too accurate.* In two hours, he was a corpse! *I saw him a short time after he died.* His friends and

jugglers had gathered around him, and had him in a chair in a sitting position. Seeing the detriment to result to their trade and interests from motion, they vehemently asserted that it was not a venomous bite which had killed him. 'No, no; he has not said one little word—one small portion of the

In fact, they declared that he was not dead but only in a sort of swoon, from which, according to the rules of the cabalistic art, he would recover in a few days. But the officers of the barracks, close to the deceased had lived, interfered in the matter. They kept a guard of one or two men on the house, so that they would allow the body to remain there for seven days, but would not permit any one to approach. Of course, the poor serpent-charmer never came again. His death, and the manner of it, gave a new impetus to the art, as has been already hinted, to the art and mystery of snake-charming in Madras.

Snake-charming is not confined to India. There are many natives of Africa and America who possess the power of what is called 'charming,' or producing a stupor or stupifying effect on poisonous serpents and other reptiles, by handling them. This power is in some cases hereditary, while in others it is acquired by the use of the roots or other parts of certain plants, rubbing their hands, or bathing their bodies in water containing an infusion of them. In that part of Africa northward of the great desert of Sahara, there is only a tribe called the Psylli, who seem to have this power, either from nature or art, in a way that has occasioned the name of Psylli to be given to those capable of producing similar effects. Plutarch says that Cato, in his march through the desert, took a number of these Psylli, to suck out the poisons from the wounds of such of his soldiers as might be bitten by the numerous serpents which infested that region. He ignorantly believed that this power of sucking out poison was the effect of magic, and the Psylli, from this belief, always, when in the exercise of this

fascination, muttered spells or chanted verses over the person whom they were in the act of curing. Many have ventured to doubt the existence of this power being possessed by any class of people, but the concurrent testimony of the best-accredited travellers seems to confirm the fact. Mr Bruce distinctly states, from minute personal observation, that *all* the blacks in the kingdom of Sennaar are perfectly armed by nature against the bite of either scorpion or viper. They take the horned snake—there the most common, and one of the most fatal of the viper tribe—in their hands at all times, put them in their bosoms, and throw them at each other, as children do apples and balls, during which sport the serpents are seldom irritated to bite, and if they do, no mischief ensues from the wound. The Arabs of the same country, he also observes, have not by nature this protective power, but generally acquire it, by the use of certain plants. The artificial means of rendering the person invulnerable to the bite of snakes, seems also to be practised in South America.

It is said that the cobra is fond of milk, and that a knowledge of this fact has sometimes saved the lives of persons who were on the point of being bitten. An anecdote is related of a party of gentlemen sitting at table in India, when one of them felt a cobra coiling itself round his leg. Appalled at his situation, he desired his companions, in a whisper, not to speak or make any noise, if they would save his life. All were immediately silent. He next, in a low tone, requested a servant to bring a jug of milk, and pour it cautiously on the floor near his foot. This being done, the cobra in a short time uncoiled itself, and descended to partake of the milk, when, as may be supposed, little ceremony was used in despatching it. An exemption from reptiles of this deadly class is surely one of England's greatest *blessings*.

CARVER'S TRAVELS IN NORTH AMERICA.

I propose to make the reader acquainted with a curious now forgotten book—the *Travels of Jonathan Carver in North America*—in which is given by far the most interesting and rational account of the Red Men, the inhabitants of the Western Wilderness, of any traveller with whose works we are acquainted. These original inhabitants of America, it must be observed, have very stupidly, long from the time of their first discovery in 1492, been called from Europeans the denomination of Indians, though they never had anything more to do with the country called India, than they had to do with Sancho's island of Barataria, or Gulliver's island of Lilliput. This great mistake originated in the mere circumstance of Columbus being in search of a road to India by the way when he found his course interrupted by the islands of the continent of America; to which was given forthwith the strange denomination of the West Indies—thus confounding under one appellation two most important parts of the globe, which were, in fact, as distinct from one another in their entire nature and productions, as they happened to be in their relative geographical positions. Yet such is the inveteracy of popular custom, that once it gets a firm footing in the world, that it is now become impossible to change these denominations; and, therefore, the term Indian must henceforth continue to be the name of every one of the original inhabitants of the whole continent and islands of America.

The different tribes of Indians, or original natives, that extensive portion of North America called the Indian, were at one time almost innumerable; but have been observed to decrease in population, since the Europeans are most numerous, owing chiefly to the immoderate use of spirituous liquors. Ardent

spirits, the most fatal present the Old World ever made to the New, was no sooner known to the Indian tribes, than they grew passionately fond of it. It was equally impossible for them to abstain from it, or to use it with moderation. It was soon observed, that this liquor disturbed their domestic peace, deprived them of their judgment, made them furious; that it occasioned husbands, wives, children, brothers and sisters, to abuse and quarrel with one another. In vain did some sober Frenchmen expostulate with them, and endeavour to shame them out of these excesses. 'It is you,' answered they, 'who have taught us to drink this liquor; and now we cannot do without it. If you refuse to give it us, we will go and get it from the English. It is you who have done the mischief, and it cannot be repaired.'

Canada was first discovered in 1497, by John and Sebastian Cabot of Bristol, and it was settled by the French in 1608. It was conquered by the English in 1759, and confirmed to them by the French at the peace of 1763; at which time the narrative of the travels of our present author, Captain Jonathan Carver, commences. 'No sooner,' says he, 'was the late war with France concluded, and peace established by the treaty of Versailles, in the year 1763, than I began to consider—having rendered my country some services during the war—how I might continue still serviceable, and contribute as much as lay in my power to make that vast acquisition of territory, gained by Great Britain in North America, advantageous to it. It appeared to me indispensably needful, that government should be acquainted, in the first place, with the true state of the dominions they were now become possessed of. To this purpose, I determined, as the next proof of my zeal, to explore the most unknown parts of them, and to spare no trouble or expense in acquiring a knowledge that promised to be so useful to my countrymen.'*

* *Vide Three Years' Travels through the Interior Parts of North America, for more than Five Thousand Miles. By Captain Jonathan Carver, of the Provincial Troops in America. Edinburgh: 1793.*

in the laudable design of accomplishing these, Captain Carver set out from Boston, in June with the full intention of penetrating to the Ocean on the west. He proceeded by way of, and Niagara to Michilimakinac, a fort situated in the lakes Huron and Michigan, and distant from Boston 1300 miles. 'This,' says he, 'being the nest of our factories towards the north-west, I regarded it as the most convenient place from whence to begin my intended progress, and enter at once the regions I designed to explore.'

At the entrance of a bay, about ninety miles long,

Green Bay, on the north-western extremity of Michigan, are situated a string of islands described by the author under the name of the Grand Traverse. On one of these occurred his first meeting with one of the tribes of the Red Men, the primitive hunters of the West; and he gives the following interesting description of the reception he met with from the Indians:—The largest and best of these islands, stands a town of the Ottowas, at which I found one of the most respectable chiefs of that nation, who received me with the very honour he could possibly shew to a stranger. That which appeared extremely singular to me at the time, and must do so to every person unacquainted with the customs of the Indians, was the reception I met with on landing. As our canoes approached the shore, and had reached within about threescore rods of the Indians began a *feu-de-joie*, in which they fired their pieces loaded with balls, but at the same time took care to discharge them in such a manner as to pass a few yards above our heads; during this, they ran from one tree or stump to another, shouting and firing as if they were in the heat of battle. At this I was greatly surprised, and was on the point of ordering my attendants to return their fire, concluding their intentions were hostile; but being undeceived by the traders, who informed me that this was the usual method of receiving the chiefs of other nations,

III.

I considered it in its true light, and was pleased with the respect thus paid me.

‘I remained here one night. Among the presents I made the chiefs were some spirituous liquors, with which they made themselves merry; and all joined in a dance that lasted the greatest part of the night. In the morning, when I departed, the chief attended me to the shore; and as soon as I had embarked, offered up, in an audible voice, and with great solemnity, a fervent prayer in my behalf. He prayed “that the Great Spirit would favour me with a prosperous voyage; that he would give me an unclouded sky and smooth waters by day; and that I might lie down by night on a beaver blanket, enjoying uninterrupted sleep and pleasant dreams; and also that I might find continual protection under the great pipe of peace.” In this manner, he continued his petitions till I could no longer hear them.

‘I must here observe that, notwithstanding the inhabitants of Europe are apt to entertain horrid ideas of the ferocity of these savages, as they are termed, I received from every tribe of them in the interior parts the most hospitable and courteous treatment; and am convinced, that, till they are contaminated by the example and spirituous liquors of their more refined neighbours, they retain this friendly and inoffensive conduct towards strangers. Their inveteracy and cruelty to their enemies I acknowledge to be a great abatement of the favourable opinion I would wish to entertain of them, but this failing is hereditary, and, having received the sanction of immemorial custom, has taken too deep root in their minds to be easily extirpated.

‘Among these people, I ate of a very uncommon kind of bread. The Indians in general use but little of this nutritious food. Whilst their corn is in the milk, as they term it—that is, just before it begins to ripen—they slice off the kernels from the cob to which they grow, and knead them into a paste. This they are enabled to do without the addition of any liquid, by the milk that flows

them; and when it is effected, they parcel it out cakes, and, enclosing them in leaves of the basswood- place them in hot embers, where they are soon d. And better flavoured bread I never ate in any try.

Withstanding the primitive simplicity of these lers of the wilderness, and their friendly and maive conduct towards strangers, yet, from the ins of a regular *fortification* which Captain Carver or at least thinks he saw, amidst the prairies of the mippi, it would appear that, in former ages, there

have been a population of remarkably scientific iors *located* in this quarter. The following is our r's account of this important discovery:—' One day, g landed on the shore of the Mississippi, some miles r Lake Pepin, whilst my attendants were preparing inner, I walked out to take a view of the adjacent ry. I had not proceeded far before I came to a level, open plain, on which I perceived at a little ace a partial elevation, that had the appearance of trenchment. On a nearer inspection, I had greater n to suppose that it had really been intended for many centuries ago. Notwithstanding it was now ed with grass, I could plainly discern that it had been a breast-work of about four feet in height, iding the best part of a mile, and sufficiently capa- to cover 5000 men. Its form was somewhat

lar, and its flanks reached to the river. Though i defaced by time, every angle was distinguishable, appeared as regular, and fashioned with as much ary skill, as if planned by Vauban himself. The . was not visible, but I thought, on examining more usly, that I could perceive there certainly had been

From its situation, also, I am convinced that it must been designed for this purpose. It fronted the try, and the rear was covered by the river; nor was any rising-ground for a considerable way that com- ed it; a few straggling oaks were alone to be seen . In many places, small tracks were worn across

it by the feet of the elks and deer, and, from the depth of the bed of earth by which it was covered, I was enabled to draw certain conclusions of its great antiquity. I examined all the angles and every part with great attention, and have often blamed myself since for not encamping on the spot, and drawing an exact plan of it. To suppose that this description is not the offspring of a happy imagination, or the chimerical tale of a mistaken traveller, I find on inquiry, since my return, that M. St Pierre and several traders have at different times taken notice of similar appearances, on which they have formed various conjectures, but without examining them so minutely as I did. How a work of this kind could exist in a country that has hitherto—according to the generally received opinion—been the seat of war to untold numbers of Indians alone, whose whole stock of military knowledge has only, till within two centuries, amounted to draw the bow, and whose only breast-work, even at present is the thicket, I know not. I have given as exact an account as possible of this singular appearance, and leave to future explorers of these distant regions, to discover whether it is a production of nature or art.

We must confess that our philosophy is completely at fault here, and all the antiquarian lore of which we are possessed will not enable us to solve this difficult problem. It is a pity that the redoubted Edie Ochiltree is now no more, as, perhaps, he might have been able to clear up the mystery of this matter in as easy a way as he did that of Monkbarrow's celebrated intrenchment.

The furthest point of Captain Carver's peregrination to the north-west was at the river St Francis, about six miles beyond the Falls of St Anthony on the Mississippi, which are situated in latitude 46° north, longitude 95° west from London, and at the distance of nearly 2000 miles from the mouth of the Mississippi. These Falls, which till of late, formed the furthest limit to which Europe had penetrated into the wilderness in that direction, received their name from Father Louis Hennepin, a French missionary, who travelled into these parts

r 1680, and was the first European ever seen by
ives. The body of waters which forms the fall is
250 yards in breadth, producing a most beautiful
t; it falls perpendicularly about thirty feet; and
ids below, in the space of 300 yards more, render
cent considerably greater; so that, when viewed at
ice, the Falls appear to be much higher than they
are. The country around them is extremely
al. It is not an uninterrupted plain, where the eye
relief, but it is composed of many gentle ascents,
n the summer, are covered with the finest verdure,
erspersed with little groves, that give a charming
to the prospect. 'On the whole,' says our
r, 'when the Falls are included, which may be
the distance of four miles, a more pleasing and
que view cannot, I believe, be found throughout
verse.'

following description given by Carver of the
ur of a young Indian prince, who went in company
m to view this celebrated place for the first time,
s a most interesting picture of the power which
ural, sublime, and beautiful are capable of exer-
ver the human mind in its unsophisticated state:—
ould distinctly hear the noise of the water full
miles before we reached the Falls; and I was
pleased and surprised when I approached this
ing work of nature; but I was not long at liberty
lge these emotions, my attention being called off
behaviour of my companion.

prince had no sooner gained the point that
ks this wonderful cascade, than he began with an
voice to address the Great Spirit, one of whose
of residence he imagined this to be. He told him

had come a long way to pay his adorations to
d now would make him the best offering in his

He accordingly first threw his pipe into the
; *then the roll that contained his tobacco*; after
he bracelets he wore on his arms and wrists;
ornament that encircled his neck, composed of

beads and wires; and at last the ear-rings from his ears; in short, he presented to his god every part of his dress that was valuable. During this, he frequently smote his breast with great violence, threw his arms about, and appeared to be much agitated.

'All this while he continued his adorations, and at length concluded them with fervent petitions, that the Great Spirit would constantly afford us his protection on our travels, giving us a bright sun, a blue sky, and clear and untroubled waters; nor would he leave the place till we had smoked together with my pipe, in honour of the Great Spirit.

'I was greatly surprised at beholding an instance of such elevated devotion in so young an Indian; and instead of ridiculing the ceremonies attending it, as I observed my Catholic servant tacitly did, I looked on the prince with a greater degree of respect for these sincere proofs he gave of his piety; and I doubt not but that his offerings and prayers were as acceptable to the universal Parent of mankind, as if they had been made with greater pomp, or in a consecrated place.'

THE OUTCAST:

A TALE.

SUCH of our Scottish readers as were personally familiar with the transactions and incidents during the late war, may remember a small building that stood at the end of one of the streets of Leith, at the door of which the union jack was seen flying from morning till night. It was the rendezvous of the press-gang, whilst employed in their revolting occupation ashore, and where they were regularly locked in every night, to prevent the risk of collision between them and the citizens, to whom they were, as a matter of course, particularly obnoxious.

commanding-officer on the station, at the period following incident, was a man peculiarly unfitted, ination at least, for the duties imposed on him in pressment proceedings, being of a most humane and disposition. He was, besides, a native of Leith, he resided in a house of his own, unless when his ce was necessarily required on board. He had private room in the round-house, as it may be l, above mentioned, where he attended with great ality, in order that his presence might prove a to the brutal and licentious natures of the press—the most reckless and desperate characters st the crew being, as is well known, always d for the worse than slave-traffic in which they employed.

ie above room, then, Captain Gillespie was seated ening, when he was informed that a gentleman l to speak with him, and, at his desire, the stranger troduced. He was evidently a mere youth, slightly egantly made, and was very fashionably dressed. n Gillespie was particularly struck with the hand-and, as he thought, feminine cast of his features—liarity that corresponded well with the soft and tones of his voice, when, after considerable hesi-he stated the purpose of his visit. This was no than to request that he might be taken on board a f-war, to serve as a common sailor! Captain Gillespie sed no little astonishment at one of his tender age. egant appearance having adopted so strange a tion, and begged to question him as to his motives doing—whether he had reflected sufficiently on the uences of such a step, the hardships he must endure, forth. The youth declined giving any explanation se points, and merely reiterated his determination ring the navy. The worthy officer was exceedingly l at the youth's situation. He was evidently of a or rank in life, had been carefully and delicately t up; and his replies shewed that he knew nothing ' the world. The captain, however, secretly fel'

more compassion than surprise at the circumstance. He knew that instances were then of frequent occurrence, of young men of the very best families, whose ardent and untutored imaginations were blown into enthusiasm by the inflated and high-coloured accounts every day put forth of our splendid naval triumphs, and with heads filled with visions of glory, and hearts with patriotism, leaving all the comforts and elegances of home behind, little dreaming of the rough ordeal they must undergo in the path to eminence or glory.

Such an instance did the kind-hearted officer conclude was now before him; and knowing from experience all the rough realities of his profession, he endeavoured to persuade the young enthusiast to abandon, or at least postpone, his resolution; but finding all his arguments unavailing, he determined to give him a foretaste, at least, of the sort of company he would have to associate with on board. When the junior officer, therefore, came on shore to relieve him for the night, he ordered him to lock the young man into the same apartment with the rascals of the press-gang; and directed, also, that he should be brought to his house next morning at breakfast-time.

The youth, accordingly, appeared at the appointed hour, and Captain Gillespie saw, at a glance, that the experiment he had tried had not been without its effect, or rather, that it had succeeded much beyond what he had intended. In fact, he was shocked at the alteration which he saw in the young man's features since the preceding evening, and almost repented the plan he had put in practice. He shook him kindly by the hand, and then, in as indifferent a tone as he could assume, requested to know if he still adhered to his determination of becoming a sailor. For a while the young man sat mute and rigid as marble, and seemed totally unconscious of the meaning of the words addressed to him, but at last fell on his knees *before* Captain Gillespie, and in a passion of tears and *sobs, so violent as seemed almost to rend his frame, disclosed, what his compassionate hearer had already begun*

suspect, that the unhappy young creature was—a female !

Illespie raised the suppliant before him, and to soothe her by all the persuasion he was ut it was long before he succeeded. When at came composed enough to speak, she frankly rt and simple tale:—She was the youngest a gentleman of considerable property in a : county. About six months previous to the of which she had been guilty, a young relative, in the navy, had obtained leave for a short father's house. The young officer had but ed his commission, was consequently in high being quite an enthusiast in his profession, of nothing else but the scenes and battles—ready seen a deal of hard fighting—in which engaged, depicting them, of course, in the g colours that a young and ardent imagina-ggest. In these details, although listened to ention, and perhaps interest, by the rest of the young sailor found none who evidently as it were, with his own feelings, but the his cousins, of whom there were four, all It was natural, therefore, that he should erence to her company in comparison with although his predilection arose solely from ous pleasure of having a ready, a delighted ything like love-addresses he had never to her—and it afterwards, indeed, appeared ctions were pre-engaged—but his buoyant oyous language—his aspirations after naval ndsome and animated countenance, together ided partiality he displayed for her society—ught upon the young and simple girl's imagi-egree of which she was not herself conscious gone. It was then, and for the first time, *much her happiness was at the disposal of what a dreary blank the world appeared senco, Time, perhaps, might have enabled*

her to regain her equanimity, but she was subjected to distress from other sources. Her father—a cold, austere man, a stern disciplinarian in his family, and who regarded any unbending from that rigid demeanour of stately and ceremonious reserve which was the rule of his own deportment, as alike an infraction of moral propriety and a derogation from his rank—had observed with swelling indignation his daughter's artless admiration of her cousin, and, at the departure of the latter, let loose the full measure of his wrath upon her. Her sisters, too, whose minds were formed on their father's model, and burned, moreover, with spite and jealousy at the preference shewn by any eligible and marriageable man to one younger than themselves, persecuted her without mercy. The poor girl's life soon became so wretched, between her domestic troubles and her love for her absent cousin, that she at last determined to fly from her father's house, and follow her lover to sea. So ignorant was she of worldly matters, that, hearing that a 'frigate of war' was lying in Leith Roads, the name of which she never had heard of except from the lips of her cousin, she simply concluded he must be there, and had accordingly applied, as we have seen, to be accepted as his shipmate.

Such was the simple story of the poor girl, who seemed overwhelmed with shame and remorse at her folly, and with despair at the probable consequences of it. Captain Gillespie said all he could to console her; promised to write to her father for his forgiveness, which he was sure she would obtain; and tried to cheer her, by saying that her foolish prank would soon be forgotten. But her agitation and distress only broke out afresh. She knew, she said, her father too well to think there was any hope of his mercy; and even if he did forgive her, her sisters would break her heart with their taunts and reproaches. No other course, however, was left to her new and kind-hearted friend; and he accordingly wrote off the same day to Mr Hume—for such was his name—informing him of his daughter's situation, and urging all he could to deprecate his indignation, and palliate his daughter's

high, he assured him, she most deeply repented, and the weeping runaway removed immediately out of a female relation in the neighbourhood, and her attention was paid her.

Gillespie waited anxiously for a reply to his letter, but he felt quite confident would be in the hands of Mr Hume himself, rejoiced to discover and to his erring daughter to his arms. The answer, however, came punctually by return of post—his own letter enclosed in a blank cover! Captain Gillespie was much puzzled. His honest and unsophisticated mind was unable to comprehend the possibility of such a deception. It presented human nature to him in a light perfectly new to him; and he examined his letter, and the envelope more than once, to make sure the fact was really true. A parent to refuse to a penitent child for such a mere act of folly! Was it in the heart of an erring man to do this was impossible. There must be some mistake or misconception: he would write again. He wrote accordingly, repeating what he had stated in his letter, and adding everything else he could think of in mitigation of his fair charge's indiscretion. He ended by remarking—which was the fact—that she was sinking under her misery; and begged him, as a friend and a parent, to hasten to her relief, and give life by pronouncing his forgiveness. It was in answer to this letter that the following was returned to him as before.

“I have never, the following laconic note in the envelope: ‘I know no such individual as that referred to, and begs that no more communications be sent to him regarding that individual.’ Captain Gillespie was staggered at this epistle, and certain suggestions began to arise in his mind. Could she be an

Was it possible that one so young, so modest, heart-broken, could be deceiving him with a story? This he could not bring his mind to believe, on the other hand, reckoned it still more probable that a parent could thus abandon his child to

starvation or infamy. Was it that she had been guilty of some worse indiscretion than she had confessed, and was afraid to reveal it to him? He was puzzled for some time what to do or think, but he felt he had proceeded too far to let the matter rest where it was; and he concluded by determining to sift it to the bottom, and that without delay. He immediately made arrangements, therefore, for a day's absence from duty, and set out in a postchaise for Mr Hume's residence.

He found that gentleman at home, and was received by him with that cold civility of aspect and manner with which he would have welcomed equally his warmest friend and his bitterest foe.

'My name is Captain Gillespie, of his majesty's frigate the *Wasp*, stationed at Leith.'

'Ah!—pray be seated, sir.'

'I have written to you twice within the last week, upon a very painful subject to you, I daresay, Mr Hume. May I ask if you received my letters?'

'I did, sir.'

'And pray, sir, may I beg to know what answer you have to make to them?'

'I have already answered them, sir.'

'A blank sheet of paper is no answer, Mr Hume.'

'There was something more than that accompanying your last returned epistle, sir.'

'Then am I to understand that this young person has been imposing on me, and that you are really not her parent?'

'That I *was* her father, sir, I grieve to acknowledge; but I now disclaim the title. She is no longer a daughter of mine.'

'Sir! Why, that is strange doctrine, and quite beyond my understanding. Pray, sir, if she *was* your daughter, how do you make out that she is not so *now*?'

'Her own conduct, sir, is a sufficient explanation of the paradox.'

'Then it is her conduct, Mr Hume, that I wish to get explained. Let us understand one another, sir, on that

, before saying another word, and allow me, in the place, to relate to you the statement made to me by the unhappy girl herself of the circumstances which led her to act so indiscreetly as she has done.'

The worthy officer then recapitulated faithfully the story told him by Miss Hume, softening nothing that led to her own thoughtlessness or folly, but touching lightly as possible on her statements respecting her father's severe reproaches for her partiality to her cousin, in order not to irritate his auditor. He concluded by asking if the narrative were true or false.

'It seems to be all very correct, sir,' was the cold reply.

'And was there no aggravating circumstance connected with it, previous to her leaving your house?'

'None, sir, that I am aware of.'

'Had she not previously been guilty of any flagrant conduct to call down your anger?'

'Never, sir; she had always behaved as a daughter ought to do.'

'And, in the name of all that is sacred, do you consider yourself warranted, by this single act of youthful rudence, to cast off your own child for ever?'

'She cast *me* off, sir, and may, therefore, find a home and a father where she may. But, sir,' continued Mr. Hume, rising from his seat, 'I will not submit to have my conduct questioned by any one, far less by a stranger. Our visit had reference to nothing else but this topic, and I come to beg that it may terminate.'

'Do you not consider yourself bound, sir,' pursued Captain Gillespie, also rising, but with a swelling heart and a glowing cheek—'are you not bound, sir, by the ties of nature, by the mere sense of decency, to take back the erring child to your heart? Should you not reflect, that her present folly may perhaps be owing to some neglect on your part in the training of her young mind, and that it is *only the more* imperative upon you, from what has now happened, to endeavour to instruct her in her standing, confirm her principles, and, by parental

lenity and kindness, to make her penitence for her error more lasting and salutary! She is yet pure and unspotted as when she left her mother's bosom. Surely, surely, sir, you make some distinction between folly and crime!

'You have my answer, sir,' was the only reply.

'And do you really mean to abandon her thus to the mercy—to the cruelty and villainy rather—of the world, without protection, without subsistence!'

'I see every reason for believing,' replied the other, in a significant tone, 'that she will be at no loss for either.'

The honest-hearted sailor started at the insinuation conveyed by these words, as if a shell had exploded at his feet.

'Sir,' said he, unable to repress his indignation, 'but for these gray hairs, I would strike you beneath my feet! But you say right, sir,' continued he, recovering himself: 'yon poor mourner shall not suffer for the cruelty of her unnatural parent. While it is in my power, she shall neither want assistance nor protection; nor shall it be my fault if she does not cease to forget that she owed her being to so callous-hearted a monster as you have proved yourself to be!'

And he kept his word. Upon his return home, he imparted the result of his interview to the unfortunate girl in as gentle terms as possible, and begged her, at the same time, to look to him as her future parent. The poor outcast could but sob her gratitude.

Captain Gillespie in a few weeks received orders to proceed to a foreign station; and seeing the daily decreasing health of his charge, he sought out a residence for her in a respectable family in a country-town not many miles from the metropolis; and, at the same time, aware of the uncertainty of life in a profession like his, he deposited sufficient funds to secure the unfortunate a *comfortable maintenance* for life. He set sail, and never *saw her more*, having, subsequently to his return from *abroad*, *married*, and settled in England. The obje

benevolence lived for many years afterwards, but
 ly declined, and at last sank into the grave, there
 little doubt, from the effects of a broken heart.
 of her relatives had ever deigned to inquire after
 and they even carried their vindictiveness beyond
 ve. Upon being informed of her death, her
 as benefactor hastened down to Scotland, for the
 of seeing the last rites paid to her remains, and
 it but his duty to send a notification of the event
 parent, who was still alive; but no notice was
 of the intimation. Captain Gillespie, therefore,
 r head in the grave himself, assisted by a few
 who were aware of all the circumstances that
 ted the connection between them, and who pitied
 d no less than they honoured the living.
 as from one of these mourners that we learned the
 lars of this mournful tale, which in every part is
 exactly as it reached us. In saying so, we are
 ctising one of those arts by which the writers
 atives, probable and otherwise, so often attempt
 so the confidence of their readers. The story is
 ly true, and such, in our opinion, is its chief
 as its publicity in this place may perhaps raise
 ng of repentance in *THAT UNNATURAL HEART*,
 o so obdurate. Such an anecdote cannot fail to
 in every mind a reflection upon the guilt which
 casionally attach to a character, in every common
 held as above impeachment. A man may be, in
 use of the world, respectable, for the discharge of
 every obligation of life — may be, in fact, both
 and religious to the full degree required by the
 the world; and yet he may, in a mere excess of
 feelings, which, in a moderate degree, might be
 le and beneficial, do that which all ordinary men
 shudder at, or, as in the present case, make such
 ns of duty, as, in a later and better state of heart,
 to *raise within him the most exquisite tortures of*
and despair. At the same time, the moral may
drawn by the young and inexperienced—that one

false step in life, one trifling aberration from the strictest rules of propriety, may be visited with a degree of punishment which no previous calculation could have anticipated, and which even on general principles of justice may be condemned.

ADVENTURE OF THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

BY HIMSELF.

It is now many years since, being informed by the people at the Castleton of Braemar, that no Lowlander, and perhaps no human being, had ever explored the sources of the Dee, I resolved to confer upon myself, if possible, the honour which Bruce obtained in his famous expedition to the head of the Nile, and for that purpose arose one morning before daylight, and having breakfasted, and loaded a guide with victuals, set off on my singular adventure. My guide's name was John Finlayson, a shrewd, clever fellow, and one who really knew the mountains well, having been an incorrigible deer-stalker, of which the greater part of his discourse consisted.

We passed up by Mar Lodge, through the forest, and up by the linns of the Dee; beyond this point, the pines become thin and straggling, and stunted in their growth, and at length utter desolation reigns. We came to a farmhouse, the last in the glen, inhabited by a Mr Fletcher, who was very kind to us, and we got our dinner there.

I asked him how far we were from the sources of the Dee. He said he did not believe that any living man knew where the outermost sources of the Dee sprang, but that it could not be less than ten miles' distance. The day being remarkably fine, we pushed on, but rather uncertain how our adventure was to terminate, Finlayson assuring me from the beginning, that I little knew the

was undertaking. As far as I remember, we for an hour; but I had drunk some of Fletcher's toddy, and may be wrong; I think it was at r miles further up the glen, that we came to a l's bothy, the last inhabited place in that ss, where we got some milk. The shepherd t speak English; but he told Finlayson, that ne knew where the sources of the Dee were, for l never been seen, and were inaccessible, but were at least twenty miles from them. This ggering news. I made Finlayson ask him, as us no house nor bothy beyond that, if we could from his cot early in the morning, reach the of the Dee, and the tops of the Grampian ns surroinding it, and reach the Castleton of that night. He answered, that it was out ower of man, and Finlayson coincided in the

ved not to be foiled, we posted on until we came place where two mountain-streams met, the one by Finlayson the Guisachan, and the other the y, as near as I can spell them. At this place, sister-streams conjoining, take the name of the that nominally I was at the head of the Dee. ; that was not what I wanted. I yearned to very outermost springs on the heights of the ns, and was resolved to accomplish that at

ve those two mountain-streams meet, and the Dee ly begins, it is a very considerable river, as large Yarrow—pure as crystal, and very rugged and and I thought it a strange thing to see such a warming with fish, and not a human habitation nor creature within view, save a few straggling lean As the Garchary keeps the line of the main river, N.N.W., I looked on that as the main source, olved to investigate that to its springs, the more rly, as the same far surpassed all that I had for horrid grandeur. You say the hills are

some miles asunder, but in the Garchary, which is at least five miles in length, they are in many places above a bow-shot asunder. The east side is not perpendicular, the western side more than perpendicular, in many places overhanging the torrent. The bottom of the glen is crammed full of rocks, which have tumbled down for ages—ay, for thousands of years before the Mosaic creation—and over these the torrent roars, as white as snow, and a large torrent it is, wondered to see the streams so large so near the top of the mountains; but the everlasting clouds of rain and mist which shroud the Grampian *depôts*, keep the glen always full.

In one place, the Garchary tumbles over a waterfall which is at least a thousand feet high. It is not a perpendicular fall, like those of Foyers and Gray Mare's; but it seemed to me to fall, at an average, about one in two. It is, indeed, a terrible scene. But as I described it in poetry on the spot, and in the enthusiasm of the moment, I shall present you with that instead of prose, and I hope you will acknowledge that Coleridge himself never excelled it.

Well, the bottom of the Garchary being impassable, my guide carried me over the eastern branch with great difficulty, and taking a sweep to the right, we began to ascend the steep brows of Ben-Muicdhu; for the afternoon being uncommonly fine, and we having some hours of sunshine before us, I resolved to avail myself of the rare opportunity, and gain the height. At that time I cared not how much I walked, but ran in it; and the more difficult the undertaking, I liked the better. Long before we reached the top, we had a sight of vegetation, and got among small whitish stones while the ptarmigans were croaking around us in flocks, like as many puddocks, and often fluttering from amongst our feet. How Finlayson did curse in his broken dialect, between the Gaelic and the English, for I had absolutely refused to let him take a gun with him—a huge family-piece, like a cat

ad been taken by his grandfather on the field of
 ranent; and, moreover, I had neither game-licence nor
 berty to shoot, and I could not think of being taken
 or a poacher in my friend the Earl of Fife's forests, with
 hom I was to dine at Mar Lodge one of the following
 days.

Well, to the top of Ben-Muicdhu we got, not more
 an an hour, or at most an hour and a half, before
 sunset. What a glorious evening! and what a glorious
 scene for my enraptured eye! I saw every principal
 mountain in Scotland, from Ben-More, in Balquhider,
 to Ben-Wyvis, in Ross-shire—every one of which I
 knew as well as the hills of Ettrick Forest. But the
 trumpian Muse herself shall describe the scene, for it is
 far above the capabilities of the Ettrick Shepherd of the
 present day.

On gray M'Dhui's upmost verge I stood,
 The loftiest cone of all that desert dun;
 The seas afar were streamered o'er with blood,
 Dark forests waved, and winding waters run;
 For nature glowed beneath the evening sun,
 The western shadows darkening every dale,
 Where dens of gloom, the sight of man to shun,
 Lay shrouded in impervious magic veil,
 While o'er them poured the rays of light so lovely pale.

But, oh, what bard could sing the onward sight,
 The piles that frowned, the gulfs that yawned beneath,
 Downward a thousand fathoms from the height,
 Grim as the caverns in the land of death!
 Like mountains shattered in the Eternal's wrath,
 When fiends their banners 'gainst his reign unfurled—
 A grizzled wilderness—a land of scath!
 Rocks upon rocks in dire confusion hurled—
 A rent and formless mass, the ruins of a world.

As if by lost pre-eminence abased,
 Hill behind hill erected locks of gray,
 And every misty morion was upraised
 To speak their farewell to the god of day;
 When tempests rave along their polar way,
Not closer rear the billows of the deep,
Shining with silver foam, and marred with spray,
As up the midway heaven they war and sweep,
Then foiled, and chafed to rage, roll down the broken steep.

First died upon the peaks the golden hue,
And o'er them spread a beauteous purple screen ;
Then rose a shade of pale cerulean blue,
Softening the hills and hazy vales between—
Deeper and deeper grew the magic scene,
As darker shades of the night-heaven came on ;
No star along the firmament was seen,
But solemn majesty prevailed alone
Around the brows of eve, upon her Grampian throne.

Whenever I reached the top of Ben-Muicdhu, I saw decidedly that I stood upon the highest land in Britain. I had suspected as much for ten years previous to that, for I had often seen it from north, south, east, and west ; and although it rose in the middle of the very highest range of the Grampians, I observed, from all quarters, that it still peered considerably above the rest—not much, but still so much as to shew that it was the sovereign of them all. I affirmed from that day forth, that it was the highest hill in Britain, and it is now proved by the trigonometrical survey, that my conjecture was right. I did, however, think that it was more elevated' above Ben-Nevis, in Lochaber, than it has turned out to be.

This was the sole survey that I got of ' the infant rills of Highland Dee.' I think I saw them all which form that branch which is the main one, and the one which keeps the line with the river. I saw no crystal lake such as you describe. None. Before Glen Garchary begins to form between the two mountains, there is a long rivulet comes from the west, which I thought rose near to the sources of the Tilt, in Atholl. It is joined by five or six smaller ones, and their united waters pour together into the chasm of the Garchary. The springs of Glen Aven likewise lay below our feet, and we had a good view of about one-half of that horrible wilderness. I saw no lake, and Finlayson did not mention any, and I think it must have been a very small one indeed, if I had not seen it in such an evening. But it may perhaps be the source of *the eastern branch*, Glen Guisachan, which I did not see, *for reasons which I shall make perfectly obvious.* The *wildness of the scene* had such charms for me, that I

remained on the top of this sovereign of the Grampians till the close of evening.

At length, night coming on, Finlayson led me into a cavern, which he had known when a deer-stalking. It could scarcely be called a cavern, for it was merely a little level spot overhung by a rock. It was bedded with fresh heather, and seemed to have been very lately occupied. We took a hearty and plentiful supper, and there being a stream close by, we drank plenty of grog of the very best. I thought I never tasted any grog or toddy so good in all my life ; and it not having been the first of many hundreds of times that I had slept upon the mountains in worse circumstances, I wrapped myself well up in my shepherd's plaid, and slept as sound as I had been in a feather-bed, resolved to see the sun rise from the top of Ben-Muicdhu.

When we awoke early next morning, the tops of the mountains were all shrouded in a dark cloud of mist, and a drizzly rain had begun to fall, so that further investigation in that elevated region was impracticable. We then stretched our course eastward, and crossed the Guisachan high up, keeping always high on the hills along by the fringes of the mist, for I had determined, if the mist cleared up before mid-day, that I would visit the top of Beinnie-Boord, a great mountain which rises above the Mar Forest ; for I had a strange propensity, when young and able, that I could never pass by a very high mountain without being on the top of it ; and, what you may think as strange, the sensations of pleasure I have always felt on being thus elevated on a fine day, have been about the highest I ever experienced. I believe it is generally allowed, that the depression or elevation of a man's mind is in a great measure conformable to the disposition of his bodily frame. What, then, can contribute so much to the elevation of his sentiments, as placing him on the top of a very high mountain ? for the body being the throne of the mind, who can deny that a mind so highly elevated as to *be placed on the summit of Ben-Muicdhu, is not far exalted above all the grovelling creatures beneath ?* I

felt that I was far above a king, and would not have changed stations with one on earth. I was placed above huge masses of eternal snow, above the habitations of the fox and the eagle, and looking down on some of the most shaggy and stupendous ravines of nature.

Well, on we walked, and on and on, through a wild and rugged country as can well be conceived. At length we came into the head of a stream called the Quoich, which we followed, until near the confluence with the Dee, we came to the house of Mr James Stewart, factor to the Earl of Fife, who received me with great kindness, I having been there with a friend once before. There I remained several days, experiencing the most hospitable reception; but I was greatly mortified to find, that I did not know that I was a poet: indeed, I am not sure if he knew what a poet was; he was, nevertheless, a kind-hearted gentlemanly Highlander, one of the Stewarts. He introduced me to his lord, Earl Fife, who had just newly come to the Forest Lodge, along with his brother, and a foreigner. We dined with them, but even *they* did not know or discover that I was a poet; notwithstanding I was introduced to them by name, and was received and entertained by them merely as Mr Hogg, a friend of Mr Stewart. This was very strange, but I have noted it a hundred times, both in Edinburgh and London, that, when introduced to any family as Mr Hogg, I remained and went away without having the least idea who I was. I have often had apologies made to me afterwards; but never one which recognised me as the Ettrick Shepherd, when so introduced into my life. I have often wondered what sort of being they had supposed me to be. Knowing this to have been uniformly the case, I need not have been surprised at my reception on this more than at other times. I could have wished to have been recognised by the name of *his brother* General Duff—whom I liked exceedingly; but I durst not for my sake, lest they should never have heard of my name.

On the third day that I was with Stewart,

we imbibed a real attachment to me, he furnished with a nice pony, well accoutred, to ride to the top of Beinnie-Boord, giving my guide directions as to the way he was to take, which, if he followed, I would never be able to alight. I never did; for though I gave him the time about, one of us rode all the way, and we reached the great broad top of Beinnie-Boord before mid-day, but we could see nothing; for though there was no fog, there was a sort of blue haze pervading the mountains, so that we could not see the very hills that were nearest to us. We saw plenty of red-deer that day, and many fine stupendous fellows among them. We saw seven in one herd on the side of Beinnie-Boord, all walking in a line in a string. We saw also a few eagles, some of ptarmigans, and whole fields on the heights covered in search of the Cairngorm topazes.

After Mr Stewart's house on the Saturday, and retired to my inn, Mr Watson's, in the Castleton of Invermar. Mr Watson had one very fine sister, Katharine, whose good graces I tried, with all my sassenach politeness, to get, but could make nothing of her: she thought it excellent sport, but only laughed at it.

On the Monday morning, I rose very early, and again went to the hills with my guide, to visit the top of Ben-Aven, which, being in my opinion the highest next to Ben-Dhu, and the easternmost of the range, if we except Ben-na-gar, which can hardly be called on the same range, I expected a grand view to the east and north-east. It was the most fatiguing day's march of all; for we did not get up any glen, but across a district, down steep precipitous hill and up another, till at last we reached on the summit of Ben-Aven, a little after mid-day.

After all my toil, I could see nothing; the same blue haze still wrapped the mountains as on the Friday before, so that we could only once see dimly the great mountain of Cairngorm, right over against us on the east side of the glen. It was, however, a curious and interesting scene; the ptarmigans were altogether without number—I think I may say thousands of them; and we

found twenty-five men digging on the height for Cairngorm topazes and rock-crystals of various kinds. We came to a cottage almost on the very height, thickly covered over with pitch, in which fifteen of them lodged; the rest shifted for themselves elsewhere. In one place, we came to a field on the height, where there were upwards of twenty acres all trenched to a great depth; and it is well known that over all Scotland there are great blocks of granite lying, as if dropped down from heaven. Around all these, on the heights, the quarriers had digged to a great depth, until they met below them. They digged on two sides till they met, and then they propped these sides up with stones, and digged below the other two; and under and around these masses, the crystals were always found plentiest and richest. The overseer and receiver, who was rather a sensible fellow, and an Englishman, said that he knew perfectly well, from the part of the stone that was above ground, what water the crystals would be of below it. It was his opinion that these Cairngorm crystals were what he called stalactites of granite, and had been distilled out of these rocks for ages, for that there was always a part of the granite adhering to their hinder part. He shewed me a great number of various colours. They were regular hexagonal prisms, tapering to a very narrow point. He shewed me, likewise, sundry specimens of a curious long irregular fossil, of a hazel colour, which he called asbestos, or some such ridiculous name. He was very proud of having got so many of them; and alleged that no man in the country knew where to find them but himself. He assured me, further, that they were indissoluble either by fire or water, and that they could be converted into cloth, over which the fire had no power. I always think he must have been lying.

We reached Castleton at a late hour, very wearied, and loaded with grand Cairngorm stones, which we had gathered in the ravines of the mountains. I found Mr Stewart come down there to meet me, and take a parting glass with me; and he and Mr Watson laughed heartily

ard of rich crystals, and made me throw them
 ie Clunie, save six or seven, which I absolutely
 part with. Thus terminated my only expedie
 ie springs of the Dee; but there was one view
 got of Glen Garchary which has left an impres-
 rid grandeur on my mind never to be effaced.

Y OF THE COUNTESS OF STAIR.

t alley leading between the Lawnmarket and
 en Mound, and called *Lady Stair's Close*, there
 antial old mansion, presenting, in a sculptured
 r the doorway, a small coat-armorial, with the
 . G. and G. S., and the date 1622. The letters
 Sir William Gray of Pittendrum, the original
 of the house, and his wife. Within, there are
 good style, particularly in the lofty ceiling, and
 stair apart from the common one; but all has
 turned to common purposes; while it must be
 e imagination to realise the terraced garden
 nerly descended towards the North Loch.

as the last residence of a lady conspicuous in
 ociety in the early part of the last century—the
 the celebrated commander and diplomatist,
 d of Stair. Lady Eleanor Campbell was, by
 lescent, nearly related to one of the greatest
 figures of the preceding century, being the
 ghter of the Chancellor Earl of Loudon, whose
 d influence on the Covenanting side were at
 believed to have nearly procured him the honour
 t death, at the command of Charles I. Her
 first adventure in matrimony led to a series of
 ices of a marvellous nature, which I shall set
 tly as they used to be related by friends of the
 r sixty years ago. It was her lot, at an early
 united to James, Viscount Primrose, a man of

the worst temper and most dissolute manners. Her ship, who had no small share of the old chancellor's constitution, could have managed most men with by dint of superior intellect and force of character; the cruelty of Lord Primrose was too much for her, treated her so barbarously, that she had even reason to fear that he would some day put an end to her life. One morning, she was dressing herself in her chamber, an open window, when his lordship entered the room behind her with a drawn sword in his hand. He opened the door softly, and although his face indicated a resolution of the most horrible nature, he still retained the presence of mind to approach her with caution. Had she not caught a glimpse of his face and figure through the glass, he would, in all probability, have come close enough to execute his bloody purpose, before she was aware, or could have taken any measures to protect herself. Fortunately, she perceived him in time, and leaped out of the open window into the street. Dressed as she was, she immediately, by a very able exertion of her natural good sense, went to the house of Lord Primrose's mother, where she told her story, and demanded protection. That protection was once extended; and it being now thought vain to attempt a reconciliation, they never afterwards lived together. Lord Primrose soon afterwards went abroad. During his absence, a foreign conjurer, or fortune-teller, came to Edinburgh, professing, among many other wonderful accomplishments, to be able to inform any person of his present condition or situation of any other person at whatever distance, in whom the applicant might be interested. Lady Primrose was incited by curiosity to go, with a female friend, to the lodgings of the wise man in the Canongate, for the purpose of inquiring regarding the motions of her husband, of whom she had not heard for a considerable time. It was at night; and the ladies went, with the tartan screens or plaids of their servants drawn over their faces by way of disguise. Lady Primrose having described the individual

interested, and having expressed a desire she was at present doing, the conjuror led her into a mirror, in which she distinctly perceived the inside of a church, with a marriage-table near the altar. To her astonishment, she saw the shadowy bridegroom no other than the magical scene was not exactly like so, it was rather like the live pictures of the dead and immovable delineations. It admitted of additions to the persons and of a progress of action. As the lady saw the ceremonial of the marriage seemed the necessary arrangements had at last the priest seemed to have pronounced the service; he was just on the point of bidding the bridegroom join hands, when suddenly a man whom the rest seemed to have waited for, and in whom Lady Primrose thought she saw her brother of her own then abroad, entered and advanced hurriedly towards the party. This person was at first only that of a friend, invited to attend the ceremony, and who she knew; but as he advanced, the expression of his face and figure was altered. He stopped and assumed a wrathful expression; he drew forward and rushed up to the bridegroom, who prepared to fly. The whole scene then became tumultuous, and soon after vanished entirely away.*

Countess of Aboyne and Moray, in her early youth, had consulted a celebrated fortune-teller, inhabiting an old house in Edinburgh. The sibyl predicted that she would have two earls, and how many children she was to assure her, that if she should see a new coach driven up to her door as belonging to herself, her lord would follow. Many years afterwards, Lord Moray, in consequence of this prediction, resolved to surprise his wife with a new equipage; but when Lady Moray beheld the carriage of the ominous colour arrive at the door of the house, that it was to be her own property, she sank down, as a dead woman, and actually expired in a short time. 17, 1738.—*Notes to Law's Memorials*, p. xcii.

When Lady Primrose reached home, she wrote a minute narrative of the whole transaction, to which she appended the day of the month on which she had seen the mysterious vision. This narrative she sealed with the presence of a witness, and then deposited it in one of her drawers. Soon afterwards, her brother returned from his travels, and came to visit her. She asked him in the course of his wanderings, he had happened to see or hear anything of Lord Primrose. The young man only answered by saying, that he wished he might again hear the name of that detested personage mentioned. Lady Primrose, however, questioned him so closely that he at last confessed having met his lordship some time at one of the Dutch cities—it was either Amsterdam or Rotterdam—he had become acquainted with a rich merchant, who had a very beautiful daughter, his only child, and the heiress of his large fortune. One day, his friend the merchant informed him that his daughter was about to be married to a young gentleman, who had lately come to reside there, and the nuptials were to take place in the course of a few days, and as he was a countryman of the bridegroom, he was invited to the wedding. He went accordingly, but a little too late for the commencement of the ceremony, but fortunately came in time to prevent the sacrifice of an amiable young lady to the greatest monster in human shape—his own brother-in-law, Lord Primrose.

The story proceeds to say that, although Lady P.

a drawer which she described, and to a packet which he would find in that packet being opened, it was discovered she had seen the shadowy representation of abortive nuptials on the very evening transacted in reality.

died in 1706, leaving a widow, who expected to mourn for him. She was a beautiful woman, and might have procured among twenty better matches. Such, however, was the idea she had formed of the married state, that she made a resolution to become a wife. She kept her resolution and probably would have done so till the peculiar circumstance. The celebrated Earl died in Edinburgh during the greater part of his life, which he spent in retirement from public affairs, and became deeply smitten with her charms, and earnestly sued for her hand. If she could have obtained the favour of any man, it would have been a great acquisition, as she had acquired so much public honour, and her character was also, in general respects, so good. To him also she declared her resolution to be married. In his desperation, he resolved on a step which strongly marks the character of delicacy. By dint of bribes to the porter, he got himself insinuated, over night, into her ladyship's house, where she used to retire every morning, and the window of which opened on the principal street of the city. At this late hour of the morning was a little advanced, he was in a *déshabille*, to the people passing along the street, a prohibition which threatened to have such a disastrous effect on her ladyship's reputation, that she saw fit to consent to a husband.

As happy as Countess of Stair than she was by Primrose. Yet her new husband, which occasioned her no small uneasiness. Gentlemen at that period, he sometimes

indulged too much in the bottle. When elevated liquor, his temper, contrary to the general case, was no means improved. Thus, on reaching home after debauch, he generally had a quarrel with his wife, sometimes even treated her with violence. On occasion, when quite transported beyond the bounds of reason, he gave her so severe a blow upon the upper part of the face, as to occasion the effusion of blood. He immediately after fell asleep, unconscious of what he had done. Lady Stair was so overwhelmed by a tumult of bitter and poignant feeling, that she made no attempt to bind up her wound. She sat down on a sofa near her torpid husband, and wept and bled till morning. When his lordship awoke, and perceived her dishevelled and bloody figure, he was surprised to the last degree, and eagerly inquired how she came to be in such an unbecoming condition? She answered by detailing to him the particulars of his conduct on the preceding evening, which affected him so deeply with regret—for he naturally possessed the most generous feelings—that he instantly vowed to his wife never afterwards to take any species of intoxication except what was first passed through her hands. This vow he kept most scrupulously till the day of his death. He never afterwards sat in any convivial company, and his lady could not attend to sanction his potations. Whenever he gave any entertainment, she always sat next him, and filled his wine, till it was necessary for her to retire, after which, he drank only from a certain quantity of wine she had first laid aside.

This venerable lady, after being long at the head of the society in Edinburgh, died in November 1759, having survived her second husband twelve years.

THE DEFAULTER.

world in the recesses of a Canadian wilderness he is alike secure and miserable, a man of good intentions, but perverted from them by big temptations, sits down to make all the can to society, for the injuries he inflicted upon his history before its eyes, as a warning to others from falling into the like errors.

I am the only son of a gentleman in the south-west of Scotland, whose estate, from various causes, entirely vanished just about the time when I came into life. My father was an aged man, who, his wife soon after my birth, had centered all his hopes, and almost all his hopes, upon me alone.

I received the best education that the country could give me, throughout my school and college years, with that class of minor gentry to which my family had a long line of respected ancestors belonged. In the midst of rapidly increasing embarrassments, which formed the warmest hopes of me; 'for,' said he to me, 'if I should not be able to leave my son a fortune, he evidently has talents to advance himself in any line he may adopt.' At eighteen, I was placed in the office of a country law practitioner, to ground myself in the practice of that profession, previous to my passing the examination to practice at the Scottish bar. This latter step,

was prevented from taking, by my father's death. He had, from a political ally, the promise of a situation for me in a government office in London. In due time, this was obtained, and I was accordingly to the capital, to undertake its

burgh there lived, during the winter months, with those with whom I had been reared on terms of equality, and as the duties of my place, though inferior

to my original expectations, were neither servile great severity, I was able to mingle still in this ag society. I entered into it much too freely. I devo much of my time to the show and parades of g There were, I must say, in my own defence, great tations. I had all my life been in contact with g pleasant things. I had never known the pressure pain of mean circumstances. Persons of my order had always been around me, and to have des from them to friends of an humbler rank, never to me necessary, or, if it had appeared otherwise perhaps have been impracticable. In short, I person who had a name to support, genteel acquai to keep up with, and high tastes to be gratified, was unprovided with a half of that share of the g fortune which would have been necessary to an inc so circumstanced. To make up the deficiencies salary, I applied to my father, but was informed t that his affairs were in such a state as to preclu possibility of his assisting me. He recommended make my income go as far as possible, and to end by diligence and exemplary behaviour, to get it inc 'for,' said he, 'the old estate, burdened as it is, much longer survive these declining markets and rents; and I fear that your own industry and must eventually be your only portion. I am grieved,' he added, 'to convey this information but it is consolatory to reflect, that my distress hardly be traced to any imprudences of mine, and have a son who possesses the ability, if he be i with the will, to redeem the fortunes of our family

At this period, I was so much buoyed up with tl and gay ideas of youth, that I suffered comparative from the narrowness of my income. I was ad in the confidence of my superiors, and prosp promotion and increase of salary were held out *Friends*, also, were not wanting to tell me, that, *address, figure, and ancient name*, I might be *even though destitute of fortune*, to make wh

natch.' Thus I went on, enjoying both the
 d the future, till at length I did obtain a con-
 veleration in my department. At the same time
 s increasing my income, I was lessening my
 re, for I had become tired of the frivolities of
 id addicted myself to the more economical and
 itable enjoyments of study. As for the good
 never permitted myself to think of it. The
 always appeared to me too delicate and valu-
 tion of our natural property, to be pledged
 mere lucre. I was rather inclined to the
 xtreme, of marrying for personal considerations
 n though these, perhaps, could only be indulged
 e of certain worldly maxims which bear the
 prudence. I thought it a noble thing to have
 's power to select some gentle and amiable,
 erhaps penniless being, who, from the very
 that no drossy motive mingled with my pre-
 ould be the more truly, the more purely, the
 tedly, attached to me.

d have been very proper to have exercised a
 of this kind under circumstances which rendered
 . Had I waited for a considerable number of
 il my income was such as to enable me to
 the luxury of a generous choice, no one could
 ned, though many might have sneered at me.
 itely, long ere this prudential period arrived, my
 became fixed upon a young lady who appeared
 possessed of almost every personal and mental
 ac youngest of a large family which moved in
 respectable circle, and several of the female
 of which were already well married. Though
 of very general admiration, this young person
 all the simplicity which adds so much to the
 the female character; and I soon perceived that
 , though sought by many others, was reserved
It was madness in one so poor to bid for a
such high price. Bid, however, I did, and in no
he precious object was mine.

My wife had respectable connections, but not her friends could hardly but be aware that my resources were not adequate to support her in the style to which she had been accustomed; and I afterwards learned, that some demurring had taken place among them on this very account. The respectability, however, of my birth—the prospect of my further promotion—perhaps the largeness of the unprovided family to which she belonged—formed reasons for their assent; and the marriage, accordingly, took place with the full sanction of all who had any interest in my spouse's welfare.

The great range of new relations and connections which I thus became allied, while it might have been much advantage to a young man entering upon a new position, was of material detriment to me. To have been in our own society, was almost the only means by which we could hope to neutralise in any measure the influence of our union. In order to escape the doom which awaited before us, we would have required to live entirely for ourselves; we would have required to be all in all to each other, and to have forgotten that a world existed outside of us. It was, indeed, upon some romantic calculations of this kind, that I had reconciled myself, against misgivings, to so early a marriage. It soon appeared how vain were all such anticipations. At the very first, when, if our own taste had been consulted, we would have sat for whole evenings together—speechless—void of all but dreaming only of the happiness of being for ever united to each other—we were hurried, by the irresistible force of custom, into festive assemblies, where we sought pleasure—save when, through long vistas in the distance, our eyes happened to rest on the beloved form—to be mistaken—in which we mutually contemplated something better than all the world beside. In due time, these assemblies had to be repeated in our quiet home; and we gradually became involved, in spite of every resolution to the contrary, in the system of visiting and entertaining which prevailed among our friends. Nor, I must confess

altogether unsanctioned by my own feelings and temper. As I loved my wife beyond all earthly objects, I also had kindly feelings for her numerous kindred. One and all, they were welcome to my house and heart; at least they always were so when they were in my presence, however convinced I might be, in moments of private reflection, of the imprudence of entertaining them so frequently, and in such numbers. There was, moreover, a multitude of other persons, including my own personal friends, who sought our society, and whom my good-nature could not reject. All this was wrong—was even in some measure criminal; but it was in compliance with customs and feelings which are not easily put aside. I was disposed, as much as any man, to shudder at the idea of contracting debts which I could not honourably discharge; yet a man may be in circumstances—and such were mine—where the remote consequences of debt, however dreadful, make a much fainter impression on the mind, than the smaller but *immediate* pain of assuming a cold or churlish air to an individual who happens, through the moreset accident, to be in the way of claiming his hospitality.

So far as our happiness depended on ourselves, we were happy. My wife, gentle, affectionate, and intellectual, proved all that I had expected. I, on the other hand, devoted to her the whole of my leisure, and endeavoured, by every means, to deserve and secure her attachment. Our life—for it was *one*—was an uninterrupted series of kind offices and mild words. How rich, I often thought, am I in possessing the love of this generous and gracious being! Oh! rich beyond all expression—but, alas! I would again reflect, it is a luxury to which I am not entitled; I am indulging in happiness which I have not means to purchase; I am fraudulently taking that which should have fallen to the lot of some other and wealthier man. Thus, her very kindness, which in *distresses* of another kind would have operated as a *relief*, too frequently awakened only the pang of *conscience*, and the dread of some awful, though as yet

undefined, catastrophe. In time, two beautiful were added to our little household; and ne accompanied, however, by new miseries, were of me. What, under other circumstances, would ha pleasure inexpressible, now chiefly raised only t gloomy forebodings. Debt had now hung its chains around me. I was tormented daily b which I possessed no means of satisfying, an were always becoming more and more vexation instalments of my salary, as they periodically my hands, were abandoned without reserve to n tora, who were always very ready to accept of a however small; but while I was thus left destitu means of meeting my current expenses, the evil put off, not overcome. For awhile I was support my distresses by the hope of a more lucrative ment; but, through some oblique influence, obtained the place.

In an evil hour, and under the pressure of a p obligation which threatened me with the loss of present office, as well as my station in society, I p myself to borrow—as I mentally phrased it—as the government funds then in my hands; fully l that I should be able to replace the money be next day of settlement. Painful and alarming expedient was—for I could not conceal that it w gave me for the time so agreeable a feeling of re I must have been more than mortal if I had become reconciled to it. Another draft was and another—and another!—and long before the day arrived, I had contrived a means of eluding d Immediate troubles were thus neutralised. M once more became one of comfort. But oh the remorse and terror which occasionally shot thro soul, as I reflected on my guilt! Often have I s *midst of a hundred comforts, during the preva those biting storms which give domestic enjoy high a relish, and yet there did not wander th flooded street a wretch so forlorn and wret*

ould not have exchanged my fate with his, provided I were more innocent than I. The most squalid and wretched object, who, lame, diseased, and despised, crept from door to door, picking up a miserable subsistence from the garbage of kitchens, appeared in my eyes as incomparably happier, if he only could rest upon deeds less guilty than mine.

Though my errors were not at first nearly so great as they afterwards became, my sufferings were then far more severe than afterwards. In time, I was able to apologise in some measure for my turpitude, by calling up the vision of my necessities, and by convincing myself, that since no individual lost by my speculations, they were of comparatively little moment. He who has once been tempted to crime, is never in want of sophistical arguments for extenuation. To deaden my mind the more to a sense of guilt, I launched more freely than ever into the tide of dissipation and dissolute gaieties, and, above all things, became remarkably beneficent to my inferiors, and to every kind of needy applicant. It might have been supposed, that an individual under such circumstances would have rather been disposed to live as sparingly as possible: I am dissuaded, from my own feelings, that the natural tendency is exactly the reverse. Social converse is demanded of such a wretch, as a kind of relief from his own gloomy thoughts; and the exercise of benevolent feelings appears to him as a palliation of his offences.

The means which I had contrived for escaping detection were of such a nature, that, though I might have proceeded for many years in the same course, an accident at any time would make all clear to my superiors. I therefore lived in a state of perpetual fear; insomuch, that an unusual noise, or even the sound of a rapid foot behind me, invariably communicated a certain degree of alarm. During this period, my conduct at the office was so obliging, so quiet, and so inoffensive, that, by superiors, equals, and inferiors, I was alike beloved. My domestic behaviour was also of the most exemplary kind. My wife was pointed to by her friends as the

happiest of women; and our children were famed excellent nurture which they received. Our home was looked upon by all who ever entered it as the land of prosperity and peace; and I was envied by all whose feet I could have licked with transport, if I had been made as guiltless as they. The whole of my behaviour I can now trace to an unconsciousness of laying up good opinions against the evil day, which was to denounce me as a wretch and an outcast.

That evil day at length came, as I knew. It came in the midst of domestic calamity and sorrow. My wife had been confined a few days before; and her child were in that state where death is looked as equally probable with life. Two of our other children, including one on whom I doted to distraction, were suffering under one of the severest of the whole family of infantine diseases. Late one evening, when I was about to leave the office, a letter was received from the board in the metropolis, expressing some doubt about my accounts, and requesting certain information which would elucidate them. As the error, if error it was, was to have occurred in my department, orders were given that I should next day apply myself, with several junior clerks, to an investigation of the matter! It occurred to my superiors that the mistake could not be a wilful one, or connected with any act of default; and my entire absence of suspicion enabled me to hear the intelligence with serenity; and after expressing a ready and course acquiescence in the order, I left the office in the usual manner. My bosom, however, was already labouring to the most dire sensations. I reached home I knew how—for blindness was in my eyes, and doubt and fear in my steps. The servant who opened the door to me was in tears: this was the first thing which awakened the power of reflection. 'Is it your mistress?' I had inquired. 'O no, sir,' answered the girl, and she told me the name of my beloved child. I was rushing out the name of my beloved child. I was rushing when she seized me by the arm, and told me, as her sobs would permit, that, by the request of the

the death of the child was to be concealed
her; and that the latter, who had just fallen
was to be kept quiet, if we valued her life.

in an instant. I approached the chamber
near infant lay—took but one kiss of his
lips, and shed but one bright tear on his
head. The other, which lay at no great dis-
tance to my bosom, as if I could have hoped to
rescue her from the stroke of death too evidently
I then passed to my own room, possessed
the money I had about me, and wrote a
note at the distance of a day's journey from
informing him of the reason of my departure from
and beseeching him to come instantly to the
family—if he still could retain any interest
he deserved the worst that he and the rest of
the world would award. My next movement was towards the
bedroom by my wife. She slept profoundly. Within
the curve of her arm lay her infant, also asleep.
On her cheek, sat the placid expression of a mind
at rest, though perhaps soon to pass through
the scene of death. How different the emotions
of a guilty and resigned bosom from those which pos-
sessed the innocent of innocence and repose—repose, alas!
undisturbed for anguish not to be conceived! For
I gazed on that blessed countenance, with an
ecstatic contemplation that confessed my slender
chance of seeing it again. A lifetime was compressed
in a moment. Much as I wished to press my lips to
her forehead—not for it might have awakened her,
but to a scene I would have died rather than
witness. With one parting look, in which the grief
was concentrated, I tore myself away, and left

After a few weeks, I had reached a country where my
cure from the consequences of my guilt.
I wrote to my friend, informing him of my
situation, and entreating that he would convey

the intelligence to Maria, if she still lived, and me in return of every circumstance of any interest had taken place in consequence of my departure. At the due time, I received a letter—and, oh, joy of joys! from my wife. Notwithstanding the distress into which she was plunged by the detection of my criminality, she had recovered from her illness, which, in reality, passed the crisis on the evening of my departure. She expressed a just sense of the enormity of my offence, knowing that my nature was originally good, and she had been able to pardon me in her own mind, and was desirous of rejoining me, in whatever part of the world or in whatever sphere of life, I might be placed. I showed her the letter with transports, and fondly trusted that she would forgive me, though I never could deserve it, might as well as mine.

Wretched dreamer that I was! ere six months elapsed, my wife and her surviving children, for whom I had provided a kind of home in the wilderness, perished on their passage to America, together with several fellow-creatures, all of whom no doubt left many to mourn for their loss, but no one to feel the anguish of mine. On hearing of the fate of the ship and its passengers—for not a soul survived to the possibility of a doubt—I shrunk, abashed and struck, from human converse, as if the intelligence taxed me with the murder of those dearest to me on earth. About the same time, I learned that my father had not long survived the intelligence of my infamy, which had covered not only him but the circle of my friends and connections with shame. My old man had always cherished the most extravagant hopes respecting his only and beloved son. After being informed of my sudden and disgraceful departure, he had hardly spoken a word to a living being, but lay *and forlorn* in his room, neglecting even those *base* *piety*, from which, when consolation was less to be had, *he had never failed*, according to his own *declaration*, to derive it. The conscience

er of all who held me dear, I have now lived for years apart from my kind—despised by all who think of me, but, alas ! unable to despise in return, and only too deeply sensible of the errors I have committed. My fellow-creatures give nothing, and nothing from me. I ask nature only for the means of sorting life, and content myself with what she gives. But vain is every effort of busy self-excuse the crimes which have driven me from

They wring my heart by day and by night, and thus far from accusing faces, I ever feel the scorn of the world, and acknowledge the justice of fiction.

A N A G R A M S.

ANAGRAMS are now hardly known as efforts of wit, but at times they formed the subject of learned disputes, and were ranked among the cabalistic sciences. The literary process of anagramatising sentences and names was also extremely fashionable in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, occupying that place enjoyed by conundrums, and other small means of amusement among the idle. The French are reputed to have been exceedingly fond of anagrams. On one occasion, an anagram was made on the mistress of Charles IX. which threw the nation into an ecstasy of delight. The name of the lady was Marie Touchet, the letters of which words were transformed into *Je charme tout* (I harm all)—an anagram said to be historically correct, but this anagram was perhaps surpassed by the English: The assassin of Henry III. was Frere Jacques, and it was soon discovered that the letters of these three words could form the appalling sentence: *infer qui m'a créé* (or, *It is hell which created me.*) In our times anagrams were appropriately formed on the titles of our own King James VI., one of which

was, *James Stuart—A just master*. One on the monarch, but referring to his complete name, was, *C James Stewart—Claims Arthur's Seat*. Of the poet it was said—

His brows need not with laurel to be bound,
Since in his name with *Laurel* he is crowned.

And Randle Holmes, a person who wrote a book of heraldry, was complimented by the expressive and witty *Lo Men's Herald*! Perhaps the happiest of all anagrams says D'Israeli, 'was produced on a singular personal occasion. Lady Eleanor Davies, the wife of the celebrated Sir John Davies, the poet, was a very extraordinary character: she was the Cassandra of her age; and some of her productions warranted her to conceive she was a prophetess. As her prophecies in the troubled reign of Charles I. were usually against the government, they were at length brought by them into the Court of Commissioners. The prophetess was not a little mortified, as she fancied the spirit of Daniel was in her, from an anagram she had formed of her name, *Eleanor Davies—to Daniel*. The anagram had too much by an *l*, and a little by an *s*; yet *Daniel* and *Reveal* were in it, and that was sufficient to satisfy her inspirations. The bishops attempted to dispossess the spirit from the lady, but the bishops were in vain reasoning the point without the Scriptures, to no purpose, she poisoning against text. One of the Deans of the Arches, Heylin, took up a pen, and at last hit upon this excellent anagram: *Dame Eleanor Davies—Never so mad as I*. The happy fancy put the solemn court into laughter, and Cassandra into the utmost dejection. Failing her own weapons, her spirit suddenly forsook her, and either she never afterwards ventured on prophecy, or the anagram perpetually reminded her hearers of her state. No more was heard of the prophetess.'

THE PEGHLER.

since the natural history of such creatures as the horse, and the elephant, was ascertained stood. Zoology is now mainly occupied with fields of creation. Accordingly, it would be vain that you busied yourself in the East Indies with the able task of catching and stuffing tigers, in order to send them home to some native museum; on their arrival, it is ten to one that they would not find house-room. But mark the eyes of a naturalist tell him of some new marine creature, half fish and half animal, which springs up in the shape of a jellyfish with something like an umbrella and stalk in the middle; or only speak of a new holothuria, original number of its tentacula! In the same way have the various characters of society fallen into a kind of monotony in our literature. It was very well for Homer to have his heroes like Achilles and Agamemnon; and for the poet to talk of such men as Will Honey-bun and Roger de Coverley. These personages were the horse and the lion in the infancy of natural history. But anything like a full-grown, healthy, natural history was of no use. Everybody knew all about him.

If you want proper subjects for the moral philosopher you must poke into the holes and corners of nature. It will not do now-a-days to describe men and women as nondescripts.

Under this impression, I take leave to introduce the *Peghler* to the notice of the world—a creature never in town nor country, is anything very new, but yet may be described, I doubt not, in such a way as to awaken a full recollection of him in the mind of the reader.

The *Peghler* is a person in humble life, who acquires his reputation because he is always going about muddling.

and panting after something.' * He assumes profession, but contrives to live a curious irregular life by means of all kinds of out-of-the-way bargain contracts for work; his habits being generally to a considerable degree determined by the accident of being in a city or in the country. He is usually a shabby-looking man, with coarse gray stockings, breeches, and a seven-days' beard. His only treasure is one hard roll of red or blue cotton, enclosing a watch, which, evidently, has never yet been made with the mysterious process invented by Brunner. The watch is a little spherical silver one, without numerals; its chain is steel, and consists of a series of congeries of chains, interrupted every two or three links by little flat plates, and garnished at the end with a fashioned pebble seal, a George-the-Second's crown, a small Indian shell, and a key formed on three sides into the human figure when sitting. The residence of the town Peghler is always suburban. He has a garden and a concern in some grass park in the neighbourhood. When he keeps a cow or horse when he happens to be in the country. He is always a married man, with a vast number of children, whom he is rigorous in setting to work almost as they are able to walk. Though he is rather wealthy than otherwise, he is a great miser in his household. He buys the most of his provisions in a growing or living state. In June, you find him buying a sale of standing grain, where, if he does not buy largely in a wholesale capacity, he at least purchases an acre or two for his own meal. This is reaped by his own children—put into sheaves by himself (for he is a first-rate bandster)—thrashed also by himself—in a mill in which he has some concern—and brought home by his own horse and cart. In October, you find him attending a sale of growing potatoes—perhaps purchasing a whole field on speculation—possibly only an acre for his family. At the very worst, he sees how poor

* To peghle—*Anglicé*, to pant, to be short-winded.

the honour of having his advice asked by
 ienced, and partakes, however fruitlessly,
 which has been paraded for the purpose of
 the sale. The Peghler frequents all kinds
 at Dalkeith, he goes like a bee from flower
 & thrusts his hand deep into every bag—
 tents with a knowing air, between his
 mb—tastes it with an air still more know-
 asking the price, remarks, if he does not
 that it is 'a good meal.' When he has made
 pays for it either in notes drawn from a
 sket-book, which seems almost in itself a
 that he calls 'a bit cheque on Sir Willie.' *
 ity of corn-factor upon a small scale, the
 great adept in all matters connected with
 and whatever may increase or depress its
 cloud crosses the horizon, but he knows
 s to have next Friday at Haddington. He
 erious algebra peculiar to himself, weigh off
 vater at the Observatory; or, what is more
 pools which he finds in the morning before
 st the scale of prices at Dalkeith; and you
 mished at the accuracy of the calculation.
 tered a Peghler in the course of a country
 s leaning over the gate of a barley-field;
 d not borne all the external marks of a
 licensed Peghler, I could have known him
 erate calculating air with which he marked
 rd. Entering into conversation with him,
 at that was a fine field of barley. 'Yes,'
 it's gude beare; but, man, ye dinna ken *hoo*
 ie Peghler approved of the grain, by virtuo
 & actual acquaintance with the subject:
 be good, perhaps, from his certainty as to
 of the soil, the sufficiency of the manure,
 labour which had been bestowed upon it,

*Forbes & Co., a banking-house of old standing in
 nincent, but formerly enjoying an exclusive kind of
 the rural classes in Scotland.*

besides a minute examination of all the outward toms. But he saw, from my city aspect, that thought it good because the field bore a verdant ance; and his conscious skill could not respond my humble remark, without letting me see that so upon different and deeper principles. Verily, no department of knowledge without its pride of

But the Peghler is a person of multiform app and endless varieties of employment. Sometimes steps into a place where turnpikes are rousing the thought strikes him, he will take a few to which, next week, he has planted off an equal number of sons, cousins, and nephews. You have perhaps acquaintance with a particular Peghler, as contr building a dike near your residence in the count the next time you see him, he is ascending hole in the street, being busied in forming a new Some days afterwards, when you are in quest of against next Whitsuntide, you find yourself wait by this identical Peghler, as an emissary of the It is a great employment of the Peghler to let This is just one of those irregular kinds of which the city Peghler rejoices in. He is, indeed, of it, that he often sinks his own gains in house p You find him at a sale of what are called 'old m —namely, the stone and woodwork of a house t be taken down, to admit, perhaps, of some publ He is flying along crazy joists, while pulveris wraps him all round—a sort of dust-fiend! He l whole for a few pounds, and, some weeks after, perhaps occupied in former times by lords and la rises in a new shape in the suburbs for the accom of humble artisans. The Peghler, in his capacity lord, becomes acquainted with a property in human which has hitherto been supposed to reside exclu *certain classes of birds.* This is a disposition to *which prevails among his tenants at particular generally about three weeks previous to the 25 and the 22d of November.* It is incalculable

rich he and his whole race and kindred have, about the periods, in watching the motions of the tenantry. He wanders nightly like a ghost about the Property, and the smallest light in a window after midnight becomes to him an object of suspicion. His children rise at different periods of the night to relieve guard; but even while he sleeps, he thinks he sees his vassals taking wing with their goods and chattels. If all keeps fair till term-day, he goes his rounds with a gracious countenance, mumbling every tenant some complimentary speeches, in which the word 'convenient' is alone heard, but, in being heard, is enough. Perhaps, instead of rent, he is met with some complaint as to the want of repairs; but unless he receives payment, he turns a deaf ear to all such memorialists. If a debt be duly rendered, then he makes it his endeavour to soothe the complainants as much as possible. There is neither black so very black, nor no white so very white, but he will make the one look a little whiter and the other a little blacker. The roof may shew a breach through which the tenant can see ten degrees of the blue empyrean; but, in the Peghler's mind, everything may be mended by a little plaster. A little plaster is his catholicon for all evils; and that he will come and apply himself to mend every day very soon. He will never admit any fault in his Property, which it is beyond his own personal skill to correct; no more than Dr Poppleton would acknowledge the existence of any disease which might not be cured by his own pill. He has been heard, in extraordinary cases, to speak of such a thing as a barrowful of bricks, but so rarely, that it is not entitled to enter into the estimate of his character and habits. He has also been known to have the art of thatching houses, and even, on an emergency, when in the last day of his shirt, to sweep a chimney, either for the benefit of himself, or one of his neighbours.

The Peghler is sure to be prosperous, so long as things depend upon his own immediate exertions and sagacity, and while his children are still so young as to be obliged to conform to his rules. But the unhappy man is almost

invariably ruined by his family. He has been a severe disciplinarian. Every Sunday, to-day, has he marched his flock of Johnnies and Mr Lothian's, in the Vennel, besides taking doth,

‘ Morning, nichtly,
On the *questions* targe them tichtly.’

But all is as nought when the young folk are at age. Jockies are then set up as meal-dealers and Jennies are married to grocers and the boys carry *higher* heads than their father, but the sons-in-law—as blood, according to Scotch adage, is thicker than water—obtain but effective signature, to bills and other. The gains of wisdom and parsimony are then lost by folly and self-indulgence. Even while still domiciled with him, he is in danger of the good old system broken in upon. The younger style in the dwellings of their playmates leads to discover that their father is not the poor man. The Peghler is thunder-struck, some fine morning his household convulsed by a rebellion, to which his wife of his bosom is evidently not ill affected. Further breakfasts of porridge. The ancient potato is tumbled from its throne; and a thing only enjoyed clandestinely when at home, sets up its unblushing front every evening had a title of a thousand years' standing. That he struggles against these innovations. In the midst of the Lilliputians, he is brought to see the very multitude of his enemies. He may be a Jock or a Jenny, as Gulliver could have described a score of his minute foes, but whatever punishment could inflict, would be revenged twentyfold by shafts of ridicule, and remonstrance, and command would instantly be directed against him. A poor Peghler, after a manful resistance, give in with a good grace; and TEA, the his dreams, reigns supreme.

From such causes as these, the Peghler often ends where he commenced—a very poor man; but yet the case is often far otherwise. Perhaps his eldest son is reared a baker. The youth is steady and active. The moment he is out of his apprenticeship he marries his master's daughter, and the two swarm off to set up in some new street about the outskirts of the New Town. Little stock is required to set up a baker. Two pounds buy a bag of flour, and no more is required to begin with. The wife is established in a small back-room, with a window of two panes looking into the front-shop; and there she sits, looking through her loophole of retreat on the passing world, unless when called upon to attend to her customers. In the evenings, if you happen to drop in to buy anything for your children, you get a peep through that loophole, unless it be altogether covered by its curtain of green baize, of such a comfortable teatable, as makes you envy the happy lot of the son of the Peghler. Or perhaps the honest baker himself appears in his door, with his red cowl pushed back from his brow, and is engaged in discussing, amidst a crowd of neighbours, some knotty subject that has just been started by the *Scotsman*. His broad hearty laugh, the expression of a mind at ease with itself, and happy with all around it, is heard occasionally over the debate; and if a customer chances to enter, the transaction is in general so simple, that it does not interrupt his argument, but he continues speaking to his friends at the door from the far recesses of the shop, till he is enabled, by the conclusion of the business, to resume his station in the threshold. The Peghler watches and rejoices over the good behaviour of this worthy son, with great gratulation of spirit. He loves the children far better than do their father or mother; and they, in their turn, would not give their grandfather for twenty of their more immediate parents. As they sit on his knee, they ask him innumerable questions about his watch, and its many chains, and its seal, and its sixpence, and its little shell; and occasionally, when they are 'guid bairns,' he will even allow them to

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see the inside of the wonderful machine. They entertain a most reverential respect for a particular pocket in his large spotted woollen vest, in which they know he keeps halfpence. That pocket seems to them the most estimable object in the whole world; and they cannot see him bring his hand so much as near it, without a tremor of delicious expectation. Such is the happy closing phase of a Peghler's life. At length, he is quietly translated out of time, leaving the fruits of his many hard-working days to a new generation, by whom he is gratefully recorded not as a shrewd, industrious man, which he really was, but as a kind husband and indulgent parent, which he was not. And so I leave the Peghler to his repose.*

R. C.

ASCENT OF THE PETER BOTTE MOUNTAIN.

THE Mauritius, an island in the Indian Ocean, at one time belonging to the French, but now forming one of the British colonial possessions, is extremely mountainous, and exhibits in every part of it the marks of volcanic action. Some of the mountains are between 2000 and 3000 feet in height, and are covered with snow during a great part of the year. Among them are several that assume the most singular and fantastic shapes; but the most extraordinary in its appearance, is that which bears the name of Peter Botte, from a person who is said by tradition to have climbed to its summit many years ago, and to have lost his life in coming down again. The attempt has been several times made by our own countrymen since the island became a British possession, but always till now in vain. The exploit, however, was at length accomplished in 1833. The account of its successful performance is given in a letter from one of the parties in the enterprise, which was communicated to the

* This paper, by one of the editors of the present volume, appeared originally in the first number of *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, 1832.

ical Society by Mr Barrow. 'From most points says the writer, 'the mountain seems to rise out of a range which runs nearly parallel to that part of the coast which forms the Bay of Port Louis—the mountain is situated on the west side of the island—but on reaching its base, you find that it is actually separated from the rest of the range by a ravine or cleft of a tremendous depth.' The mountain appears from the account to be 1800 feet high.

Lloyd, chief civil-engineer, accompanied by others, had made an attempt in 1831 to ascend the mountain, and had reached what is called the Neck, where they planted a ladder, which did not, however, suffice to way up the perpendicular face of rock beyond. Captain Lloyd was convinced that, with proper preparation, the feat might be accomplished. Accordingly, on the morning of the 7th September 1833, this gentleman, with Lieutenant Phillpotts of the 29th Regiment, at Keppel, R.N., and Lieutenant Taylor, the day after the letter, set out on the bold and perilous ascent. 'All our preparations being made,' says the writer, 'we started, and a more picturesque line of country I have seldom seen. Our van was composed of sixteen or twenty sēpoys, in every variety of costume, with a few negroes carrying our food, dry goods, &c. Our path lay up a very steep ravine, formed by the rains in the wet season, which, having loosened all the soil, made it anything but pleasant: those below were obliged to keep a bright look-out for tumbling stones, and one of these missed Keppel and myself by a few feet.'

On this path, which was not a foot broad, they proceeded for about 400 yards, the negroes supporting their footing firm under their loads, by catching hold of the shrubs above them. They then allowed Lieutenant Taylor to continue the story in his own words:—

Reaching the shoulder, a view burst upon us which defied all our descriptive powers. We stood on a little

narrow ledge or neck of land, about twenty yards in length. On the side which we mounted, we looked back into the deep wooded gorge we had passed up; while on the opposite side of the neck, which was between six and seven feet broad, the precipice went sheer down 1500 feet to the plain. One extremity of the neck was equally precipitous, and the other was bounded by what to me was the most magnificent sight I ever saw. A narrow, knife-like edge of rock, broken here and there by precipitous faces, ran up in a conical form to about 300 or 350 feet above us; and on the very pinnacle, old Peter Botte frowned in all his glory.

‘After a short rest, we proceeded to work. The ladder had been left by Lloyd and Dawkins last year. It was about twelve feet high, about half-way up a face of perpendicular rock. The foot, which was spiked, rested on a ledge, with barely three inches on each side. A grapnel-line had been also left last year, but was not used. A negro of Lloyd’s clambered from the top of the ladder by the cleft in the face of the rock, not trusting his weight to the old and rotten line. He carried a small cord round his middle; and it was fearful to see the cool steady way in which he climbed, where a single loose stone or false hold must have sent him down into the abyss; however, he fearlessly scrambled away, till at length we heard him halloo from under the neck: “All right!” These negroes use their feet exactly like monkeys, grasping with them every projection almost as firmly as with their hands. The line carried up he made fast above, and up it we all four “shinned” in succession. It was, joking apart, awful work. In several places, the ridge ran to an edge not a foot broad; and I could, as I held on, half sitting, half kneeling across the ridge, have kicked my right shoe down to the plain on one side, and my left into the bottom of the ravine on the other. The only thing which surprised me was my own steadiness *and freedom* from all giddiness. I had been nervous in *mounting* the ravine in the morning; but gradually I got *so excited and determined* to succeed, that I could look

height without the smallest sensation of a head; nevertheless, I held on uncomfortably very well satisfied when I was safe.

And a more extraordinary situation I found the head, which is an enormous mass of 7 feet in height, overhangs its base many feet. A ledge of tolerably level rock runs across the base, about six feet in width, here by the abrupt edge of the precipice, just where it is joined by the ridge upward. In one spot, the head, though over several feet, reaches only perpendicularly to the precipice; and, most fortunately, it was at that spot where we mounted. Here it was I began getting up. A communication being made to the shoulder by a double line of ropes, I got up the necessary material—Lloyd's additional coils of rope, crowbars, &c. The question, and a puzzler too, was how to get against the rock. Lloyd had prepared us, with thongs, to fire over; and having made a line fast round his body, which he went on going over the edge of the precipice on this side, he leaned back against the line, at the least projecting part: had the line he had fallen 1800 feet. Twice this he had recourse to a large stone with a line swung diagonally, and seemed to be a great deal. Several times he made beautiful heaves, but the line would not catch, and away went the stone below; till at length Æolus, pleased, by his perseverance, gave us a shift of wind, and the stone, and was on the opposite side. Hurrah, my lads! "Good word!" Three lengths of the ladder were thrown over the ledge; a large line was attached to the 10-inch rope, to the extremity of which one of our ladder, then lowered it gently

over the precipice till it hung perpendicularly, and was steadied by two negroes on the ridge below. "All right now hoist away!" and up went the ladder till the foot came to the edge of our ledge, where it was lashed firmly to the neck. We then hauled away on the guy to steady it, and made it fast: a line was passed over by the lead-line to hold on, and up went Lloyd, screeching and hallooing, and we all three scrambled after him. The union-jack and a boat-hook were passed up, and Old England's flag waved freely and gallantly on the redoubtable Peter Botte. No sooner was it seen flying, than the *Undaunted* frigate saluted in the harbour, and the guns of our saluting battery replied; for though our expedition had been kept secret till we started, it was made known the morning of our ascent, and all hands were on the look-out, as we afterwards learned. We then got a bottle of wine to the top of the rock, christened it "King William's Peak," and drank his majesty's health hand round the Jack, and then "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!"

'I certainly never felt anything like the excitement at that moment: even the negroes down on the shoulder took up our hurrahs; and we could hear far below the faint shouts of the astonished inhabitants of the plain. We were determined to do nothing by halves, and accordingly made preparations for sleeping under the neck by hauling up blankets, pea-jackets, brandy, cigars, &c. Meanwhile, our dinner was preparing on the shoulder below; and about four P.M. we descended our ticklish path, to partake of the portable soup, preserved salmon, &c. Our party was now increased by Dawkins and his cousin, a lieutenant of the *Talbot*, to whom we had written, informing them of our hopes of success; but their heads would not allow them to mount to the head of the neck. After dinner, as it was getting dark, I screwed up my nerves, and climbed up to our queer little nest at the top, followed by Tom Keppel and a negro, who carried some dry wood, and made a fire in a cleft under the rock. Lloyd and Phillpotts soon came up, and we began to arrange ourselves for the night, each taking a glass

brandy to begin with. I had on two pair of trousers, shooting-waistcoat, jacket, and a huge Flushing jacket over that, a thick woollen sailor's cap, and two blankets; and each of us lighted a cigar as we seated ourselves to wait for the appointed hour of our signal of success. It was a glorious sight to look down from that giddy pinnacle over the whole island, lying so calm and beautiful in the moonlight, except where the broad black shadows of the other mountains intercepted the light. Here and there we could see a light twinkling in the plains, over the fire of some sugar-manufactory; but no sound of any sort reached us, except an occasional shout from the party down on the shoulder—we four being the only ones above. At length, in the direction of Pointe à Louis, a bright flash was seen, and, after a long interval, the sullen boom of the evening-gun. We then prepared our pre-arranged signal, and whiz went a rocket from our nest, lighting up for an instant the peaks of the hills below us, and then leaving us in darkness. We next burned a blue-light, and nothing can be conceived more perfectly beautiful than the broad glare against the overhanging rock. The wild-looking group we made in our uncouth habiliments, and the narrow ledge on which we stood, were all quite distinctly shown; while many of the tropical birds, frightened at our vagaries, glanced in the light, and then swooped away, screeching, into the gloom below; for the gorge on our left was dark as Erebus. We burned another blue-light, and threw up twelve more rockets, when, our laboratory being exhausted, the patient-looking, insulted moon had it all her own way again. We now rolled ourselves up in our blankets, and having lashed Phillpotts, who is a determined sleeper, to Keppel's leg, we tried to sleep; but it blew strong before the morning, and was very cold. We drank all our brandy, and kept tucking in the blankets till the whole night without success. At daybreak, we rose, still cold, and hungry; and I shall conclude briefly by saying that after about four or five hours' hard work, we got to the hole mined in the rock, and sunk the foot of our two

foot ladder deep in this, lashing a water-barrel, as mark, at the top, and, above all, a long staff, with a union-jack flying. We then, in turn, mounted to the top of the ladder, to take a last look at a view such as we might never see again; and, bidding adieu to the top of our toil and triumph, descended the ladder to the bottom, and casting off the guys and hauling-lines, cut communication with the top.'

We have only to add to this animated description, that the more fortunate than Peter Botte, Lieutenant Tay and his friends effected their descent in perfect safety, and with warm congratulations of their countrymen greet them on their return from what our readers will probably prize with us in regarding as one of the most brilliant exploits of this sort which have ever been recorded.

THE SUTORS OF SELKIRK.

TRADITION and history concur in celebrating the bravery of the citizens of Selkirk at the fatal battle of Flodden, in 1514; and it is related that of one hundred who followed James IV. to the field, only one survived. A standard taken from the English on that occasion, by a member of the incorporation of weavers, is still in the possession of his descendant, an inhabitant of the town. The English were so exasperated by the bravery of that band of citizens, that they laid Selkirk to ashes. James V., however, in reward of their brave services, granted them a thousand acres of land in the Forest, which are now worth about L.1500 a year. At the annual survey of this tract of land, or riding the marches, the English standard is still carried before the incorporation of weavers. It is recorded by tradition that, on the return of the few survivors from the battle, they found, by the side of Lady-Wood-Edge, the body of a female, wife to one of their fellow-comrades.

child sucking at her breast. In memory of this latter event, continues the tradition, the present arms of the burgh bear a female holding a child in her arms, and seated on a sarcophagus, decorated with the Scottish lion; in the background, a wood. In connection with the story of the bravery of the men of Selkirk at Flodden, tradition has handed down the following rhyme, which has been the subject of much literary contest : --

' Up wi' the sutors of Selkirk,
And down wi' the Earl of Hume ;
And up wi' a' the bra' lads
That sew the single-soled shoon.'

Whether this rhyme be as old as the battle of Flodden ; whether it refer to the conduct of Lord Hume on that occasion, in comparison with the bravery of the burgesses of Selkirk ; or whether it applies to a more modern incident—a match at football betwixt the men of the Merse, or Earl of Hume's country, and those of Selkirk, it seems now difficult to decide. Although the words of the song, of which the above is the first verse, be not very ancient, and although there was no *Earl of Hume* till the year 1604, antiquaries have generally found reason to believe that they allude to the conflict at Flodden. It is related, that the principal trade carried on at the time of the battle, and for centuries afterwards, was that of manufacturing thin or *single-soled* shoes. Hence the glory of the above enterprise is wholly appropriated by what are called ' the Sutors of Selkirk,' though the great trophy of the day was won by a person of a very different profession. It seems evident that the shoemakers have only become conspicuous in the story by their numbers, and by the predominance of the craft over all others, in remote as well as in recent times. This has proceeded to such a length, that to be made a sutor of Selkirk is the ordinary phrase for being created a burgess ; and the ceremony gone through on such occasions seems to set *the matter at rest*. The candidate for burgal honours, at the festivity which always attends these ceremonies, is compelled to lick or pass through his mouth a small bunch

of bristles, such as are used by shoemakers, previously been licked or mouthed by all the of the town-council who may be present. *The licking the birse*, and is said to imply allegiance to the craft who rule the roast in Selkirk. Tinguished sheriff-depute of the county, Sir W Bart., who supplied part of this information made a *sutor*, used the precaution of washing bered birse in his wine, but was compelled, not to atone for that act of disrespect by drink polluted liquor. Nor was the custom ever disj in any case on record, except that of Prince Saxe Coburg, who visited Selkirk in 1819.

The game of football, above alluded to, was a very favourite sport throughout Scotland, but upon the Borders. Sir John Carmichael of (warden of the middle marches, was killed in band of Armstrongs returning from a footl Sir Robert Carey, in his *Memoirs of Border T* mentions a great meeting, appointed by the Soc to be held at Kelso, for the purpose of play ball, but which terminated in an incursion up At present, the football is often played by the of adjacent parishes, or of the opposite banks The victory is contested with the utmost fury serious accidents have sometimes taken place struggles.

LOSS OF THE SHIP LADY HOBART

A NARRATIVE of the loss of his majesty's *Lady Hobart*, on an island of ice in the *Atla* on the 28th of June 1803, with a particular *the providential escape of the crew in two ope been published by William Dorset Fellowe commander. Of this highly interesting na resting not only on account of the intensi*

dured by Captain Fellowes and his associates in danger, of the extraordinary heroism displayed by the sufferers we shall here present an abstract.

On the 22d of June 1803, we sailed from Halifax for gland, steering a course to the southward and eastward, clear Sable Island. On the 26th, took a French schooner, captain of which, with the mate and one boy, was ained on board the packet.

Tuesday, 28th June.—About one in the morning, the p then going by the log at the rate of seven miles an ur, struck against an island of ice with such violence it several of the crew were pitched out of their hammocks. Being roused out of my sleep by the suddenness the shock, I instantly ran upon deck. The helm being t hard a-port, the ship struck again about the chest-tree, d then swung round on her heel, her stern-post being ve in, and her rudder carried away, before we could ceed in our attempts to haul her off. At this time, the and of ice appeared to hang quite over the ship, forming high peak, which must have been at least twice the ight of our mast-head; and we supposed the length of e island to have been from a quarter to half a mile.

'The sea was now breaking over the ice in a dreadful anner, the water rushing in so fast as to fill the hold a few minutes. Made every possible exertion to event the vessel from sinking, but in less than a quarter an hour, she settled down to her fore-chains in the ater.

'Our situation was now become most perilous. Aware the danger of a moment's delay in hoisting out the ats, I consulted Captain Thomas of the navy, and r Bargas, my master, as to the propriety of making y further efforts to save the ship, or any attempt to reserve the mail. These gentlemen agreed with me, at no time was to be lost in hoisting it out; and that, the vessel was then settling fast, our first and only nsideration was to endeavour to preserve the crew. And here I must pay that tribute of praise which the y discipline and good conduct of every one on board

so justly merit. From the first moment of the striking, not a word was uttered expressive of a desire to leave the wreck: my orders were promptly obeyed, and though the danger of perishing was every instant increasing, each man waited for his turn to get into the boats with a coolness and composure that could not be surpassed.

‘Having fortunately succeeded in hoisting out the cutter and jolly-boat, the sea then running high, we placed the ladies in the former. One of them, Miss Cotenham, was so terrified, that she sprang from the gunwale, and fell into the bottom of the boat with considerable violence. This accident, which might have been productive of serious consequences to herself, as well as to us all, was attended by any bad effects. The few provisions which had been saved from the men’s berths were then thrown into the boats. By this time, the main-deck floor was under water, and nothing but the quarter-galley appeared: I then ordered my men into the boats, having lashed iron pigs of ballast to the main-mast, it thrown overboard.

‘I now perceived that the ship was sinking fast, and called out to the men to haul up and receive me, in order to drop myself into the cutter from the end of the trysail-boom; and I desired Mr Bargus, who continued with me on the wreck, to go over first. In this instance he replied, that he begged leave to disobey my order, that he must see me safe over before he attempted to go himself. Such conduct, and at such a moment, requires no comment.

‘The sea was running so high at the time we hoisted out the boats, that I scarcely flattered myself we should get them out in safety; and, indeed, nothing but the steady and orderly conduct of the crew, could have enabled us to effect so difficult and hazardous an undertaking; and it is but justice to them to observe, that a man in the ship attempted to make use of the violence which every one had in his power. While the ship was getting out, I perceived one of the scame

tipper—emptying a demijohn, or bottle, containing five gallons, which on inquiry I found to be rum. He said that he was emptying it for the purpose of filling it with water from the scuttle-cask on the quarter-deck, which had been generally filled overnight, and which was then the only fresh water to be got at: it became afterwards our principal supply. I relate this circumstance as highly creditable to the character of a British sailor.

‘We had scarcely quitted the ship, when she suddenly gave a heavy lurch to port, and then went down head foremost. I had ordered the colours to be hoisted at the main-top-gallant mast-head, with the union downwards, as a signal of distress, in case any vessel should happen to be near to us at the dawn of day.

‘At this awful crisis of the ship sinking, when it is natural to suppose that fear would be the predominant principle of the human mind, the coolness of a British seaman—John Andrews—was very conspicuously manifested, by his exclaiming: “There, my brave fellows, there goes the pride of Old England!”

‘I cannot attempt to describe my own feelings, or the sensations of my people. Exposed as we were in two small open boats upon the great Atlantic Ocean, bereft of all assistance but that which our own exertions could afford us, we narrowly escaped being swallowed up in the vortex. Men used to vicissitudes are not easily dejected, but there are trials which human nature alone cannot surmount. The consciousness of having done our duty, and a reliance upon a good Providence, enabled us to endure our calamity; and we animated each other with the hope of a better fate.

‘While we were employed in deliberating about our future arrangements, at the moment the ship was sinking, she was surrounded by an incalculable number of whales. We were extremely apprehensive, from their near approach to the boats, that they might strike and materially damage them: we therefore shouted, and used every effort to drive them away, but without effect; they continued to pursue us, and remained about the

boats for the space of half an hour, when appeared, without having done us any injury.

‘Having at length surmounted dangers and which baffle all description, we rigged the fore: prepared to shape our course in the best ma: circumstances would admit of, the wind blow the precise point on which it was necessary t reach the nearest land. An hour had scarce: from the time the ship struck, till she founde: distribution of the crew was made in the followi in the cutter, twenty feet long, six feet four incl and two feet six inches deep, were embarked, three ladies—Mrs Fellowes, Mrs Scott, and Miss (—Captain Thomas and myself, eighteen peopl together with the provisions, brought the boat’s down to within six or seven inches of the water this confined space, some idea may be forme crowded state; but it is scarcely possible for t nation to conceive the extent of our sufferings quence of it. In the jolly-boat, fourteen feet feet three inches broad, and two feet deep, were (Mr Bargus, Lieutenant-Colonel Cook of the Gr nine others.

‘The only provisions we were enabled to save of about fifty pounds of biscuit, five or six g water, part of a barrel of spruce-beer, one de: rum, a few bottles of port-wine, with two con quadrant, a spy-glass, a small tin mug, and a w The deck-lantern, with a few spare candles, thrown into the boat, and the cook having se tinder-box and some matches, we were afterward to steer by night.

‘The wind was now blowing strong from the with a heavy sea, and the day had just dawn: *mating ourselves to be at the distance of 350 m St John’s, in Newfoundland, I represented to n nions in distress, that we must begin by suffer tions, which I foresaw would be greater than to explain. To each person, therefore, wer*

a biscuit and a glass of wine, which was the only chance for the ensuing twenty-four hours, all agreeing to save the water untouched as long as possible. Soon after daylight, we made sail, with the jolly-boat in tow, stood close-hauled to the northward and westward. We now said prayers, and returned thanks to God for deliverance.

Wednesday, 29th.—This day was ushered in with variable winds from the southward and eastward. We had passed a long and sleepless night, and I found myself, at the dawn of day, with twenty-eight persons looking up to me with anxiety for the direction of our voyage, as well as for the distribution of their scanty allowance. On examining our provisions, we found our bag of biscuit much damaged by salt water; it therefore became necessary to curtail the allowance, which precaution all cheerfully assented.

A thick fog soon after came on, with heavy rain, so that we had no means of collecting. Our crowded and exposed situation was now rendered more distressing from being thoroughly wet. At noon, served a quart of a biscuit and a glass of rum to each person.

Thursday, 30th.—At daybreak, we were all so numbed with wet and extreme cold, that half a glass of rum and a mouthful of biscuit were served out to each man; the ladies, who had hitherto refused to taste the rum, were now prevailed upon to take the stated allowance, which afforded them immediate relief. The sea was mostly calm, with thick fog and sleet; the air raw and cold: we had kept at our oars all night, and we continued to row during the whole of this day. At noon, we estimated ourselves to be distant 246 miles from St John's.

Friday, 1st July.—During the greater part of the last twenty-four hours, it blew a hard gale of wind from the south-west, with a heavy sea; thick fog and sleet; the weather excessively cold, for the spray, freezing as it fell over us, rendered our situation truly deplorable. We were in a most painful depression of spirits; the want of food, and the continued cold and wet weather.

had rendered us almost incapable of exertion. The very confined space in the boat would not allow of our stretching our limbs, and several of the men, whose feet were considerably swelled, repeatedly called for water. On my reminding them of the resolution we had made, and of the absolute necessity of our persevering in it, they acknowledged the justice and propriety of my refusal, and the water remained untouched.

‘At the commencement of the gale, we stood to the northward and westward; but the cutter was so low in the water, and had shipped so much sea, that we were obliged to cast off the jolly-boat’s tow-rope, and we very soon lost sight of her in the fog. This unlucky circumstance was productive of the utmost distress to us all. To add to the misery of our situation, we lost with the boat not only a considerable part of our stores, but with them our quadrant and spy-glass.

‘In the course of this day, there were repeated exclamations of a strange sail, although I knew it was next to an impossibility to discern anything, owing to the thickness of the fog; yet they were urged from the several seamen with such apparent certainty of their object, that I was induced to put the boat before the wind, to convince them of their error; and as I then saw in a strong point of view the consequence of such deviations, I represented, with all the force of which I was capable, that the depression arising from disappointment infinitely overbalanced the momentary relief proceeding from such delusive expectation, and I exhorted them not to allow such fancies to break out into expression. Under all these circumstances, the ladies particularly, with a heroism that no words can describe, afforded to us the best examples of patience and fortitude.

‘*Saturday, 2d.*—It rained hard during the night, and the cold became so severe, that almost every one in the boat was unable to move. At daybreak, I served out about the third of a wine-glass of rum to each person, with *a quarter of a biscuit*, and before noon, a small quantity of *spruce-beer*, which afforded us great relief.

'At half-past eleven A.M., a sail was discovered to the westward, standing to the north-west. Our joy at such a sight, with the immediate hope of deliverance, gave us a new life. Having hauled close to the wind, we neared each other fast, and in less than a quarter of an hour, we received the jolly-boat. I cannot attempt to describe the various sensations of joy and disappointment which were by turns expressed on all our countenances. As soon as we approached the jolly-boat, we threw out to her a tow-rope, and bore away to the north-west.

'Our hopes of deliverance had now been buoyed up to the highest pitch. The excitement arising from our joy began perceptibly to lose its effect; and to a state of official strength succeeded such a despondency, that no treaty nor argument could rouse some of the men even to the common exertions of making sail.

'To the French captain, and several of the people who appeared to have suffered most, I now, for the first time, served out a wine-glassful of water. I had earnestly cautioned the crew not to taste the salt water, but some of the unhappy men had, nevertheless, taken large draughts of it, and became delirious; some were seized with violent cramps and twitching of the stomach and limbs. I again took occasion to point out to the rest of them the extreme danger of such indiscretion.

Sunday, 3d.—The cold, wet, hunger, and thirst, which we now experienced, are not to be described, and made our situation very deplorable. At eight P.M., having a strong breeze from the southward, we stood on under the canvas we could spread. The French captain, who for some days had laboured under a despondency which admitted of no consolation, jumped overboard in a state of delirium, and instantly sank. One of the other seamen in the jolly-boat became so outrageous, that it was found necessary to lash him to the bottom of the boat.

There being every reason to conclude ourselves well separated from the land, the few that were able to move were now called upon to make a last effort to save

their lives by rowing, and taking advantage of little breeze we then had. We had now been six and nights constantly wet and cold, without any sustenance than a quarter of a biscuit and one wine of fluid for twenty-four hours. The men, who appeared totally indifferent as to their fate, summed up resolution; and as many as were capable of making the bottom of the boats, applied to the oars.

'Monday, 4th.—As the day dawned, the fog became so thick that we could not see very far from the shore. During the night, we had been under the necessity of casting off the jolly-boat's tow-rope, to induce her to exert themselves by rowing. We again lost sight of her, and I perceived that this unlucky accident was beginning to excite great uneasiness among us.

'Soon after daylight, the sun rose in view for the second time since we quitted the wreck. It is worth remark, that during the period of seven days that we were in the boats, we never had an opportunity of making an observation, either of the sun, moon, or stars, or of drying our clothes. The fog at length beginning to appear, we instantly caught a glimpse of the land, at a mile's distance, between Kettle Cove and Island Cove, near Conception Bay, fourteen leagues from the harbour of St. John's. Almost at the same moment, we had the inexpressible satisfaction to discover the jolly-boat, and the schooner in-shore standing off towards us.

'I wish it were possible for me to describe our sensations at this interesting moment. From the cold, watching and fatigue, and from the languor and depression arising from our exhausted state, such accumulated irritability was brought on, that the joy of a speedy rescue affected us all in a most remarkable way: many were brought into tears; some looked at each other with a stupid gaze as if doubtful of the reality of what they saw; we were in such a lethargic state, that no consolatory or animating language, could rouse them to exertion.

'The schooner being now within hail, and having our situation known, she hove-to, and received us.

being taken in tow. The wind having blown with violence from off the coast, we did not reach our place at Island Cove till four o'clock in the evening. All the women and children in the village, with the fishermen—the rest of the men being absent—came to the beach, and appearing deeply affected by our distressed situation, assisted in lifting us out of the boat afterwards in carrying us up the craggy rocks, and we were obliged to pass to get to their habitations. This small village afforded neither medical aid nor provisions, of which we stood so much in need; and salt fish being the only food of the inhabitants, determined, therefore, to lose no time in proceeding to St John's, where we arrived on the 8th of August. I proceeded to England, where I arrived on August 17.

RICHARD ANDREWS.

ANDREWS, mayor of Southampton, is essentially the actor of his own fortune; and his exertions to overcome himself in life, his self-denial, and his fortitude in trying difficulties, cannot be too widely known. The following sketch of the life of this enterprising and distinguished person, appeared some time since in the *paper*:—

Andrews was born at Bishop Sutton, in Hampshire, in the December of 1798. His father, Thomas Andrews, was a working-wheelwright in the village of Bishop Sutton, in Hampshire, a trade to which he was introduced by the kindness of Madame Venables, of the House of Commons. The earnings of the father in those times when schools were few and provisions dear, barely sufficed to send his first son, Richard, from about five or six years of age, to a dame-school, for a week. Thus slenderly provided for with

education, his mother's father, an agricultural labourer, took him to work at ploughing, turnip-hoeing, and all the other usual odds-and-ends of a farm hard work, at the magnificent wages of threepence for which he laboured away for nearly three years; he was always, however, on the look-out for something better; and when a little more than twelve years of age, a chance turned up for him of employment as an apprentice sawyer, at the village of Hitchen Stoke, where, for two years, he worked in the saw-pit at 1s. a day; this he laboured twelve hours; and having to travel and from Hitchen Stoke, ten miles, was on foot or in a saw-pit from four o'clock in the morning until midnight.

The saw-pit led to a better trade. He used to go to the forge to get the tools put in order, and there it was from the flying sparks, or the free swing and ring of the hammer, or the warm look of comfort of the fire on a winter day, or the pleasure of seeing the iron beaten out to any shape, that the wish took hold in him to be a smith; and whilst waiting for the tools, he used to amuse himself trying his hand at heel and toe-nails, at which he soon became an adept, and with such skill at iron, and spoke with such desire to learn the trade, that Mr Beaumont, then a great stage-coach proprietor, gave him employment as hammerman, under one of the smiths. Here he soon gained the approbation of his master and fellow-workmen, had his wages raised from 5s. to 6s., 7s., 8s., and 9s. a week, and in three years or four years before the end of his apprenticeship—most unusual thing—had a fire kindled to himself, and a hammerman under him.

During the last four years of his apprenticeship, Andrews was considered the first hand in the shop; he made all the heavy coach-axles, which in those days were wrought from well-used wheel-tyres; and he made the whole of the tyres for that immense stage coach factory, which employed at the time upwards of 100 men.

dance at Tichbourne Down, Andrews, then nearly his time, met his future wife, who was living at d. She soon, however, went home to Hounslow. These were not days of railways or excursion—Hounslow was forty-seven miles from where he lived; but he walked the distance in a day, and a week walked back on one of the hottest days of the year. Three or four months afterwards, his seven-year apprenticeship ended, he rewalked the distance to be married. In 1817, Hampshire Dick's wedding is remembered in the law, for he put down the immemorial usage on the occasions of setting up a hideous din of pokers and a kettle, and cows' horns.

After his apprenticeship over, the mystery of smithcraft was fully mastered, and Andrews twenty-one years of age, married, his employer offered him a guinea a week. He knew he was worth more, so he left the shop for a better fortune. It was the depth of winter in 1818, a Thursday, Andrews and a companion worked off for Chichester at two in the morning. The distance was thirty miles, but they arrived in time to get into the city at half-past nine. His companion sat at the breakfast-table. There was no work to be done at Chichester; so next day Andrews walked back twenty miles. His former master then offered 23s. a week to engage him for a year; but he had too recently left his apprenticeship to wish to bind himself again; every next day, Saturday, he started at four in the morning; and by nine had walked the twenty miles to Southampton. This was in 1821; and he had in all the time at least 2s. 6d. in his pocket. He, however, got work at his coach factory, at 24s. a week; and having in six weeks saved L.2, he returned to Hitchen Stoke, to his wife and child home to Southampton.

For seven years, he worked at the same factory, and from the 24s. to earning two guineas a week. He *and kept to it*—though his family increased *to put something, little or much, into the savings-bank every week*; and at length, having gathered L.75, he

started in a little back street, on the 1st of October 1834 as a master coachmaker, with two workmen. In 4 weeks, the L.75 were gone in first expenses, but new jobs came in fast, were well and punctually done—a new man was earned, and trade grew. In the same year came the general election, at which the Tories fought their battle against reform. The most influential canvasser came to Andrews. They promised him, that he should make his fortune by the support of the surrounding gentry, if the Tory had his vote. They urged that it was a business depending solely on the gentry, and if he went against them, he must look for ruin. Southampton was then but a fashionable and invalid watering place, a whole day's fast stage-coach journey to London: it had neither dock nor warehouses; the Peninsular and Oriental Company was not formed; there was no railway, no West-India steam-boats; no one thought then, of such a town of trade and manufacture as is increasing every day in Southampton Water. They seemed dead against the man who should go against the gentry. 'Give me,' said Andrews, 'an hour to make up my mind. Come back then, and you shall have an answer.' They came, expecting to tick the vote against reform. Andrews looked up from the forge: 'I believe,' he said, 'reform to be right, and I will vote for it. I have so far worked my own way without any other help than my skill as a workman, and I have no doubt of getting on in the same way without selling my conscience.'

There were abundant grumblings and threats against him, but his first year in business for himself brought in over L.2000; and within ten years of that election he had laid out L.10,000 on the ground and buildings of a factory; and in a single year (1845) he earned more than L.22,000, selling upwards of 300 new and second-hand carriages. Travellers by Overland route to India crossed the desert in Andrews's omnibuses. He built the carriages for the late Mehemet Ali and the sultan; he had a large trade with the colonies, Mexico, Valparaiso, Porto Rico; carries on every part of the manufacture

yes, with the exception of patent axles, on his own; and employs upwards of 200 men, a majority of are electors of the borough.

it was not only on the reform occasion that Andrews by his opinions against his apparent interest. He e of the first members of the Anti-corn-law League; ed to its council; gave a handsome pony-carriage League Bazaar in 1844; and in 1842, when the refused the Town-Hall, and a public meeting was ly broken up, Andrews cleared out his carriage , which held from 2000 to 3000 persons; his work-ounted guard at the entrance, wheel-spokes in and so free-trade had a place for its advocacy in me of a business said to depend solely on the of those who were strong monopolists. Threats here were, in abundance, of supporting others, and up fresh opposition in coach-making; to all of Andrews used to reply: 'Set up as many as you ; coach-building has already grown to be the staple is of the town; the more makers, the more name ace will have for carriage-building; and I am of getting as good a share of it as I deserve.' s this been mere talk. Andrews has been always to help others into business with both material tterns.

.848, he was elected sheriff of Southampton; in y a great majority, mayor, and again in 1850 and and he goes by the name now of the 'People's .' His love of liberty, and the inherent energy of racter, of which we have given so many instances memoir, have made his name widely and favour-nown. May this short narrative not prove useless iring the young to contend with circumstances, and, ible, improve their condition. .We have shewn y God's blessing, can be done.

THE SEPULCHRE OF AN ARM

A SEQUEL TO THE 'PASS OF KHOORD-CABOOL.'

THE disastrous retreat of the British army through the Pass of Khoord-Cabool, in Afghanistan, is modern history, and generally known, for it occurred so early as January 1842. A brief account of the retreat is given in a previous volume of the present MISCELLANY, narrating the sufferings of a humble pair—Sir Frederick Maitland, and Mary his wife, along with a young orphan, whom they picked up from a dying party—the party being escorted by a Kuzzilbash, or chief, who owed the sergeant some acts of kindness.

This small party escaped in a marvellous manner through the Pass, and at nightfall bivouacked in a place of the utmost wretchedness—fatigue, cold, hunger, and overwrought feelings conspiring to render the situation as deplorable as could well be conceived. What further remains to be stated.

It is the 16th of January 1842, and the morning is peeping over mountainous clouds that rear their heads between the orb and the earth. The few feeble rays that struggle through cannot penetrate the lower atmosphere of vapour, and only diffuse a faint sickly beam over the frozen snow that clothes hill and dale. The locality is wild and savage. A rugged rock rises abruptly from a vast level waste otherwise unbroken—not a shrub or living creature, dotting its desert aspect for many miles. At the foot of this rock, in the shade of one of its crannies, was a striking group. On the ground sat Mary Maitland, attenuated in form, her lips parched, her cheeks prominent, her eyes sunken, her hair dishevelled, her dress torn. By her side was the little orphan, Ross, with a small bone in his hands, which the child was eagerly sucking. With his back as

rock stood Frederick Maitland. Where are the handsome manly features, the erect gallant bearing, of the young sergeant of the 44th? His cheeks are hollow, his lips shrivelled, his brow wrinkled, his eyes lustreless, and fixed with a hopeless gaze on his wife. A little apart, seated on a piece of rock, with his knees drawn up, and his heavy rifle laid across them, was the Kuzzilbash chieftain, Chinga Zung. His face was only partially revealed, for his elbows rested on his knees, his head being upborne by his hands, but evidently fearful inroads had been made on even his iron constitution. Occasionally his lips parted, and he murmured a few half-audible words to himself; then a muscle or two would quiver, and the prominent veins of his temple throb and swell. The light helmet which had protected his head was gone, and in its stead he wore a shawl, turban-fashion. His belt yet contained the pistols; but they, as well as his rifle and yataghan, were rusted and stained with blood.

A few words will furnish a key to all this. During three days, the party had been hunted like wild beasts, and for eight-and-forty hours, had tasted nothing but a few crusts moistened in the snow.

Suddenly, Chinga Zung raised his head in a listening attitude, paused a moment in suspense, and started to his feet. Frederick snatched his gun from the ground, and both of them hurried from beyond the shade of the rock to learn the cause of their alarm. They instantly beheld what they feared—the near approach of a prowling foe. He was a single Afghan horseman, completely armed, and mounted on a powerful steed, on the back of which was a bulky package. His own surprise was such, that he involuntarily jerked his bridle, and the startled horse plunged so violently, that the unprepared rider was precipitated on the snow. Quick as thought, Chinga Zung seized him, and Frederick made a snatch at the *bridle of the horse*, but the animal eluded his grasp with a *disdainful snort*. However, a minute afterwards, *finding his master remained on the ground, the docile*

creature came snorting and snuffing to the side of the fallen man.

Weakened as the chieftain was, it yet proved a ludicrous struggle on the part of the Afghan to get away, for Chinga held him as though in a vice. Frederick then took the girth off the horse, and gave it to Chinga, who coolly turned the Afghan face downwards, and tied his wrists together behind his back. During the operation, the captive gnashed his teeth with rage and terror, for he fully believed he was about to be deliberately put to death—an act he was conscious he himself would have performed towards his captors, had they fallen into his hands. Chinga Zung seemed to understand what was passing in the Afghan's mind, for he drew his yataghan, and gave it a meaning flourish. The swarthy lineaments of the prisoner changed to a pallid hue, and he shudderingly closed his eyes.

'Afghan,' hoarsely cried the chieftain, 'your people have shewn mine less mercy than the tiger of the jungle, and you have fallen into our hands in the act of hunting us down. But fear not for your life—it is spared!'

He re-sheathed his yataghan, and as much reassured by the act as by the accompanying words, the Afghan looked up, and a wild gleam of joy shot athwart his visage, while he gave rapid utterance to his gratitude in broken English.

Meanwhile, Frederick took away his arms, consisting of a juzail, a brace of pistols, and a sabre. The blade of the latter was smeared with blood, and to the hilt of the weapon a tuft of iron-gray hair stuck—rendering it probable that the Afghan had cleft the skull of some enfeebled veteran that very day. Frederick led the horse of the Afghan within shade of the rock, and was relating what had occurred to his wife, when the chieftain led in the captive. Pointing to the package on the horse, he demanded of the latter: 'What does that contain?'

'Food—deenk—blank't—wode.'

'Food—drink!' echoed the famishing hearers in ecstasy, and in an instant the package was opened, and

is displayed. The Afghan had spoken the there was good bread, raw bullocks' flesh, and a of some poor fellow of the 44th, filled with brandy, and also a blanket, and some pieces wood.

Thank the Almighty for this relief!' ejaculated sergeant, and he himself instantly bent the example which was followed by the others, even the little orphan. And when all heads bowed, and all hearts uplifted, perchance if the soldier deigned to regard any one of these outcasts with peculiar satisfaction, it was the simple, unassuming of that little child.

The party then gratified the immediate want of hunger with a piece of dry bread, although the parched and swollen throats rendered swallowing very painful.

But Providence provides for us at the eleventh hour. The full-hearted chieftain, as he piled some logs, and spread upon them the firewood, while he tore a handful of dry moss from the rock, and then ignited it by flashing some powder in the pan.

'You will soon have a nice broil for you!' said he to the soldier who drew near to catch the first warmth of luxury she had not enjoyed for a week.

The soldier watched these preparations, and once or twice he seemed anxious to speak. At length he cried: 'Well, well—plenty wode—warm!' and as he spoke, he jerked his head towards a dark nook opposite.

When he said this, they examined the place and found an opening to a natural cave in the face of the rock, about a dozen feet square. In one corner lay a large bundle of firewood, which had evidently been stored by the Afghans, who are in many parts of the country almost destitute of fuel. They at once carried the captive into the cave, which was quite dry, and kindled a good fire, the smoke of which

found ready egress by a fissure overhead. The horse was secured to a fragment of rock at the entrance.

The broiled flesh proved excellent, but they had the prudence to eat slowly and sparingly, and a little brandy, diluted with melted snow, rendered the meal a positive feast. Their physical wants were satisfied; the blood once more chased healthfully through their veins; and there was a prospect of a night of unbroken rest before them. As to the little orphan, no sooner was his hunger satiated, than he rolled over on the bare ground, and fell into a slumber almost as deep and still as its prototype—death.

Prompted by his own generous nature, Chinga Zang loosed the bonds of the captive, so that they might not give him needless pain, and asked whether he were hungry.

‘Mahmoud no eat since last day,’ was the touching reply.

The chieftain instantly released his right hand, and gave him bread and meat. The Afghan ate greedily, and then said with sudden emphasis: ‘Englis’ not all bad; Mahmoud will tell his people so!’ Then he added: ‘You give Mahmoud life; he be your friend.’

‘Will you guide us to Jelalabad?’

‘Mahmoud will. Ride all morrow—come at night to Cabool.’

‘What! are we nearer Cabool than Khoord-Cabool!’

‘Khoord - Cabool here; Cabool dere!’—indicating their position by pointing.

‘Then we have miserably lost our way!’

After further conversation, arrangements were made for passing the night; and after many hours of uninterrupted repose, the party awoke at daybreak, and prepared for their departure. After a repast, in which Mahmoud shared, they left the friendly cave. The horse proved an invaluable boon, for they mounted Mary and Willy Roos, and the ‘gentle ones’ thus journeyed easily. The remaining provisions and firewood were strapped on the animal’s back. The air was thick, and the sun resembled

dim ball of fire, and never grew more distinct

mound walked, or rather glided, at a very rapid
The horse, like its master, found little impediment
deep snow, through which it picked its way,
g the loose drifts in hollows with surprising
y. The guide seemed to know his route by instinct.
he figure never paused for a moment, for the
st landmark to him seemed familiar and sufficient.
ls the day's decline, they evidently approached a
mountainous part of the country. Mahmoud said
w of another cavern in a rock, which he pointed
mly discernible in the horizon, and in which he
ed to pass the night. This was accordingly done,
y all slept peacefully and soundly; so soundly, that
ad which swept in savage gusts round the solitary
oused them no more than the wild waves disturb
riner swinging in his hammock.

next morning was clear and sunshiny, and, as
oud had asserted, they were in the vicinity of
rful Pass of Khoord-Cabool once more, and he
d that they must absolutely go through it. Frozen
were scattered on both sides the route long be-
ey entered the defile; and thence, until they were
out, it was a lane of dead bodies through which
assed! The wind had blown the greater portion
light snow off the dead, although some were yet
covered, and others partially. All were frozen,
ere was no symptom of decomposition as yet. The
is had rifled the dead of all they esteemed of any
and evidently had done this in many instances
he victims were yet alive and capable of struggling
heir murderers. One figure especially attracted

He was a man of gigantic mould, and lay on his
with his knees drawn up, and both his rigid arms
raight out, grasping in his clenched fists part of a
dress that he had torn off in his dying clutch.
by him was a woman, whose attenuated frame
ed the privations she had undergone prior to her

death, and in her arms was an infant closed on the nipple of her breast. It clapsed it to her while dying, and it suckled at the congealed source of life, and breath departed also!

Officer and private—the horse and man—lay by side in the grim repose of death. It was to move along without treading upon corpses, and in many a distorted face to recognise a friend or a comrade. The bodies lay in a variety of posture; and in particular the dead choked the way in upheaped piles, For the horse had to remove them—Mahmoud never failed to obtain a passage for the horse. He said nothing, either utter, but stern were their broad hearts, as they traversed the hideous country. He who led the way, bore himself erect, and his proud energy on and over the mortal world. His glittering eye glanced from side to side, from the dead to the living; and at the spot where the massacre had been the most slackened his pace, until he came to the next party likewise.

The Kuzzilbash chieftain and the sergeant perhaps equally felt at the time the sensations their position impressed. He looked up to the heights, and almost as if encountering bands of yelling Giljyes—seemed yet about to be re-enacted to the same. Yet what a contrast it was! Then, the air was rent by murderous volleys, yells, groans, cries, and prayers, all intermingled in one undisturbed

‘As though men fought upon the clouds
And fiends in upper air!’

Now, there was not a sound, not a word, but a brooding silence of the ‘solitude accompanied by despair.’ The comrades were maddened by despair; now, those comrades were now

Struck with awe, nothing was said until they emerged from the Pass, which was like exchanging the poisonous air of a charnel-vault for the fresh breeze and sunshine.

The place where they passed the ensuing night was on the brow of a small hill, surmounted by a cluster of large stones, which afforded some shelter from the cutting wind that occasionally varied its melancholy moan by bursting forth into a shrill whistle. Here they made a fire, and cowering over it, ate the remnant of their provisions. This night, Chinga Zung insisted that Mahmoud should be left quite at liberty, much to the dissatisfaction of Frederick, who was unwilling to be at the mercy of one who had lately been their deadly foe, and whom he could not believe was so suddenly transformed into a friend by whose side they could sleep in safety. But the chieftain inflexibly carried his point, and the Afghan expressively testified his gratitude at this further proof of their confidence in his honour; and then coiling himself up like a mountain-cat, was apparently soon asleep. One by one, they followed his example, and, wearied as they were, soon slumbered heavily.

Just as day was dawning, their sleep was abruptly broken by war-cries close upon them. Mary screamed, and her husband and the chieftain leaped up, arms in hand, and at once saw they were surrounded by a numerous band of Afghans. Frederick's first thought was, that Mahmoud had treacherously stolen away in the night, and conducted this party of his countrymen to surprise and immolate them. But he did their guide injustice, for Mahmoud had not stirred from their side; and the Afghans had been attracted to the spot by seeing some sparks from the smouldering fire wafted into the air by eddying gusts of wind.

Had Chinga Zung been alone, so fearful was his arm in combat, and so great his presence of mind, that probably he would have cut his way through the circle of foes, and escaped in the darkness. But he now felt that resistance would deprive his friends of even the remote possibility of meeting mercy, and therefore yielded himself a passive

captive. The Afghans clamorously prepared to whole party to death, but Mahmoud flung himself midst, arrested the uplifted weapons, and with vehement expostulation in his native tongue, his countrymen to spare them for his sake, and 'they gave me life, and trusted me.'

Needless were it to dwell on the exciting scene ensued. Let it suffice, that on the leader of the recognising in Mahmoud his own brother, he accepted the fervent prayer of the latter, and restrained people from injuring the English. He wished, Mahmoud to leave them to their fate; but nobly refused. And so the mortal foes of the departed, yet not till they had, at Mahmoud's given a quantity of provisions sufficient to sustain fugitives for several days. The moment his cohort had disappeared, Mahmoud said, in the quiet manner which seemed natural to him: 'Now, E Mahmoud proved friend?'

The chieftain and the sergeant made warm ledgments, and Mary Maitland laid her hand on the Afghan's arm, and cried: 'The God of both English and Afghans will reward Mahmoud Khan for what he has done this night!'

The Afghan bent his head with more than solemnity, and pressing her attenuated hand, uttered touching words: 'Mahmoud's heart is glad.'

What further hardships and hairbreadth escapes, the residue of their perilous flight, must be chronicled. Mahmoud guided them, with extraordinary skill, safely to Jelalabad, and there took his final leave. They felt like parting with an invaluable friend; indeed, the poor Afghan had latterly been.

SCOTTISH PERSEVERANCE.

SAUNDERS in the west of Scotland, who had engaged in the manufacture of a certain description of goods, then suddenly introduced into that part of the country, found it necessary, or conjectured it might be profitable, to establish a permanent connection with some respectable merchant's house in London. With this design, he packed a quantity of goods, equipped himself for the journey, and departed. He travelled on foot to the metropolis.

On his arrival, he made diligent inquiry as to those persons were likely to prove his best customers; and, accordingly, proceeded to call upon one of the most opulent merchants, with whom he resolved to establish a regular correspondence. When Saunders entered the draper's shop, he found it crowded with purchasers, and the clerks bustling busily at the back of the counter, handing over their several wares to their respective customers. Saunders waited, what he thought, a reasonable length of time, then laid down his pack, his bonnet, and staff,

approached the counter, and inquired, in his broad Scotch dialect, for 'the head o' the hoose.' One of the clerks asked him what he wanted. The Scotchman's answer was, in a doubtful, and, in fact, a question: 'Want ye ought i' my line, sir?'

'No, sir!' was the prompt reply of the person interrogated, accompanied his monosyllabic negative with a look of contempt for the mean appearance of the itinerant Scotch merchant.

'Will ye no tak a look o' the gudes, sir?' was Saunders's query.

'No, not at all: I have not time,' replied the clerk. 'Take them away—take them away!'

'Ye'll aiblins [perhaps] find them worth your while; but ye'll buy,' said Saunders, as he coolly proceeded to untie and unstrip his burden.

'Away—go away!' was reiterated half-a-dozen times.

with great impatience; but the persevering Scot still persisted. 'Get along, you old Scotch fool!' the clerk, completely out of temper, as he pushed already exposed contents of the pack off the counter, 'get along.'

Saunders looked up in the individual's face wide mouth and an enlarged pair of eyes, then down to his estate, that lay scattered among his things; he looked up again, and exclaimed: 'And wull ye no buy ought? But ye dinna ken; ye haena seen the yet;' and so saying, he slowly gathered them up and replaced them on the counter.

'Get out of the shop, sir!' was the peremptory angry command that followed his last appeal.

Saunders, with great gravity and self-possession, 'Are ye in earnest, friend?'

'Yes, certainly,' was the reply; and that reply succeeded by an unequivocal proof of sincerity on the part of the person who made it, when he picked up Saunders's bonnet, and whirled it out into the street.

The cool Scotchman stalked deliberately and directly in quest of his Stewarton 'head-gear.' After giving two or three hearty slaps upon the wall without effect, he re-entered, very composedly wringing the moisture out of it, looked over to the person who had served him so, and said, with a genuine Scotch smile: 'Yon's an ill-faured turn, man: ye'll surely tak a look at gudes noo.' The master-draper himself, who was sitting all the while in the shop, admiring the patient perseverance of the old man, and feeling a little mortification for the uncereemonious manner in which he had been treated, examined the contents of the pack, found them to be articles he stood in need of, purchased them, ordered an additional regular supply, and thus laid the foundation of an opulent mercantile house, that has flourished for some generations.

SHIPWRECKED SAILORS.

ABSTINENCE.

WE remember having once read a dreadful story of the shipwreck of a large East India vessel off the coast of Africa. The greater part of the crew was happily saved from the raging ocean, but it was only to encounter unheard-of privations, toils, and dangers, in making the rest of their way across the deserts towards a civilised settlement. Having saved some provisions and arms from the wreck, they set out in tolerably good spirits, expecting to reach Mogadore in a certain space of time before their store of food was exhausted. They were, however, as the event proved, completely mistaken in their calculations. Besides the miseries arising from toiling across sandy plains, so hot that their feet could not touch the ground without pain, they were continually harassed by parties of hostile savages, who hung like a cloud sometimes on their rear, and sometimes on their advance; and at nights they laid themselves down in a narrow circle, not to enjoy repose, but to keep watch lest they should be destroyed one and all by wild beasts. Their stock of provisions was also approaching a close. Flesh and blood could not endure such bodily fatigue and mental horrors. The party gradually decreased in numbers. Every day, one or more of the little band dropped off, and their survivors were called on by a sense of humanity to put their corpses beneath the withering sands, although well aware that they would next night, in all likelihood, be torn up to be devoured by beasts of prey. At last, all the party died but two; and these, sympathising deeply in each other's fate, became doubly attached as friends. With hardly a rag to cover them, not a shoe upon their lacerated feet, and depending chiefly on the herbs which they could pick up for their subsistence,

did these two miserable beings, for some weeks, their weary way. At night, they had still to themselves from the tigers and lions; and in ex this necessary duty, they were obliged to light of dried leaves or grass, beside which one lay d sleep while the other watched. At length, one d so much in strength, that he could proceed no l He endeavoured to walk, but his power was utterl and he laid himself down to die, with all the resi and manliness of feeling which characterises our seamen. The case of the hapless survivor was j not more enviable than that of his exhausted com To remain beside his apparently dying friend wou served no good purpose, and to pursue his way al a task of imminent danger. He waited beside the of his prostrate shipmate for some hours, endea to soothe his fate by any little attention he could conversing with him till his power of utteran ceased; and it was only when he was beckoned feeble waving of the hand to leave him to his fate, that he slowly departed from the spot, and j his path through the wilderness. This day's m the last remnant of the wreck was one of peculiar but the intrepid tar pushed on with what acti could muster, in the hope of reaching the settlem the Europeans, which he believed could not now distant. As the sun slowly descended in the w admonished by his slanting beams the solitary w to seek out a place where he might securely p approaching night, a terrific thought darted thro mind. Had he the flint and steel necessary to pr light to kindle his midnight fire? No. He rec with anguish that these implements were carried pocket of his companion, and that he had al forgot to bring them with him. Without a m delay, he turned back on his route, fully resol possible, to reach the body of his deceased friend he stopped. The exertions put forth on this oc seems, were more than could have been expect

man being; but what will the instinctive love of life overcome? The deep shades of evening had fallen the scene before this determined man found himself the recumbent body of his late fellow-traveller. The story becomes now painfully interesting. The flint and steel were secured; but in searching for them, the limbs moved slightly, still shewing that animation had not left the frame. A light was struck, a fire was kindled, which yielded a protection to the wayward mariner till he procured a few hours' slumber. When the morn again dawned, the wayworn traveller once more bade adieu to the body of his friend, which lay stiff on the soil, and, as he supposed, dead; and, for the second time, directed his steps towards the settlement. To bring this distressing recital to a conclusion, the surviving sailor, in a few days after, reached Mogadore, where he was kindly received by a European consul, who attended his distresses, and interested himself in his case. Hearing the story of the shipwreck, and the travels of the party through the desert, it occurred to him that, possibly, the man might not yet be dead, who had been so long as we have just stated, by his companion; and impressed with this notion, he despatched a small band to find the body, with directions, if it were still alive, to bring it along with them. It was about the eighth day after the body had been given up as dead, that it was discovered by the consul's party; yet, incredible as it may appear, it was discovered, on careful investigation, that a principle of life was still in the unfortunate man. His body, nevertheless, exhibited a shocking spectacle. He lay with his face immersed in the sand, while his almost naked back was exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, which had literally roasted his flesh. Everything was done which humanity could point out under the circumstances to preserve the life of the luckless individual. It was carefully borne on a litter to the house of the consul, who, by due attention, restored him to health and to his companion; and, in a short time, an opportunity occurring, both were sent in a vessel to England.

This remarkable instance of the possibility of life being preserved under the most severe difficulties, and an abstinence from food of many days' duration, is not more interesting than another, which appeared in the newspapers for August 1822, and was entitled the *SKELETON OF THE WRECK*.

While Sir Michael Seymour was in the command of the *Amethyst* frigate, and was cruising in the Bay of Biscay, the wreck of a merchant ship drove past. Her deck was just above water, her lower mast alone standing. Not a soul could be seen on board, but there was a cab-house on deck, which had the appearance of having been recently patched with old canvas and tarpaulin, as if to afford shelter to some forlorn remnant of the crew. It blew at this time a strong gale; but Sir Michael, listening only to the dictates of humanity, ordered the ship to be put about, and sent off a boat with instructions to board the wreck, and ascertain whether there was any being still surviving, whom the help of his fellow-men might save from the grasp of death. The boat rowed towards the drifting mast, and, while struggling with the difficulty of getting through a high running sea close alongside, the crew shouting all the time as loud as they could, an object resembling in appearance a bundle of clothes, was observed to roll out of the cab-house against the lee-shrouds of the mast. With the end of a boat-hook, they managed to get hold of it, and had hauled it into the boat, when it proved to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, and so wasted away, as scarce to be felt within the ample clothes which had once fitted it in a state of life and strength. The boat's crew hastened back to the *Amethyst* with this remnant of mortality; and so small was it in bulk, that a lad of fourteen years of age was able with his own hands to lift it into the ship. When placed on deck, it shewed, for the first time, to the astonishment of all, signs of remaining life: he tried to move, and next moment muttered, in a hollow, sepulchral tone: 'There is another man!' The instant these words were heard, Sir Michael ordered

so shove off again for the wreck. The sea having become smoother, they succeeded this time in finding the wreck; and, on looking into the cab-house, found two other human bodies, wasted, like the one he had saved, to the very bones, but without the least of life remaining. They were sitting in a shrunk-stature, a hand of one resting on a tin pot, in which was about a gill of water, and a hand of the other resting on the deck, as if to regain a bit of salt beef or a piece of a walnut, which had dropped from his nerveless grasp. Unfortunate men! They had lived on their store till they had not strength remaining to lift that morsel to their mouths! The boat's crew having completed their melancholy survey, returned on board, and they found the attention of the ship's company attracted by the efforts made to preserve the generous ton, who seemed just to have life enough to breathe remembrance, that there was still 'another man,' his companion in suffering, to be saved. Captain Seymour committed him to the special charge of the surgeon, who did no means which humanity or skill could suggest, to achieve the noble object of creating anew, as it were, a new creature, whom famine had stripped of almost everything. For three weeks, he scarcely ever left his patient, giving him nourishment with his own hand every hour or ten minutes; and at the end of three weeks more, the skeleton of the wreck was seen walking on the deck of the *Amethyst*; and, to the surprise of all who expected that he had been lifted into the ship by a life-boy, presented the stately figure of a man nearly as tall as the ship's captain.

It seems that death from hunger occurs soonest in the young and robust, their vital organs being accustomed to more action than those of persons past the adult age. In the foregoing cases, the lives of the sufferers may be said to have been in a dormant state, the natural functions of the system in a great measure suspended, and the exhaustion of the frame, as in a state of disease, not permitting the action of the stomachic juices. When death

from hunger occurs in persons of good health of body, the pangs they endure are truly dreadful. Hunger and intense thirst are felt at an early period; the nervous system becomes disordered; the conservative power of the constitution, distressed by the want of nourishment, urges the absorbents to prey upon the intestine, and delirium and madness often conclude the scene.

In the Lectures of Charles Turner Thackrah on Diet, &c., we are presented with some interesting cases of persons dying from extreme abstinence, one of which was that of a German merchant, which has been well authenticated. This unfortunate individual, at the age of thirty-two years, being depressed by severe reverses of fortune, and the consequent slights of his relations, formed the unhallowed resolution of destroying himself by abstinence. With this view he repaired, on the 15th of September 1818, to an unfrequented wood, where he constructed a hut of boughs, and remained without food till the 3d of October following. At this period he was found by the landlord of a neighbouring pot-house, still alive, but very feeble, speechless, and insensible. Broth, with the yolk of an egg, was given him. He swallowed it with difficulty, and died immediately. In the pocket of this miserable man was found a journal, written in pencil, singular in its kind, and remarkable as a narrative of his feelings and sentiments. It begins thus:—

‘The generous philanthropist who shall one day find me here after my death, is requested to inter me, and, in consideration of this service, to keep my clothes, purse, knife, and letter-case. I moreover observe, that I am no suicide, but have died of hunger, because, through wicked men, I have lost the whole of my very considerable property, and am unwilling to become a burden to my friends.’ The ensuing remark is dated September 17, the second day of abstinence: ‘I yet live; but how have I been soaked during the night, and how cold has it been! O God! when will my sufferings terminate? No human being has for three days been seen here; only some birds.’ *The next extract continues; ‘And again, three days, and*

I have been so soaked during the night, that my clothes to-day are not yet dry. How hard is this, no one knows; and my last hour must soon arrive. Doubtless, during the heavy rain, a little water has got into my throat, but the thirst is not to be slaked with water: moreover, I have had none even of this for six days, since I am no longer able to move from the place. Yesterday, for the first time during the eternity, which, alas! I have already passed here, a man approached me within the distance of eight or ten paces. He was certainly a shepherd. I saluted him in silence, and he returned it in the same manner. Probably he will find me after my death!

‘Finally, I here protest, before the all-wise God, that, notwithstanding all the misfortunes which I have suffered from my youth, I yet die very unwillingly, although necessity has imperiously driven me to it. Nevertheless, I pray for it. Father, forgive him, for he knows not what he does! More can I not write, for faintness and spasms; and this will be the last.—Dated near Forest, by the side of the Goat Public-house, Sept. 29, 1818.—J. F. N.’

‘It is hence evident,’ says Mr Thackrah, ‘that consciousness and the power of writing remained till the *fourteenth day* of abstinence. The operation of famine was aggravated by mental distress, and still more by exposure to the weather. This, indeed, seems to have produced his most urgent sufferings. Subsequent to the common cravings and debility of hunger, his first physical distress seems to have been the sensation of cold; then cold and thirst; lastly, faintness and spasms. In this case, we find no symptoms of inflammation. A want of nervous energy, arising from the reduction in the quantity or quality of the blood, appears to have been the principal disease. The effort of swallowing, and the oppression of food on the exhausted stomach, completed the catastrophe. Perhaps the unhappy man might have recovered had he been more judiciously treated—had some nutritious fluid been injected into the intestines, a gentle heat applied to the body, ammonia cautiously administered,

and, lastly, on the rise of the pulse, and not till then, soup or broth given by the mouth; but these several means employed with the least possible annoyance to the exhausted sufferer.'

STORY OF LADISLAS PAGORSKI

DURING the Polish insurrection, Ladislas Pagorski served as captain in a regiment of lancers. He took part in the combats of 1830 and 1831, and was made a colonel at the age of twenty-six. After the surrender of Warsaw, he took refuge in France. Ladislas Pagorski was not a man to waste his time in idleness. Residing in an upper room in the Rue de la Bienfaisance, in that mean, obscure quarter of Paris formerly called Little Poland, he passed his leisure in the study of politics and philosophy, both physical and mental.

The conspiracy of 1834 recalled him from his studious pursuits. He thought the decisive moment was come, and, despite of the advice of some friends, he resolved to return to Poland. He travelled in disguise, and reached the frontiers of Galicia without detection, notwithstanding the vigilance of the Russian spies. He took refuge in a castle belonging to an old friend of his family, Count Wislinski, and determined to await the signal for rising in arms.

But for his restless anxiety of mind, Ladislas would have spent a pleasant time in the dwelling of his friend. It was one of those ancient Polish manor-houses, where are preserved and transmitted from father to son, traditions of patriotism and national glory. Religious duties and the chase occupied the day, while the evenings were passed in social intercourse around the wide hearth, seasoned by a pipe of tobacco and a glass of hydromel. Count Wislinski had an only daughter, named *W*. Beneath this young girl's gentle and lovely ext

glowed the vigorous soul of a patriot. She had often heard of the brave Colonel Pagorski, but scarcely expected to find in him a man of twenty-nine, possessing a handsome figure and a highly-cultivated mind. The young people were mutually pleased with each other, and under existing circumstances, the tedious formalities preliminary to a Polish courtship under the old régime were dispensed with. Ladislav Pagorski promised to marry Wanda Wislinski after the approaching campaign: she gave him a like pledge. They clasped each other's hands, and parted.

The colonel hastened to join the insurgent forces, which assembled at Warsaw. The result of the enterprise is well known: the insurrection was prematurely discovered, and it totally failed. A great part of the Poles were arrested; the remainder fled. Ladislav was one of the first to be taken, and cast into the Russian fortress of Zamosz. There he was tried by martial law, and sentenced to be exiled in Siberia. At one stroke, he lost everything, save that one blessed gleam of hope which nothing can extinguish in the bosom of a true Pole, and which makes him repeat with undying fervour the burden of the national war-song—

‘No, Poland! thou shalt never perish!’

Mademoiselle Wislinski learned all. She left her home, went to Zamosz, succeeded in gaining admittance to the citadel, and placed her hand in that of Pagorski: ‘You promised to marry me at the end of the campaign,’ she said, ‘and I come to claim that promise.’

‘Can you think of it?’ cried Ladislav. ‘Do you know what an exile in Siberia’—

‘I know it all. My resolution is unshaken.’

Her lover's soul was deeply moved by this sublime devotion. Paskievitch, Prince of Warsaw, authorised the marriage. It was celebrated within the walls of a *dungeon*; and Wanda then obtained permission to follow her husband to Siberia.

The exiled party to which they belonged, was sent to

the colony of Yakoutsk, in the south was a small snow-girt village on the Lena. During the whole journey, which occupied a month, Wanda uttered not the slightest complaint. The bride, taking the honeymoon excursion, could not appear more happy in the future than she was now, and was so hopeful for the future.

They took possession of a cottage and Wanda applied herself to the humblest household duties, as cheerful as a child. Pagorski, who had never known any other occupation, had learned that most useful lesson, 'to do the best of everything,' and sought to improve their condition. The rules of the colony permitted him to engage in any traffic consistent with the rigorous climate.

Being a skilful marksman, he followed the chase with much success. These northern regions were rich in animals whose fur is greatly prized—such as the blue-fox, the white-hare, and the sable. And indefatigable, Pagorski was successful in his lucrative traffic in furs. He was enabled to make himself and his wife as comfortable as possible in the climate and their exiled condition was made less onerous to the poor, and prudent in new surroundings. In which bore allusion to the past, he obtained the friendship of his companions in misfortune, and the respect of the governor and officers of the colony.

In his domestic life he used the same cheerful manner. In conversing with Wanda, he never alluded to his past, as if he seemed to have forgotten Poland, and the world, save that one barren spot to which the czar confined him. Wanda respected his silence, but she respected his feelings. 'I have forgotten,' thought she, 'wherefore should I mind the cruel memory of the past?'

Years passed on, and domestic life flourished in the humble dwelling of Pagorski. Of the hardships, the rigour of the climate carried

and Wanda learned to submit to their bereavement with true Christian resignation. Yet secret grief preyed on the faithful wife. Sometimes she looked at her husband until the tears flowed down her cheeks. 'Can,' she thought, 'the spirit of a patriot have died within him? Has he quite forgotten the country of his birth?' Yet, seeing him so active in business, so affectionate towards herself and their remaining child, and so exemplary in all his conduct, she knew not what to think.

In the year 1839, a new party of exiles arrived at *Łódź*. Amongst them was an old soldier, who had served as sergeant in the insurrectionary army of 1831. *Ladislav* recognised him, and received him as a brother, but asked him nothing about what was passing in Poland. Wanda anxiously expected some question—at least a word, a sign. *Ladislav* was silent, or spoke only of the affairs of the colony, the adventures of the chase, and the price of furs. The soldier listened with a downcast air. At length, seizing the arm of his colonel, he exclaimed: '*Ladislav Pagorski, hast thou ceased to be a man?*'

'What mean you by that?'

'You have not asked me a single question respecting the affairs of Poland.'

'Wherefore should we speak of a country which we shall never see again?'

The veteran turned to depart, but Wanda detained him. *Ladislav* seemed quite unable to comprehend his inacceptability. The old man's brow crimsoned with indignation, and, reproaching *Pagorski* for his apathetic indifference, he began to describe the *panslavonian* idea, which during the past year had made great progress in Poland. He spoke of the hundred millions of men of Slavonic extraction, who, scarcely known in Europe, are dispersed amongst various nations, over an immense space. Poland, he said, might become their deliverer, and consolidate them into one powerful people.

Wanda listened with breathless interest, while her husband, apparently unmoved, played with the handle of his hunting-knife. The veteran, wrought up to the

highest pitch of enthusiasm, at length took leave, claiming: 'No, Poland! thou shalt never perish!' and closed the door with a gesture of contempt for his former colonel.

The eyes of Wanda turned towards Ladislas. He was cutting thongs of leather on a board placed between knees, and seemed quite absorbed in his occupation. This was too much for the patriotic soul of Wanda. She clasped her hands, and bursting into tears, exclaimed 'My God! what hast thou done with the soul of Ladislas Pagorski?'

Suddenly she felt herself encircled in a close embrace, and looking up, she saw her husband's countenance beaming with that light of mingled love and valour which had dazzled her when she first beheld him in her father's castle.

'Foolish woman!' murmured Ladislas; 'didst thou then, think that a Pole can ever resign hope?'

'Ah, God be praised!' she cried; 'my husband restored to me!'

He led her into the court, and shewed her a double box or well in the bottom of the *kibitka*, which he travelled during his hunting excursions. 'It is prepared,' said he. 'Three months since, I heard of the Polish pansclavonian movement from the officer of the garrison. Not a lance shall stir in Poland without mine being raised in its aid. This evening, thou shalt know my plans; but one thing thou shalt never know: the intensity of pain it has cost me to conceal from thee my feelings during so many years.'

At midnight, the husband and the wife left the cottage, and took the road towards the cemetery. They would not abandon to that inhospitable soil the mortal remains of their children. They walked by the light of the stars reflected from the snow, and were followed by their faithful dog, which now and again howled plaintively when the keen wind penetrated his shaggy fur.

They entered the lonely burial-ground. Wanda knelt and prayed by the side of the grave, which Ladislas

covered, and the dog watched like a sentinel. Suddenly, a soft, rose-coloured light was shed over the melancholy scene; then the whole sky became purple, and golden rays darted from it: the aurora borealis had risen. Ladislas raised in his arms the coffin that contained his children's remains, and returned with Wanda to their cottage. In the outer room, used for domestic purposes, and named *pickarnia*, they lighted a pile of wood around the coffin. Ladislas then recited the funeral-rice, and Wanda answered the responses. When the fires were consumed, the parents collected their ashes, and enclosed them in a silver urn.

Ladislas then turned his whole attention to accomplishing his project of escape. He commenced by excavating beneath his bed a sort of cavern, in which he could live and breathe freely. This done, he walked out one evening, and passing through the village, took care to stop and converse with the persons whom he met; he then repaired to the river, carrying a water-jug.

At one part of the Lena, not far from Yakoutska, the ice was broken every day. Ladislas approached it, threw a pitcher into the water, left on the bank his sheepskin-cloak; and after nightfall, returned to the village without being seen. He then took refuge in his cave, and his wife carefully replaced the boards that covered the opening. About midnight, Wanda went out, and knocking at every door in the village, sought tidings of her husband. No one knew what had become of him. At daybreak, she returned home in despair. Her cottage was speedily filled with people, all anxiously speculating on the fate of Ladislas.

'He must have been eaten by the wolves,' said one.

'Or strangled by a bear,' added another.

'He could not have gone far,' remarked a third, 'for I met him in the village last night. He was going towards the river to draw water.'

This threw some light on the business, and all the neighbours hastened towards the Lena. There they found the cap and mantle of Ladislas, close to the spot where

WANDA HUNG HER ARM WITH HER SIBLING. SHE TOOK
child to her bosom, and invoked pathetically
Ladislas. Their mutual love was well known,
whole neighbourhood sympathised in the
widow's affliction; even the governor condescend-
convey to her a message of condolence.

She hastened to collect as many of her posses-
were portable, declaring her anxious and very
wish to return with her child to her native l-
one had authority, or indeed inclination, to op-
departure. The kибитка was loaded; and Ladisla-
his cave at night, and ensconced himself in the
had constructed. It was sufficiently roomy to a-
to breathe, and remain in a sitting posture; th-
also a space between it and the driving-sea
Wanda filled with provisions. Just as she was
set out, a Russian officer arrived at the cottage,
with a message from the governor. In eight
detachment from the garrison was to depart for
and his excellency, touched by the forlorn con-
Wanda, offered to allow her to travel under it.
What pretext had the widow for refusing? |
forced to accept the unwelcome kindness with
which the officer had taken leave. Wanda had

length the party reached Modlin, a village but a few miles distant from Warsaw. Wanda's heart beat quick with joy, as she inwardly and fervently thanked God. Suddenly, a crash was heard—the hinder spring of the carriage was broken; the false flooring gave way, and a ghastly, death-like spectre fell prostrate on the road. It was the once gay and gallant Ladislas Pagorski. He tried to rise, but his enfeebled limbs refused to sustain him. He drew his poniard, but the cruel host of Russian soldiers fell upon and seized him with shouts and execrations.

Not only he, but his wife and child were treated with relenting barbarity. They gave them the knout, and threw them into a dungeon. Some time afterwards, Wanda received permission to depart with her child, but she chose to follow her husband, who was condemned to labour in the mines. They were accordingly sent to the Ural Mountains, about 4000 versts from Warsaw.

Even in the depths of the earth, hope abandoned not the exiles. While labouring by Wanda's side, Ladislas would often strike his pickaxe against the metal, and exclaim: 'No, Poland! thou shalt never perish!' In the year 1848, the 'year of revolutions,' arrived. The government of France was overturned; Spain trembled; Hungary rose in arms; and Austria, without the timely aid of Russia, would have been annihilated. The czar raised levies in every corner of his vast empire. In order to swell the ranks of his army, he employed convicts from the Ural Mountains. Once again did Ladislas Pagorski see the sun: he was permitted to follow a detachment of cavalry as their servant. Thus he traversed the barren plains of European Russia, always accompanied by Wanda and his son. When they reached Siberia, he contrived to escape into the forests, followed by a few friends. But the last and hardest trial was reserved for him. One night, worn out by fatigue and sorrow, his wife died. With his own hands, he dug her grave; and then, having consigned his son to the care of a faithful friend, went on his lonely journey. He reached

Hungary, and fell on the ramparts of Baden, pierced by three bullets. Yet even in his dying hour, he cherished the hope—a fond and fearful one—that his son would yet arise as a valiant defender of his country.

And I said to the old emigrant soldier who told me the mournful history of Ladislas Pagorski: ‘The nation that brings forth such children, with their brave, strong hearts still filled with *hope*, cannot die. “No, Poland! thou shalt never perish!”’

THE RUSSELL FAMILY.

THOUGH this family is of considerable antiquity, it only emerged from the rank of gentry in the reign of Henry VIII. Its first eminent man was John Russell of Kingston-Russel, in Dorsetshire, one of the innumerable squires who then, as now, overspread England, and who, in all probability, would have remained in that condition all his life, if he had not been brought into notice by accident. The Arch-Duke of Austria, on a voyage to Spain, was obliged, by stress of weather, to land at Weymouth, where he was hospitably received by Sir Thomas Trenchard, a neighbouring knight. For the better entertainment of the illustrious stranger, Sir Thomas brought forward his relation and neighbour, Mr Russell, who, being a man of some talent, and acquainted with several foreign countries and their languages, made a very agreeable impression, by his conversation, upon the archduke, who, on proceeding to Windsor to visit the king, invited the Dorsetshire squire to accompany him, and introduced him in the most flattering manner to the notice of his sovereign. Once established at court, Mr Russell made a very rapid advancement. As a gentleman of the privy-chamber, he accompanied the king (Henry VIII.) on his expedition *against France* in 1513; bore a distinguished part in the *military operations* of that war; and, in 1522, was knighted *by the Earl of Surrey* for his services at the taking of

x. He fought in a disguised habit at the celebrated of Pavia (February 24, 1524-25), where he was mental in the taking of Francis I. He afterwards made comptroller of the household, and a privy-councillor; and in 1539 was raised to the peerage, under the title of Lord Russell, the king granting him at the time a part of the forfeited property of Stafford, of Buckingham, for the support of his dignity.

His grand foundation, however, of the greatness of his family, was in the large share which it obtained of the spoils of the Reformation. Lord Russell was preferred by Henry with the rich abbey of Tavistock, in Devonshire, and a vast quantity of other church-lands, scattered throughout various counties in the south of England. He afterwards passed through a rapid succession of honours—was made Lord High Admiral, knight of the Garter, and President of the counties of Devon, Cornwall, Somerset, and Dorset; and in 1550, in reward for his services in putting down a rebellion of Irish Catholics, was created Earl of Bedford. He was one of the sixteen councillors intrusted with public business during the minority of Edward VI., and having the good-fortune to weather safely through all the vicissitudes of that and the succeeding reign, died, March 14, 1571, at an advanced age. In an attack upon the late Earl of Bedford, in the House of Commons, Mr Burke described his ancestor with keen sarcasm, as having risen to high fortune by being a minion of Henry VIII., and as greatly resembling his master in character. Mr Lodge, however, observes in his elegant biographical work, 'In the detail of the services of the first Earl of Bedford is sufficient to assure us that he possessed no ordinary abilities; and if the public conduct of such a man has escaped detraction, it necessarily demands our good opinion.'

The earl was succeeded by his only son Francis, who was a nobleman in high employment during the reign of Elizabeth. He acted as representative of that sovereign at the baptism of the son of Mary of Scotland

(Dec. 15, 1566), on which occasion he presented a baptismal font of pure gold, which a Scottish chronicler has somewhere described as being 'twa stane wecht.' He was so magnificent in his hospitalities, that Queen Elizabeth was wont to say of him, that *he made all the beggars*. Dying in 1585, he was succeeded by his grandson Edward; his son having been accidentally killed, the day before his own death, in a fray on the Borders. Earl Edward was a quiet nobleman, of no taste for public affairs. But the historical eminence of the family was supported, during his lifetime, by his uncle Sir William Russell, who acted a conspicuous part in Elizabeth's wars in Ireland and Flanders, and was created Lord Russell of Thornhaugh, by King James I., at whose baptism his father had officiated.

Earl Edward was succeeded, in 1627, by his cousin, the son of Lord Russell of Thornhaugh, who, as fourth Earl of Bedford, was distinguished at the commencement of the troubles of the kingdom by a moderate adherence to the popular cause. Clarendon speaks of the Earl of Bedford as a nobleman who, if he had lived, might have been expected to do much towards the preservation of the country from civil war. He died, however, of small-pox, May 9, 1641, the day when the bill was signed for the death of the Earl of Strafford, whom he had undertaken to save from parliamentary vengeance. His son and successor, Edward, fifth Earl of Bedford, continued in the same line of politics, and took a leading part in the civil war on the Parliamentary side. He had married Anne Carr, the only child of the infamous favourite, Somerset, by his more infamous wife, the divorced Countess of Essex; a match of pure affection, and formed in opposition to the will of his relations. It is to be related, however, to the credit of Somerset, that, in order to overcome the scruples of the other father, and gratify an *affection* which he saw could not be safely disappointed, *he sold almost all his remaining property, even to his plate, jewels, and furniture, in order to make up the dowry of L.12,000 which Lord Bedford had demanded.*

lady had not till now been informed of the
 her mother, and it is said that she first dis-
 rom an old pamphlet which she found lying in
 of a window. She was so shocked at finding
 daughter of a convicted murderess, that she
 a a fit, and was found in that state with the
 before her. The Earl of Bedford was intrusted
 command under the Earl of Essex, who was
 sband of the Earl of Bedford's wife's mother ;
 grew weary of the war, and joined the asso-
 ciers, who, in August 1643, urged the parlia-
 agreement with the king. On finding that
 ns would not accede to this proposal, he went
 majesty, whose pardon he easily procured, and
 he royal side at the first battle of Newbury.
 found, however, that the more consistent
 of the king regarded him with no favourable
 he once more veered round to the Parlia-
 hom he was taken into custody. The Earl of
 ed for nearly sixty years after this period, but
 ing any great interest in public affairs.

rical note of the family was supported, how-
 more than common lustre, by the son of this
 William, Lord Russell, is one of the favourites

As heir to the greatest fortune in the king-
 universally respected for the mildness and
 his character, he was by far the most formid-
 who opposed the tyrannical proceedings of
 art of the reign of Charles II. What chiefly
 conspicuous, was the leading part he took in
 of Commons—where he represented Bedford-
 the affair of the Exclusion Bill; a measure
 must be generally known, to disqualify the
 ork for the succession, on the grounds of his
 holic. Lord Russell was a violent adversary
 which he deemed a bloody and idolatrous
in every other respect, he was a man of gentle
ing character. From a keen desire for the
this religion, he placed himself in a position

certainly not natural to him—although it may perhaps be said, that the most gentle men are often the most vigorous in prosecuting a principle, and the most apt to endanger themselves for what they consider the right. Having carried the Exclusion Bill through the House of Commons, he headed a deputation of 200 members, by whom it was presented (Nov. 15, 1680) to the House of Lords; and he even ventured so far to beard the court, as to accuse the Duke of York as a recusant in the court of King's Bench. As another proof of his zeal in this affair, it is said that he declared he would impeach his own father, if he, as a councillor, should advise the king to reject the Exclusion Bill. Hitherto, the conduct of Lord Russell had been strictly lawful; but when the king had blasted the hopes of the opposition, by dissolving the Oxford parliament, and resolving to call no more such assemblies, his lordship was induced to venture upon certain measures for bringing about a change of government by means of an insurrection. Of his accession to such a scheme, in company with the Duke of Monmouth, and other heads of the liberal Protestant party in England and Scotland, there can be no doubt, for he acknowledged it himself; but at his trial (July 13, 1683), he was condemned for what he had never been guilty of—the compassing of the king's death. On this solemn occasion, when a tyrannical court was contemplating the destruction of a political antagonist, the wife of Lord Russell—Rachel Wriothesley, daughter of the good Earl of Southampton—attended in court, and assisted her husband in conducting the business of his defence: a more touching picture hardly occurs in British history. The Earl of Bedford is said to have offered a hundred thousand pounds to the king's mistress, on the condition that she should procure his son's pardon; and Lady Russell threw herself at the king's feet, and supplicated mercy. But all was in vain; the existence of Lord Russell was deemed inconsistent with the security of the government and the dynasty. Burnet says, *there was no difference between the behaviour of the*

others, except that the duke suffered some to point of mercy with him, while the king could re to have the subject mentioned in his presence. ortunate nobleman spent the last week of his a perfect cheerfulness; his whole behaviour ke a triumph over death. He wrote a speech affold, in which he explained his political views, laimed having ever entertained the idea of ting the king. He also wrote a letter to Charles, rgiveness for everything he might have said or trary to his duty, as he forgave all, from the o the lowest, who had been concerned in his nd hoping that his majesty's displeasure against ld not extend to his children. The day before ution, his nose beginning to bleed, he said: 'I ; now let blood to divert this; that will be done ow.' At night it rained hard, and he lightly d, that, if it continued thus on the ensuing day, spoil a great show. His wife and the younger ildren came in the evening to bid him an ever-rewell. Though a fond father and husband, he od his serenity; and his lady, though devotedly to him, was equally firm. When they had left ow,' said he, 'the bitterness of death is past.' ssell was executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields, July maintaining the same undaunted firmness and erness to the last.

han six years after this tragedy, the Duke of en become James II., was threatened with the his empire by the Prince of Orange, and the ted people of England. In the extremity of ess, when hourly witnessing the defection of the orters of the throne, he turned to the Earl of and asked if he could do anything to avert ng storm. 'Alas!' answered the venerable earl, sorrow than sarcasm, 'I had once a son, who ve been of service in such a crisis.' As a Whig leader, the Earl of Bedford received a ssion of honours under the government of

William and Mary. He was, in 1694, created Duke of Bedford; one of the reasons assigned in the preamble of his patent being, that he was the father of William Russell, 'whose name could never be forgot, so men preserved any esteem for sanctity of mind, and a love of their country, even unto death. Therefore,' continues the patent, 'sentiment unusual in such documents, to sol-
 excellent father for so great a loss, to celebrate the memory of so noble a son, and to excite his grandson, the heir of such mighty hopes, more fully to emulate and follow the example of his illustrious father, this high dignity is entailed upon the estate of his posterity.' The Duke of Bedford died, September 1700, in the sixtieth year of his enjoyment of the honours.

Wriothesley, second Duke of Bedford, son of the first Duke, died at an early age in 1711, and was succeeded by his eldest son, of the same name. On the death of the third duke in 1732, without issue, the next son, John, succeeded, and became a nobleman of considerable political eminence. He was lord-lieutenant of Bedfordshire at the time of the landing of Commodore Cornwallis in February 1760, and it is this duke who figures in the letters of Junius. On his death in 1771, he was succeeded by his eldest grandson, Francis, on whose death in 1802, without issue, the titles fell to the next son, John, who died in 1839, and was succeeded by the seventh and present duke. John, the predecessor of the last mentioned, had a numerous family. His son, Lord John Russell, born in 1792, is distinguished by various historical, political, and dramatic works, and a conspicuous share which he had, as a member of the administration, in carrying through the English parliamentary reform; and by his subsequent office as prime minister till the early part of the present century. The whole family has adhered with unswerving loyalty, for a century and a half, to those principles which their illustrious ancestor bled on the

ne of the richest houses in England, being still in session of those immense tracts of ecclesiastical land-
erty, which were granted to the first earl by Henry I. Of these lands, not the least valuable are those which have in recent times been covered with Russell
are, Tavistock Street, and other streets in the metro-
s. The houses erected on those grounds have been
ly falling into the family, on the expiry of the
nd-leases, and have proved, of course, an important
tion to its more than princely wealth.

ALARIC: A ROMAN STORY.

the autumn of the year 410 will ever be memorable
the annals of mankind, as an epoch in which was
acted a revolution in the affairs of the Roman
ernment, the effects of which have been felt down
a till the nineteenth century. In the Illyrian pro-
ces, the summer had just passed away in all the
uty of a climato nearly unrivalled in countries north
the Bosphorus, and the wide-spreading forests of
ia were imperceptibly exchanging the green hues of
y for the brown and variegated tints of August, when
event occurred which for awhile distracted the
ntion of the Thracian husbandman from gathering
fruits of his fields, and disturbed the tranquillity
ature.

at this period, the blue waters of the Danube—which,
re terminating its long winding course from the
th, and ere it loses itself in the broad expanse of
Euxine, breaks away into a variety of embouchures
rmed the visible boundary of the Roman power. To
ngthen their frontiers more effectually against the
latory incursions of barbarians, Constantine and other
rors had erected along the Danube a line of forts,
reted strengths, with other attributes of fortification

at convenient distances from, and within sight of, each other, in which bodies of infantry were stationed. A vast number of small vessels were also latterly kept cruising on the broad stream, burdened with warlike crews, ready to inflict death on those who had the temerity to attempt a passage.

The noontide repast of the Roman soldiers who were left to guard the western banks of the Danube, was already some time over, and the sun was slowly bending in his career towards the distant mountains of Transylvania, whose woody summits were soon to hide the luminary of day from the visible hemisphere. His declining rays fell upon the broad expanse of the stream; the air was mild and balmy; and nothing disturbed the quietness of the closing day, save the occasional shrill blast of the trumpets of the soldiers placed on the battlements of the border towers.

It is in the upper apartment of one of these keeps, that the first scene of our story opens. In this small and confined place, two individuals sat, or rather reclined, on elongated chairs or settles, beside a table in the midst of the floor. The strongly-marked and care-worn features of one of these personages, his military garb, and other peculiarities, indicated that he was commander of the little fort. The refined garments, the polished air, and lofty tones of his companion, were as significant that he was a young Roman patrician, and an officer in one of the legions. 'And so you say,' said the elder of these individuals, 'that you caught this savage lurking as a spy last night in your camp?'

'Ay, truly,' answered he who was thus addressed: 'call him spy, or anything it pleaseth thee. He was secured by the guards while evidently about no good; and but for my interference, he would have been put to death on the instant. Having saved his life, I endeavoured to extort from him his intentions, but he declared that he would alone communicate to you the burden of his conscience; and so, with the view of getting more information relative to the barbarians, I brought him

hither, to allow my good friend Licinius to deal with him as seems meet.'

'Tut! tut! why have you brought the wandering knave hither, in the midst of our troubles?' remonstrated the guardian of the keep. 'We can but hang a stone about his neck, and toss him into the Danube. I'll warrant me, he but deceived thee, and only wanted an opportunity to make his escape back to his savage crew. But that we shall soon discover.'

Licinius was on the eve of making good his determination, when the apartment was entered by a subordinate officer of the cohort under his trust. 'Well, Julius, what is it now? Any new intelligence?'

'My lord,' answered the soldier, 'I come to say, that unless some strong and effective measure be adopted to prevent the landing of the barbarians, we shall speedily be hemmed in by their hordes. In spite of the vigilance of the river guard, the Goths and other wild men are pouring down in torrents on the further side of the river. I but came to take thine orders on the occasion. See, my noble master; approach this loophole, and observe how speedily matters have been altered.'

The governor of the fort, as well as his guest, immediately rose, and, with the soldier, cast a look from the small opening. The sight was alarming. The further banks of the Danube were observed to be covered with dense clusters of barbarians, preparing to ford the stream; many rude rafts and boats, freighted with portions of this portentous host, were already contending with the deep-blue waters; others were reaching the nearer shore, and, on their arrival, flying in clouds towards the woody thickets. To the watchful eye of the Roman governor, there seemed no end to this dreadful and sudden irruption. In the early part of the day, a few stragglers had only been observed, and little heeded; but now, on the horizon, there appeared a moving mass of human beings. Every band was pushed forward by *that immediately behind it*, and it seemed impossible to say from whence this extraordinary impulse was derived.

'The God of the Christians protect us !' exclaimed the terrified Licinius, 'or we are lost ! Hath no account been taken of these savage wretches, according to our orders ?'

'Account !' replied the other—'no. We were compelled to abandon our tablets in despair. Some few boatful have been sunk : some small note of the number of others who landed hath been taken ; but, with our present force, it is hopeless to keep reckoning, or even to capture prisoners. The task of stemming the current of these barbarian tribes is alike endless and impracticable.'

The keeper of the fort now ordered the more distant sentinels to be called in, the guard to be strengthened, and every preparation made to act on the defensive, until he should communicate the nature of the irruption to the senate ; an irruption, alas ! which had been expected daily to break forth. The young Roman officer whom we have noticed was, without any difficulty, prevailed upon to lose no time in setting out with a few followers to Rome, to quicken the raising of defences, if such were intended to be made. As for the unknown and daring barbarian whom he had captured, he was at once forgotten in the midst of the bustle ; and as he contrived to escape from his place of confinement during the ensuing night, he was no more heeded by the already too much vexed and dismayed Licinius.

The flood of Gothic forces which now rushed into the empire, carrying everything before them, and pursuing a hasty march towards the capital, could be compared to nothing but those clouds of destroying locusts which at times cover the fertile lands of Egypt. Leaving them, however, to pursue their onward march, we turn our attention to Rome. This proud and splendid city, long the wonder of the world, was now reduced to despair. What a change would the stranger, who had seen it in its grandeur and power, now perceive in its aspect ! At this dire epoch, he would find the half-deserted streets resounding with the piercing cries of lamentation—he would find the baths and other public places of row

, and their doors shut up—he would here and there with an affrighted citizen running to and fro, not caring whither he went or what he sought. Here and there too, he would meet pale-faced crowds, speaking in low and subdued tones, and putting questions to one another with a manner which betrayed the most agonising feelings of fear, anxiety, and suspense—he would hear, amidst the deeper and graver tones of sorrowful men, the loud shrieks and cries of distracted women; here clinging to the knees of their husbands, and brothers, calling upon them for protection from violence; there pressing their unconscious babes to their bosoms, and supplicating Heaven to shield them from impending danger. Let him next step to the senate, the senate of Rome, alas! no longer the Roman senate! and see what is passing there. There he would find that the virtues, the courage, the wisdom, which had distinguished that august body in the better days of the republic had now forsaken the senate-house—he would find that the bold and determined front, the proud bearing and powerful eloquence of her ancient rulers, were passed away, and were now replaced by effeminacy, dissipation, and imbecility. This melancholy change he would perceive, and he would find it especially marked at this precise juncture in the affairs of the city—he would perceive that an air of great alarm and terror had at that moment pervaded the national assembly—he would perceive that the lips of the few speakers who were amongst them were pale and trembling, that their language was marked with indecision and timidity. But what was the cause of all this fear and terror in Rome? What caused all this misery—whence all this appalling anticipation? The cry of the distracted citizens as they ran along the streets sufficiently explained it. One word, a monosyllable comprised the whole. This cry was ‘The Goth! the Goth!’ It was indeed the Goths, the army of whom were approaching the city to sack and despoil it, led on by the fierce Alaric, king and general.

The panic which we have described as pervading had now continued for several days, each day bringing intelligence of the still nearer and nearer approach of barbarous hordes. At length, however, the agonising suspense and dreadful anticipation terminated in the consummation of the calamity which had excited. Early in the morning of the 24th of August 410 scouts and others who had been stationed on the places in and around the city, gave the appalling intelligence that the Gothic army was in sight. Dense masses, which ever and anon sent forth huge, bright flashes of light, the reflected rays of the sun, flung back from the countless weapons of the barbarian host, were seen slowly but steadily moving towards Rome. The terror and alarm which had pervaded the city was now increased tenfold. There was a wild rush to and fro amongst the citizens in distracted and fruitless attempts, no sooner made than abandoned in order to carry off valuables, and to find places of security for the helpless; for Rome thought not of defence: flight, concealment, submission and supplication, and unmanly expedients, were all that were now contemplated by the enervated and degenerate Romans. In the meantime, Alaric and his Goths approached. The fierce and proud, but not ungenerous barbarian, incased in his shining and glittering coat-of-mail, marched at the head of his warlike host, his eye bent on the devoted city with an expression of high exultation and triumph.

On arriving within a short distance of the walls of the city, the Gothic king was met by a deputation from the Roman senate, who had been despatched by the emperor to endeavour to buy off, as they had done before, the hostility of the barbarians—to endeavour, in place of fighting them, to bribe them—and by offering a large sum of money to their leader, to induce him to withdraw his troops. This deputation, however, although perfectly aware of the utterly helpless state of the city, was not proper to make their proposals a matter of absolute necessity to Alaric. ‘If thou refusest us,’ they said,

honourable terms, we have it in command to tell thee, that the Romans know yet how to meet their enemies otherwise than by treaty and overture. The citizens are well exercised in arms, great king,' they added, 'and their array is uncountable.'

'Sayest thou so?' exclaimed Alaric, and he laughed aloud contemptuously; 'so much the better that the number of your soldiers are great, because, dost thou not know, gentle sirs, that the thicker the hay, the easier it is mowed?'—and he again laughed boisterously.

'Then, pray,' said one of the senators, none of whom relished the barbarian's wit, 'what *are* the terms on which thou wilt withdraw from the city? What ransom dost thou demand?'

'Why,' replied Alaric, 'not more than thou canst give, nor less than thou canst afford. I demand *all* the gold and silver, and *all* the rich and precious movables in the city.'

'And what dost thou intend to leave us, O king?' asked the trembling senators, alarmed at the sweeping extent of the barbarian's demand.

'Your lives!' thundered out Alaric, turning away from them contemptuously on his heel.

The scene of our little story or drama now changes to the interior of the city, now in possession of the Goths. Contemning all idea of treating with a people whom they knew to be wholly in their power, and burning with desire for the wild joys of indiscriminate plundering, the barbarians entered the devoted city by the Salarian gate at midnight, and commenced the dreadful work of violence, pillage, and conflagration, in which they were joined by upwards of 40,000 Roman slaves, who seized on this opportunity of revenging the indignities to which their former masters had subjected them, and thus added tenfold to the horrors of the scene, for they even surpassed the Goths in outrage and every species of crime. While the *most appalling atrocities* were in the course of *perpetration in the open streets*, still more dreadful and *affecting tragedies* were enacting in thousands of the

stateliest mansions of the devoted city. In one—and one of the proudest and most magnificent—were passing the events which form the basis of the story. This was the house of the prefect Petronius, the noblest and wealthiest of the Roman citizens; the first alarm of the entrance of the Goths into the city. The slaves of Petronius flew to arms—not, to defend their master and his household, but to murder and his family, and to plunder his well-stored mansion. With wild whoops and yells of savage exultation, infuriated slaves flew from apartment to apartment, slaughtering their victims, and murdering them as they fell. At length the work of death was all but done in the hapless house of Petronius—one member of the ill-fated family was left alive. This was the beautiful daughter of the prefect; but her compassion either for her youth or her beauty saved her from the daggers of the assassins of her father. A crowd of the ruffians who were murdering and pillaging within the walls of her father's mansion, led by a slave of the name of Marco, one of the most bold and fiercest of their number, rushed into her chamber with the intention of adding her also to the number of their victims. But at this critical moment, their leader seemed to be struck with a new and sudden change of mind, and when his comrades were about to lay their hands on Marcella, he fiercely stepped between them and their intended victim, exclaiming: 'Nay, comrades, spare her not; lay not your hands on the beautiful girl. I take her for my share of the booty. Be the gold yours: Marcella shall be mine. But, ye ruffians, 'if, after you have made up your own minds, you can spare us some little thing to take up house with, and well.' A shout of laughter, intermingled with cries of contributions from the spoils of the slain, answered the appeal of Marco; but in the far distance, understanding, one of the wretches made a sign to the massive gold bracelets which adorned the arms of Marcella.

'Nay, nay,' shouted out Marco, collaring the spoiler, and flinging him—for he was a man of extraordinary muscular power—to the other end of the apartment; 'none of that game, friend. All these things go to the bargain. The fair lady is mine wholly as she stands, with all her goods and chattels. Now, my masters,' he added, 'begone to your work, and see and make a clean house of it before the Goth comes to divide it with you; and as for me, I mean to remain here a little while with Marcella, to endeavour to reconcile her to the change of affairs, and to accept me as her lover.'

Little of all this conversation was heard by the unfortunate lady who was the subject of it. Reclining on a couch in one corner of the apartment, in a state of utter insensibility, into which the horrors that were enacting around her had thrown her, she scarcely knew what had taken place, until she was rudely awakened from her lethargy by Marco, who was now alone with her in the apartment; his comrades having, as he had recommended, gone off to complete the work of plunder which they had begun. 'Fair Marcella,' said the ruffian, and he spoke no flattery, for she whom he addressed was indeed one of the fairest of Rome's fair daughters; 'fair Marcella,' he said, kneeling beside her with affected humility, and at the same time violently pulling her arm, until he had succeeded in awaking his unhappy victim to a sense at once of his presence, and of all the misery with which she was surrounded—'see me, though now your master'—here he paused, for a look of proud contempt from Marcella had replied to the insolent, though too well-founded assertion—'ay, your master, proud dame,' he went on; 'see me, I say, though now your master, still kneeling at your feet as your slave.'

During this insolent speech, the Roman spirit was mantling high in the bosom of the noble maiden; and though encompassed with horrors which might well have been expected to subdue every prouder feeling in the breast of an unfortunate female, she yet instantly became alive to the indignity offered her, and to the still greater

indignities threatened her by the fellow from her, and starting to attitude worthy of the proudest 'Wretch, slave that thou art!' thy passions and in thy soul, however free in thy person, daughter of Petronius can li addresses of such a base-born the power thou fanciest thou make her thine!—no, not while to her;' and she drew a small the folds of her garment, and h up to the sight of her persecu ruffian,' she added, seeing the her, as if to wrest the weapo me not, else I will lay thee wel feet; and if thou darest to call fellows, then I shall lay myself thine, and leave the guilt of devoted head: these are the te Having said this, she retreated door, and endeavoured to open i

'Ha! ha! where is now thy power? How canst thou now c

'Detested and cowardly villain and undaunted lady, 'I will y thou not the din of the Goth and sacking the city? Heares of triumph and wild joy? Rut they are, I will call upon them violence; merciless as they ar their clemency than to thine.'

window of the apartment whic and ere Marco could preven for aid.

'*Idiot that thou art!*' said t laugh, and at the same time the window, 'dost not know th if it come, which I much doub

my side than thine! Dost not know, fool, that of the Goth and the Roman slave is one in the ruin of this detested city! How, then, dost that the Goth will rescue Marcella, the daughter of a Roman patrician, from one of themselves! Come, he added, now seizing his victim rudely by the arms; 'come hither, till I teach thee wisdom, and thee, and'—

In an instant, the door of the apartment was suddenly open with great violence, and a stout athletic man of middle stature entered and walked into the middle of the apartment. His presence was majestic and commanding, and his countenance, though evidently calculated for the expression of the nobler and more generous feelings of humanity, than for those of a baser kind, was at the particular moment deeply shaded with a scowl of anger, intermingled with indications of an angry resolve. He was a Goth. This was at once made evident by his dress, which also indicated that he was an officer in the army which now occupied Rome. 'How is this?' he said, fixing his eyes sternly and gravely on Marco; 'called for aid from this house! Was it you, fair maiden, he added, advancing towards Marcella.

'Yes, sir; it was, it was!' exclaimed the latter, flying to him, and flinging herself at his feet, grasping his hand and earnestly imploring his protection.

'By my good sword, fair maiden, and that thou wilt have, come of it what may. Sirrah,' he continued, addressing Marco, 'thy presence, I can perceive, is no longer wanted here; so pray thee begone, else worse will befall thee.'

'That I will not,' said Marco, at the same time brandishing his sword, 'although thou wert Alaric himself. My sword is my lawful prize, master; and certainly I am now first at whose bidding it is ere I part with it. Laying this, he also advanced towards Marcella; and as he held his naked sword in one hand, he rudely seized her by the arm with the other, as if at once to defend his right.

'Take *that* to loosen your ruffianly hold!' said stranger, suddenly stepping up to him, and passing sword through the body of the wretched slave, instantly fell prostrate, a lifeless corpse, on the ground. 'Pardon this violence in thy presence, fair maiden,' continued the stranger, now coolly returning his weapon to its scabbard; 'but the knave could not be taught me by any other means.'

The violence for which the Goth apologised, was of a kind with which Marcella could not reasonably be offended, and she did not affect those sentiments respecting it, which she neither did nor could feel. On the contrary, she a thousand times thanked her deliverer with the most earnest and affecting expressions of gratitude. The tears stood in her large soft blue eyes, and she raised them up in fervent prayer for blessings on the head of the man that had saved her. But, alas! for the weakness of human nature, and the power of suffering, supplicating for the deliverer of Marcella, in his turn, became her. The deliverer of Marcella, in his turn, became her. Though a respectful and an honourable one. Struck by the surpassing loveliness of the agitated maiden, and unable to resist the strong impulses which were inspired, he dropped on one knee before her, and in a tone of impassioned eloquence, besought her permission to become a candidate for her affections. Astonished and distressed beyond measure by this new and unexpected turn in the day's calamities—for Marcella was already the betrothed bride of Sempronius, a Roman noble—she earnestly but kindly besought her deliverer to rise from the humble position he had assumed. 'Noble stranger,' she said, and here her voice became tremulous with emotion, 'rather pity than thank me, I beseech thee. Oh! do not urge a suit which would make me ungrateful and you ungenerous. I am already betrothed of another, and can be no bride to none but Sempronius. Here, my kind deliverer,' she added, *these;*' and she began to divest herself of the precious jewels with which her person was adorned; 'take *as tokens* of my eternal gratitude; and if there

left me, thou art welcome to it all; but, oh! do a love-suit on her whom thou hast saved from a death, else thou wilt make her thankless for

maiden,' said the soldier, rising to his feet and benevolently on the generous-hearted but dis-
r—'I desist; but gold is not the god that Alaric worships.' At that tremendous name, which never been accustomed to hear but associated most terrible achievements, the terror-stricken fell senseless to the ground. But she did though faultlessly on her part, to the character noble-minded and magnanimous Alaric, for indeed, the Gothic king himself who had been sorer, and latterly the wooer, of Marcella. He raised her up, and by kind words endeavoured the affrighted maiden to her senses; and when succeeded in this, to soothe her agitation, and to afford her safety under his protection. While the

Goth was thus humanely employed, a third unexpectedly rushed into the apartment. This tall young man, fashionably attired, but bearing evidence of having come from a fatiguing journey. 'O Marcella!' he exclaimed; and regardless of the presence of the stranger, he frantically flung himself at the feet of the fair being he had named, took her hand, and covered it with kisses, muttering thanks the while to Heaven for her safety. 'O Marcella!' murmured Marcella, and her head sank on the bosom of her lover. Alaric was not an unmoved witness of this joyful meeting. In Sempronius he recognised the Roman soldier who had spared his life; and Sempronius beheld in the Gothic leader him whom his followers had captured while lurking in the recesses of his tent. A mutual debt of gratitude was acknowledged; but there was left no time for mutual greeting. Giving the Roman maiden to her lover, and promising the happy pair the most ample ransom, he speedily departed, and was in a moment

afterwards at the head of his victorious army. Neither Marcella nor Sempronius saw this extraordinary man again; but they found the house surrounded by a strong guard of Goths, which, on inquiry, they learned had been placed there for its and their protection by the orders of Alaric. The same powerful and generous friend, in a few days thereafter, caused to be returned to Marcella all the valuables of which her father's house had been despoiled. And on the sixth day after the occurrence of the events just related, which was that on which the barbarians evacuated Rome, the Gothic king, just before commencing his march, sent a magnificent ring to Marcella, as a notice at once of his departure and a token of his esteem and regard, adding to the message which accompanied it, that it would also protect her at any time from rude treatment, in the event of her ever again falling into the power of any of his people.

STORY OF HENRY BLACK.

COMPARATIVELY few individuals ever attain a knowledge of their own capabilities. The desire of whiling away the passing moments with the greatest possible amount of ease, and the least possible expenditure of exertion, is seemingly so inherent in human nature, that we are convinced ninety-nine individuals in a hundred go out of the world for the most part ignorant of the full range of their faculties. Man is essentially Epicurean in his dispositions. *Carpe diem* [seize the passing enjoyment of the hour], as far as animal enjoyment goes, is the guiding maxim of his life; and it is, generally speaking, only by the occurrence of some compulsive crisis, that he is startled into the knowledge and use of the abilities *with which nature has endowed him*. To hear people talk, one would be led to conclude that the Almighty is *excessively partial in the distribution of mental gifts*;

stances are every day occurring around us, to
 at the imagined discrepancy rests almost entirely
 rselves. How often have we smiled at such
 ch a one being pointed out as a remarkably
 nan; while we were aware that, had circumstances
 ed him, he would never have been in the slightest
 distinguished above his fellows.

a melancholy truth, that the motives which stimu-
 at men to exertion, and lead them to a discovery of
 vn talents, are either such as are condemned by
 iciples of correct morals, or originate in circum-
 which they most unwillingly submit to. Vanity,
 n, avarice, necessity—all are powerful agents in
 d work; but how few proceed upon the only truly
 ndable principle—the duty incumbent on them to
 be fullest and best use of the powers with which
 e gifted! How few voluntarily apply themselves
 disciplining and improving of their own minds, as if
 agined the process was merely one of trouble and
 nience, without any immediate equivalent benefit
 yment accruing therefrom! For example, we
 any men whose necessary occupations—requiring
 no mental exertion, be it observed—do not engage
 f their time than from nine in the morning till
 the afternoon; that is to say, seven hours out of
 nty-four; the other seventeen are consumed in
 drinking, sleeping, and desultory amusements.
 se individuals regard themselves, and are indeed
 d by the world, as fulfilling respectably all the
 s of life. They are moral in their behaviour,
 al and attentive to business, and maintain them-
 n independence—some of them in affluence—and
 ore can be demanded of them? How have we
 ed to think, that there are amongst them more than
 o, did they but dedicate one-fifteenth part of their
 time to study and self-improvement, are qualified
 re to become the brightest ornaments of society,
 in distinction in any department of literature, art,
 e, to which they might direct their attention;

but who will go down to the grave perfectly unenlightened, and ignorant in themselves of the fine which they have suffered to remain uncultivated unemployed! It was a beautiful and animating the the philosopher, and one which, however visionary may be reckoned, it were well if it was acted on true; namely, that there are gradations of happiness, to which the souls of men will be raised, according to the state of moral and intellectual excellence have attained in the body: meaning, thereby, that who have made the greatest progress in self-improvement on earth, will experience—as they will be capable of appreciating—a more refined and exalted species of happiness hereafter, than others who have neglected the opportunities.

Why so large a portion of the human race should regard the cultivation of their faculties, and improvement of their minds, as an irksome task, and the interval of escape from these as the only periods of enjoyment, would lead us into an investigation far too lengthy and metaphysical for our pages. But unquestionably, independent of the natural predisposition of the human mind to idleness, much, very much, is to be attributed to the influence of early training. That system of education which naturally leads a boy to infer that his periods of study and instruction are periods of harsh penance and unnatural restraint. The boy who is taught to regard the hours of play as the only season of delight, and to regard upon a prolongation of it as a reward, inevitably carries forward with him the same feelings into the more advanced and perilous stages of life. Necessity, indeed, may compel him to exert himself for a subsistence; but he who is actuated from a sense of compulsion, seldom works to permanent advantage. He performs his duties with reluctance and disgust, and flies from them whenever he can; and *he* happily acquires more correct views of life, it is *not* that he either altogether sinks, or drags out his existence as a discontented, unsettled, and poverty-stricken man, fully drudging through one hour, that he may

of idling away the next. But even should fortune favourable to him, there still remains the great evil which we have been endeavouring to point. He considers his exertions in the necessary occupation of life as the only call imperative upon him; he has all the finer qualities of his nature, and remains unacquainted with the extent of his own faculties, and the duty and advantage of cultivating them, and the enjoyment that flows from doing so.

In illustration of these remarks, we will here give an example where a young man of talent and principle was rescued from the consequences of indolence and idly training, and awakened to the knowledge and use of his faculties. Many years have now elapsed since the circumstances took place; but the principles of his nature are as invariable as they are unlimited; we may mention, that the anecdote was told us by one who was personally acquainted with the parties concerned.

Now upwards of seventy years since a young man, Henry Black, was attending the classes of the Edinburgh University. His parents were highly respectable but extremely poor, and the cost of his maintenance and education was defrayed by a rich uncle, to whose estate in the absence of all other relatives, it was natural to suppose he would become heir. Knowing this, Henry adopted the idea which most young men in his situation are apt to do; namely, that, seeing he had the prospect of an ample fortune before him, it would be but a waste of time and labour to vex himself with hard study and learning things which he would never have any use for. In this humour, he passed easily through his usual curriculum, for little was exacted from the students then beyond personal appearance in the class-room, but as decency required him to fix upon some profession as an ostensible means of subsistence, at that time his course he selected that of medicine. At that time a young physician in Edinburgh had lately begun—that rare circumstance in those days—to give a

course of private lectures; and so fast risen, that it soon was considered an indispensable part of their professional education. Henry Black, of course, was not an exception, but he soon found reason to regret that. His new instructor was a very different going, indulgent professor. He instituted various and frequent individual examinations of his lectures—not by the usual mode of days for that purpose, but calling students indiscriminately, and when least expected were necessitated always to be in their seats, alert. The effects of poor Black's indifference to his studies were soon speedily became conspicuous in the class, and inattention. The teacher was stern and would not be satisfied with the excuse, 'not prepared,' with which his pupils sheltered themselves from his interrogations. In consequence, he redoubled his calls upon them, and his demands became more and more severe. At last, he thought proper to wait upon him personally, and that he had no intention of following course, and, in short, explained his situation as best he could, with no small degree of self-importance. The professor listened to him with a smile of contempt. In the class next day, however, he took occasion to rebuke the mean spirit of some young men, who, to a competency, reckoned themselves satisfied with all personal exertion—to sit down in idleness, and basely content themselves with the earnings of others. He expatiated at length on the sinfulness as well as degradation of such conduct, illustrating his remarks by the parable of the servant who hid the talent given him by his master. The lecturer did not speak of Henry Black by name, but the allusions were too plain to be misunderstood; and, in fact, the confusion in

could have betrayed him. The young man retired from a class-room, boiling with shame and indignation; but a latter feeling soon obtained the mastery of the former, and in his foolish rage, he wrote a violent letter to the physician, demanding an apology. This only made matters worse. Next day, the lecturer took out the letter from his pocket, and read it aloud to his pupils, commenting upon it as he proceeded in terms of severe and cutting irony. He had scarcely reached home, when the young man waited upon him as Mr Black's friend, with demand either of a public apology, or of what was then, now, termed the satisfaction of a gentleman. The physician treated both alternatives with scorn; adding, at whatever were Mr Black's prospects, the difference between their present respective ranks in life sufficiently titled him to refuse any meeting of a hostile nature. The young man then requested a few lines, stating the other view of the matter for the satisfaction of his principal; which the physician readily gave him, and he turned to Black, expecting a renewed scene of passion and violence. But the result was very different. For some time after reading the physician's note, Henry Black appeared so stunned and overwhelmed, that his mind began to fear for his reason; but he gradually recovered himself, and seemed to be forming some eternal resolution. He at last calmly took the physician's note, wrote something on the back of it, and enclosed it in an envelope, which he sealed and delivered to his friend. 'Keep this, my friend,' said he: 'this affair shall go no further at present, I promise you; and I beg you will endeavour to forget all the circumstances connected with it, until I again ask this packet of you.' The other stared with surprise, but undertook the charge requested of him, mentioning at the same time another place of depositing it, in case of his death, or his leaving the country.

From that hour, Henry Black was a changed man. In his notorious idleness and vacancy of mind, he became remarkable for studiousness and assiduity. Nothing

could divert him from his studies, which were principally directed to the science of surgery; due time he received his diploma, with the most glowing marks of his instructors' approbation. At this his relatives strongly urged him to commence practice in his native district; but he resisted all their solicitations, and proceeded to London, where, after prosecuting his studies for some time further, he obtained an appointment on board a man-of-war, then about to proceed to the concluding scene of the American contest. The ship was engaged in several actions, and Henry discharged his duties with a professional skill and anxious humanity that endeared him both to officers and crew. Upon the conclusion of the war in 1783, he was ordered to a station in one of the West India ships, and thither the young surgeon also proceeded.

Scarcely arrived, when he received a notification of his uncle's death, who had left him sole heir to all his wealth. The only reply he made to this communication was a letter appointing certain individuals trustees of his property; directing the greatest part of his estate to be paid over to his parents in the meantime, and the remainder to be invested in the funds. He was determined to remain and practise in the island, and was fortunate enough to be soon afterwards appointed surgeon of the naval hospital at the seaport where he was stationed. He acquired, by degrees, great celebrity; it is needless to detail his career during the ten years he remained on the island. Suffice it to say, that, from the emoluments of his situation, and the produce of his general practice, he acquired in that period a fortune much more ample than what had been bequeathed to him. He then embarked for his native land, and, upon his arrival in London, graduated as a physician.

Meanwhile, his former instructor had increased in fame and opulence, and at the period at which Henry now arrived, had held a professor's chair in the university for several years—which, by the way, he occupied to the extreme limits of a very long life. He was as

study one evening, when a gentleman on urgent business was announced, and the stranger, without ceremony, followed the servant into the apartment.

'You are Dr —, sir, I believe?' said the stranger.

'I am.'

'Then, sir, I am *Dr Black*,' observed his visitor emphatically.

'Pray, sir,' asked the professor, after a considerable pause of surprise at his tone and manner, 'is this a professional visit?—for—excuse me—I am sure—that is, I do not recollect of our having met before, *Dr Black*.'

'We *have* met, sir; but it was when we were differently situate towards each other. Do you not remember a Mr Henry Black, a pupil of yours some fourteen years ago, whom you wantonly exposed to shame, and treated with insult before your whole class, and afterwards refused the slightest satisfaction to his wounded feelings?'

'Really, sir, such a circumstance has altogether escaped me.'

'Perhaps, sir,' observed Black, handing him a slip of paper, 'this document may recall it to your recollection.'

The other took and read the contents, and then replied, unsmilingly: 'I think I do recollect some of the circumstances connected with this writing, and that the individual who wished to provoke me to fight was an idle young man, who, because he had the prospect of succeeding to the fortune of some rich relation, thought it unnecessary to apply himself to his studies.' But may I ask your purpose in recurring to an affair of this nature after such a length of time?'

'Because it is only now that he could speak to you upon an equal footing. I am the individual, sir. I have been prosecuting my professions abroad almost ever since the date of that paper, until within the last few months—I *have earned a fortune* by my own exertions—the *difference of our rank is now removed*. There, sir, are *certificates of my degrees*. And now, sir, I am come

to claim that satisfaction as a physician which you refused to grant me as a student.'

'This is most singular!' said the professor, in astonishment. 'Is it possible, sir, that you have brooded over this matter for the space of fourteen years? Excuse me if I say, sir, that such a disposition is but little consistent with the principles of a Christian.'

'That is nothing to the purpose now, sir. To obtain my present privilege has been the grand aim of my life; and but for that, I would not have been the independent and professional man I now am.'

'In that case,' replied the professor, kindling with a pleased emotion, 'it would ill become me to refuse such a boon to a man whom I have caused to labour so hard for it. Let me hope, however, that you will agree to pacific terms. I must certainly have been guilty of something unduly and undeservedly severe towards a man capable of exerting such remarkable determination of purpose. Dr Black, I beg you will accept of my apology, and along with it—if it seems worth your while—my friendship.'

'I accept of both,' returned his visitor, 'with pleasure and gratitude. And now, allow me to say, that from the bottom of my heart, I thank you for the lessons you read me. I knew not myself till then. It is you I have to thank for awakening me to a sense of the sacred duties of existence; and let me add, should you ever again find a pupil surrendering himself, as I did, to habits of idleness and indolence, I hope you will administer a dose that will operate as salutarily as that which has proved my own salvation. In the meantime, however, be pleased to look at the back of that paper, and observe what were the first violent effects of your prescription. That a resolution formed in the spirit of revenge should have been blessed with such happy results, is more than I deserve.'

The professor turned over the slip of paper, and there read, in words too solemn to be here set down, a vow, that the writer would toil without intermission until he had made an independence by his own exertions, and

a rank and reputation to entitle him to demand
 ion for the injury he had received.
 is a veritable account of the remarkable history
 / Black. Of the early part of his character, there
 d times but too many prototypes to be found—of
 quent career, unfortunately too few. But it is
 uch of the young and thoughtless that we are at
 peaking, as of the great mass of individuals, who,
 the necessity of labouring hard for their daily
 asipate their leisure time in the most frivolous,
 often in the most pernicious amusements. It is
 se that we would wish to impress not only the
 s, but the positive amount of pure, rational, and
 ry enjoyment they deny themselves, by suffering
 ulties to lie dormant. They neither fulfil the
 s of their Creator, nor do justice to themselves
 fellow-creatures; and it is feared that in this and
 spect, the sins of omission, so seldom and so
 ought of by mankind, would, upon strict inves-
 be found even to outweigh those of palpable
 sion.

LEGEND OF GLAMMIS CASTLE.

course of a rambling excursion which I made not
 e, I traversed, with no other companion than my
 Clara, the beautiful and picturesque district of
 re—literally, the great strath or valley which
 from Strathaven, in the Mearns, to Cowal, in
 As I wandered on through the lovely and fertile
 ry step presenting some new beauty, I at length
 yself in the centre of a park of almost bound-
 nt, and close to the princely and splendid Castle
 nis, whose clustering towers rose proudly over
 d dell. While I stood gazing on the magnificent
 ra, with the restlessness incident to her sex, had
 way into the castle, from whence she quickly

issued, pursued by a weathe
twirled a broomstick with ala
dozen yelling dogs brought u
the odds against her, fled to
sented my gun, and the whole
distance. I then sounded a
woman to call back the dogs.

'Troth,' she replied, 'that'
Your beast deserves to hae itse
snoking where it has sae little

'You must forgive her, go
take us with you into the c
many, many miles to see.'

'And ye want to see the c
with a sourish kind of smile.
dinna be affronted about yc
there's no mony beside myse
wheen o' the servants are aw
other, and sae I'm left to keep
best to let you see a' the ferlie

By this I perceived that n
those garrulous, though somew
who, while serving their m
objection to make a by-penny
under their charge to stranger

On entering the castle, thi
missed her four-footed auxilia
ye maun let me shut up you
of a small room, and thrust C
sent forth the most hideous
yaffin', sir,' said she; 'she'll
when she sees you again.'

'You are probably in the rig
her into one of the ancient we

'Saw ye ever the like o' t
large trunk containing the cou
ladies of this ancient famil
passamented with goold lace
lane. There are nae such

It's a wonder to me how lords and wear the same kind o' coats as the behind their chairs. I dinna think er gane right since our great lords and claes, and dressed themselves like i.'

plied I, lifting up a rich vestment, 'I lavished so much gold and silver on o leave but a scanty supply to their what is this?' I asked, taking up a ; and tasselled cap: 'who wore these od dame?'

no ken they belonged to the last Fool little mair than forty years since he el, when I was a bairn, there was tter than playing with the bells of his no there now. I often wonder to come o' them.'

ie, for my part,' said I, taking up a now the ladies managed to walk when his ridiculous manner. It must have r.'

ty but it might,' she answered. 'But clothes; they were worn by our Earl as stabbed at Forfar by the Laird of

I, 'how did that come about? Was n them?'

s not the reason,' she answered. 'Ye r earl, and Finhaven, and mony mair , had been at some grand burial at e burial, sat drinking thegither never t, as they were getting to horse, some Finhaven into the mire. He thought who had done him this ill turn; sac and rade after the earl, and out wi' his him sac sairly that he died soon after? affair, indeed. Pray, are there any y now?'

'Na, na; we never hear tell o' ony witches now.'

Wishing to try if she had the honour of the family at heart, I said carelessly: 'It was really very wicked of the beautiful Lady Glammiss to endeavour to destroy King James V. by witchcraft: she well deserved to be burned; the king knew his life was in daily jeopardy through her diabolical arts;' but I had better have refrained from touching on this subject. In a moment, the expression of her countenance underwent a violent change; her eyes gleamed with fire, her cheek became pale with passion, which broke forth in a torrent of invective.

'And who are ye that dare say such words in Glammiss Castle? Are ye no feared that the very roof may fa', and crush ye wi' the base lie in your mouth? Out o' my sight, ye black-hearted fause loon! Naething hinders me frae dinging out your brains, but the hope that you'll meet wi' a waur death, and that I may live to see the hooded crow picking out your een, and the eagle riving at the fause tongue that could basely slander the bonniest and the best lady that the sun ever shone on. Awa wi' ye—awa wi' ye! The wa's o' this castle are fifteen feet thick, but I trow the words that ye hae spoken hae made them dirl. Awa wi' ye, before they come clattering doon and grind ye to powder!'

The sight of violent emotion is always interesting, and under its influence, the old woman deeply engaged my attention; and respecting her feelings, and regretting having wounded them, I hastened to declare my real sentiments, and to assure her of my sympathy in the unmerited fate of the unfortunate Lady Glammiss. It was not, however, without much difficulty that I pacified her, and obtained her forgiveness.

'Weel, weel,' she said in reply to my excuses, 'I'll say nae mair about it. You're young and silly, and nae doubt think it grand diversion to geck at and make game o' an auld wife like me; but mind ye, laddie, that the heart is the part longest o' deeing in our mortal frames, and that it whiles may happen that the body may be dry and withered as the leaves that the wind is dinging down

the trees before us, and yet the heart be fu' o' the life, and may haud to human kind wi' as firm as the hundred-year-auld oak takes o' the earth.'

'good dame,' I replied, 'I honour your feelings, and you that the tragical end of Lady Glammis has moved my pity and indignation. Lady Glammis's rime, was in being the sister of the great Earl of , against whom the king nourished an implacable ; but it was unworthy of a true knight and a ian king, to wreak his vengeance on a defenceless nnocent woman : in truth, I consider it as the st blot in the character of James.'

I may say that indeed. Mony's the time I grat blind when I was a young thing, when my mither sit ower the fire in a winter night, and tell me a' it; and I would listen and listen, till I thought that hing was bodily before me, and that I saw the Hill o' Edinburgh covered wi' a multitude o' folks, nt as the dead in the kirk-yard, and wi' their een ed on the winsome lady, the leal wife, and the 'mother, who was sae soon to die a shamefu' death; thought I saw her walk on wi' a stately step, her brow turned up to heaven, and her long hair ig ower her saft cheek, and on she went proudly to ace of her punishment; and when she came there, ood up firmly, and looked round wi' a sweet and glance; but when she looted doon to whisper to the r' friend who never left her side, and to bcseech , be a father to her young son, then lying in prison, mother welled up in her heart, and the tears gushed her cheeks, but she dried them wi' her bonny brown and then they brought fire, and set it to the pile, saw the flames rising up round her; and aye as the blew them past wi' a swirl, she was seen standing or white hands crossed ower her bosom. Then my ; heart would swell like to burst, and I would start d cry to my mither to bring water to put out the nd save the bonny lady, and my mither would e in her arms till I had sobbed mysel' to sleep.

But you'll be wearied o' this lang tale; so come aw me, and I'll let you see what your kind like m better; and that's routh o' guns and pistols, and a' s things for helping folks out o' this weary warld.'

I accordingly followed to the armoury, which cont a great variety of ancient armour, such as helmets, of-mail, shields, &c., and numberless swords, guns, and arrows, rapiers and spears; as also saddles, gloves, boots, and spurs. 'Ay, ay,' said my condw 'look weel about ye: there's mony a ferlie here. sword before ye belanged to Macbeth, and there shirt o' rings that he never put off by night n day; and look at these brass things, that were tak o' the Loch o' Forfar mair than fifty years ago, they had lain for eight hundred years. This is a the spulzie that was carried awa frae the castle Malcolm II. was murdered. And now, if ye hae l lang enough at these dags and guns, I'll take and see the room that he died in: the blood is on the fl this blessed day; and what makes this a real won that the floor has been renewed four or five times that, but the blood aye seeps out in the new floor, very same place that it did in the auld ane.'

As I did not choose to risk the favour of my gui expressing any doubts on this subject, I agreed he in thinking it a very great wonder that Malcolm's should be transferable.

We then proceeded to view the portraits, which c refer to the time of Charles II.; amongst which I nised those of Lauderdale, Dundee, Ormond, and others. 'And whose portrait is this?' I asked, po to one which much attracted my attention.

'That,' replied my guide, 'is Patrick Yerl of Strath he married a daughter o' the Yerl o' Middleton how, think ye, did he bring his bride to Glammis made her mount behind him on horseback, and the of their retinue was one man, that ran by the side c horse. I doubt the brides in our times would b wee at travelling in this way.'

nd pray, who may these be?' said I, pointing to two
 ists, the one representing a lovely female, habited as
 sy, the other a handsome youth, also in the gipsy

ar me, sir, that's the Lady Cassilis and Johnnie

You'll surely hae heard the auld ballad that tells
 tory! Some folks say, that Johnnie Faa was not a
 , but some great lord that was in love wi' the countess,
 dressed himsel' like a gipsy, that he might get into
 astle; but I trow such gentry are little worth
 ing about; so we'll noo gang and take a look at
 apel.'

accordingly proceeded to the chapel, which is
 considered a great curiosity, as it is preserved in
 respect in the same state in which it was when
 as a Roman Catholic place of worship; the walls and
 g are still covered with appropriate pictures, and
 the chaplain's rochet was still in the pulpit. 'How
 sh,' said I, in my enthusiasm, 'that the former
 es of this stately edifice could rise up at my
 ng, and'—

ish callant!' ejaculated the old woman with fervour,
 ould maybe like ill to be taken at your word, if ye
 x': ye might find yoursel' in geyan queer company,
 tales be true. What would ye say if Yerl Beardie
 to step in amang us?'

erl Beardie!' said I, bursting into a loud laugh;
 ; an absurd name! I never heard of the gentleman
 e. Perhaps you meant to say Bluebeard?'

meant nae sic thing,' retorted the old woman.
 re hae ye come frae, that ye hae never heard o' Yerl
 lie? But let us say nae mair about him, for wha
 but he and his companions may hear every word we
 ying! It's a fearsome story, and that's a' I'll tell
 out the matter.'

curiosity being now excited, I assailed the old
 n *with such earnest entreaties* to hear the ad-
 es of Earl Beardie, that she was fairly obliged to

'Weel, weel,' she answered, 'I see ain way; so I'll tell ye the tale whe leads o' the castle; so please to come.'

'But are you sure that I have seen the castle?'

'Ye hae seen everything, and ye see the thing,' she replied in a mysterious tone, 'everything that is open to mortal eyes in this castle, and a sight within it, that is as young bluid as cauld as the waters i' the loch us a' frae seeing it!'

In this manner, the old woman and I reached the leads of the castle, and a sense of delight escaped me on viewing the surrounding scenery. I looked at the towering Grampians, down whose sides were rushing innumerable mountain torrents, watered by the lofty Catterthun, on whose summit sometimes the warning bale-fire; while, to the west, rose the regal towers of Stirling and of Atholl. This enchanting picture of castle, wood and glade, so absorbed me that I almost forgot to render me forgetful of the presence of the old woman. She pointed out to me the Hunter's Hill, where the castle was attacked by assassins, and so grieved by his wounds, three days after the deed, died of his wounds, three days after the deed. She mentioned to me the bloody deed of the Hunter's Hill, and so grieved by his wounds, three days after the deed, died of his wounds, three days after the deed. She mentioned to me the bloody deed of the Hunter's Hill, and so grieved by his wounds, three days after the deed, died of his wounds, three days after the deed.

'I would hae been better please asked me to waste my auld breath on the wicked o' the earth; but I canna mair maybe that there's a glance that puts me in mind o' my Jamie, that's sleeping in the moulds; and I'm wearied sair to be lying beside him; so I'll say our time.' She wiped away a tear. 'But I needna be fashin' ye wi' a' this, for may they be keepit frae your la'

I'll tell ye now about Yerl Beardie, who was a Yerl o' Crawford, and lived in the time o' our second James. This earl was a very wicked man, delighting in nought but cruelty and blood; and I hao heard tell, that at his Castle o' Finhaven there are still to be seen, sticking out frae the walls, the iron spikes on which he used to hang his prisoners. Besides this, he worked muckle dool and we in Angus, dinging down houses, and burning and slaying like a fiend. Weel, at the lang and the length, he set himsel' up against the king, and banded wi' the Yerl o' Douglas and the Yerl o' Ross; and those evil-doers gave battle at Brechin to the Yerl o' Huntly, who commanded the king's men; but in the middle o' the talrie, the Laird o' Balnamoon, wi' a' his followers, gaed over to Huntly, who gained the battle; and the wicked Yerl Beardie, as folks called him, fled awa, crying out that he would willingly live seven years in the bottomless pit to do what Huntly had mastered that day. For a' this, he was soon friends wi' the king again; and they grew sae great thegither, that the king came to a grand feast that the yerl made for him. Weel, sir, for a' his fair fashions, it was soon seen that he was just the auld thing; and the tale gangs, that he was one day playing at the cards, in this very castle, wi' some o' his wicked companions, and the langer he played, the mair his goold pieces melted awa; and some o' his company cried to him to gie ower, for he was in ill-luck; but the yerl gied a stamp wi' his foot, and swore wi' a deep oath that he would play till the day o' judgment. The words were hardly weel out o' his mouth, when the Great Enemy stood in the middle o' the wicked crew: and wi' a laugh, he clutched hold o' Yerl Beardie; and he and his companions, and the very chamber in which they sat playing wi' the de'il's pented bewks, a' disappeared for ever frae mortal een. And now, sir, this is the story o' Yerl Beardie.'

'And a most wonderful tale it is,' I replied. 'Has the room, then, never been discovered? Can no one tell where it has been transported to?'

'It's no thought,' she answered, 'that it was ever out o' the castle, but only hid frae our een, and lang it be sae, for it is said that, when it is discoyerl Beardie and his wicked companions will be playing out the game. I hae heard my grandmother that she could maist take her oath that the rook was hidden in the east corner; for on gousty nights, the winter wind whistled round the castle, st like the wind heard them stamping wi' their feet, and howling louder than the wind. I'm no a'thegither sure that this is it's maybe only an auld warld tale; and I hope it will be sae, for there are no mony that would like to ha' next-door neighbours.'

'Why, truly,' I answered, 'one would scarce be willing to take part in their game, for they have had much experience in card-playing, that a common mortal could have no chance with them.'

'Whisht, whisht, young sir, and speak nae sae loud o' the doomed gamesters, but rather be thankfu' that they are mercifully keepit frae their sins and wickedness; now I'll leave you to lay this to heart, till I'll gang and see if there's nae word o' the servants coming for it's getting late; and if ye hae far to gang then ye had better soon be thinkin' o' steppin'.'

The sun had long since set, and his last rays rapidly disappearing behind the hills, as I sat gazed at the dark masses of clouds which rolled from the west and reflecting on the wild superstition to which I had just been listening, a pleasing torpor, superinduced by fatigue which I had undergone, and the heat of the day stole over my senses, which was deepened by the soft twilight and the fitful breeze. I, however, was quite awake, and transported to an unhallowed chamber of the doomed gamesters, where sat the livid crew round a table, on which lay several heaps of gold. I gazed upon the sile *who were too deeply intent on their occupation that they gave no time on words.* I examined their countenances, *the traces of violent passions; the fire of a*

their sunken eyes, and their brows were furrowed with care. My attention was irresistibly attracted by one of the gamesters, whose commanding form towered above the others, and who cast threatening glances at his antagonists, as the fortune of the game transferred them the yellow gold, from which he parted so unwillingly. Another game succeeded: he lost; fire flashed on his eyes; he bit his lip till the blood sprang, and stained the gold; then hastily thrust his hand into his bosom, as if to seek for some concealed weapon; his antagonist coolly drew his rapier, and laid it beside him on a table. Another game was played: he lost again, and again did his antagonist acquire another portion of the glittering heap. I then knew that I looked upon the wicked earl, who, upon the disappearance of his gold, burst forth into a torrent of horrid imprecations. Struck with terror, I fervently wished to escape; but my limbs were powerless, and I remained immovable, watching with intense interest the motions of this vile crew.

Another game commenced: a profound silence reigned. In a short time, fortune once more inclined to the earl's opponents; a half-suppressed laugh, which froze my blood, ran through the room; it came not from the gamesters. 'Who laughed?' exclaimed the earl, starting from the table, and unsheathing his weapon.

'My lord,' said his antagonist with malicious composure, 'I pray you, play no more this night; the luck is against you.'

A loud laugh rang through the chamber.

'Again!' shouted the earl. 'Know, villain, that I will play the game out, although it should be finished in the bottomless pit!'

At this moment, horrid cries, mingled with shouts of excitement, filled the air. I felt the chamber sinking with the rapidity of lightning: an instant still seemed it to me; it might not yet be too late. I ran to the pavement, out of which I strove to precipitate myself; nothing withheld me; I struggled, as those only struggle when the prize is life; I cried out, as I dealt my blows

around. A loud yell rang in my ears. I awakened, and found myself in the grasp of the old woman, while Clara was limping away with a most rueful aspect. 'Gude guide us a'!' exclaimed the old dame, 'what for do ye want to fling yoursel' ower the leads?'

'Why, my good woman, I dreamed that I was making my escape from the window of Earl Beardie's chamber.'

'Weel,' she replied, 'that's as queer a conceit as ever I heard; but it had amaist been your death. You may be thankfu' that I came back in time to hinder ye frae breaking your neck.'

'I assure you I am fully sensible of the obligation; so pray accept of this mark of my gratitude.'

Placing a piece of money in her hand, and whistling on Clara, I pursued my way, and soon left the castle far in the distance.

AFRICAN TRAVELLING.

THE obstacles which interpose themselves to travellers in Africa, and the dreadful privations endured in that land of hunger and thirst, are nowhere detailed in a more unassuming manner than in the *Travels in Southern Africa* by Mr Thompson, who with difficulty procured the attendance of Hottentots in his exploratory journey. The following is a condensation of part of this traveller's interesting details:—

About an hour after we started, we fell in with a Bushman and his wife, returning from a hunting-excursion. He had been successful, and was carrying on his back half of the carcass of a young gemsbok, which he had slain with his poisoned arrows. His wife was laden with the remainder, together with a little child which sat upon her shoulders, with its legs hanging over her bosom, and holding itself on by her matted hair. On questioning them about the probability of finding water on our route, the hunter, pointing to a certain part of the heavens, told

if we rode hard, we should find water by the time we stood there. This indicated a distance of not less than ten miles. Yet it was a consolation to know, that we should find water even within that distance. Rewarding our informant with a bit of tobacco, we pushed on with increased speed.

The afternoon succeeded till midnight was passed, but the moon had not reached the situation pointed out by the Bushman, while our horses were ready to sink at the rate we travelled. As we drew near the place we expected to find water, my guides, who kept a little ahead of me, requested me to ride in line with them, because lions usually lay in ambush in such places, and were more apt to spring upon men riding singly than in a clump together. We had adopted this precaution, when we passed within a few paces of one of those formidable animals. He stopped us for a moment, and then lay down, couchant, and we passed on as fast as possible, not without looking frequently behind, with feelings of awe and apprehension. When we after reached the bed of the Gamka (or Lion's) we did not find it at this place, to our sorrow, entirely. We were all ready to sink under the exertions we had made, and the thirst we had endured. Jacob, a Dutchman, who was unwell, and had suffered much from the hard riding, repeatedly told us that he could go no longer, but wished to lie down and die. The danger, however, of being devoured by the lions, now acted as a spur to exertion; and Witteboy and myself, knowing that our fate depended upon our getting water, urged on our horses along the course of the river, most anxiously looking out for the pool the Bushman told us of. In this way we proceeded until two o'clock in the morning, and were almost despairing of success, when we at length discovered the promised pool, though thick with mud, and defiled by the dung and urine of the wild beasts, was nevertheless a most welcome relief to us and our horses. We had been up since six o'clock on the preceding morning, had been on

horseback above sixteen hours, and had travelled in that time a distance of fully eighty miles, the last stage of about sixty entirely without stopping.

About sunset, we crossed the channel of the Gamka, for the last time, our course now being almost due north towards the Hartebeest River, where we hoped to find water, and probably game. We proceeded at a very lagging pace, for some of our horses were lamed by the sharp flinty road, and the old one got fairly fagged; so that we were reluctantly obliged to leave him. About nine o'clock, after a tedious ride of nine hours, during which we had scarcely travelled thirty-five miles, we reached the bed of the Hartebeest River, at a place called Camel's Mouth; but, to our extreme chagrin, found it perfectly dry. We had no resource but to tie our horses to a tree; and having made a fire, we stretched ourselves beside it, and sought consolation in sleep. During the night, we were disturbed by the hyænas, which came within a few yards, but did not venture to attack us. Our first care was to search for water, and we had the greatest satisfaction at discovering it at no great distance, in a pit about ten feet deep, recently dug by the natives. It was very brack, indeed, but proved nevertheless a most grateful relief to us. To assuage the cravings of hunger, our Hottentots gathered and ate a little gum from the mimosa-tree. I also attempted to eat a small quantity, but could not swallow it.

Witteboy then went out with his gun in search of game; Jacob followed to look after the horses, which had strayed to some distance in quest of pasture; and I stayed behind to guard the baggage. While I sat here, musing in no very comfortable mood, two Korannas suddenly made their appearance, and without hesitation came and seated themselves beside me; they were miserable-looking beings, emaciated and lank, with the withered skin hanging in folds from their sides, while a belt, bound tight round each of their bodies, indicated that they were suffering, like myself, from long privation of food. I attempted to make them understand by signs that I was

of provisions, and would gladly purchase some; they only replied by shaking their heads, and pointing to the 'girdles of famine' tied round their bellies; afterwards learned that they had been subsisting many days entirely on gum.

In this situation, we sat together for upwards of two days until at length Witteboy made his appearance, the old horse that we had left some miles behind during the preceding night, but without any game. He immediately entered into conversation with the Korannas, but learned from them only the details of their own miserable situation. On account of the long-continued drought, the wild game had almost entirely deserted this part of the country; the bulbs also had disappeared, and they were reduced to famine. Jacob soon after returning with the horses, we saddled up about nine and left these poor Korannas and the Camel's back filing away in a melancholy train down the dry banks of the river. After about an hour's ride, we

came to a spot marked with the recent footsteps of the dead, and looking around us, we saw two human beings at a little distance under a mimosa. On approaching them, a picture of misery presented itself, such as my mind never before witnessed. Two Koranna women were sitting on the ground entirely naked; their eyes fixed upon the earth, and when we addressed them, they muttered some words in reply, but looked not at us. Their bodies were wasted by famine to skin and bone. One of them was far advanced in age, the other was rather a young woman, but a cripple. She lay in her arms, wasted like herself to a skeleton, which every now and then applied its little hands alternately to the shrivelled breasts of its dying companion.

Before them stood a wooden vessel, containing a few spoonfuls of muddy water. By degrees, the natives obtained for me an explanation of this melancholy scene. *These three unfortunate beings had been doomed to perish by their relatives when famine pressed upon the horde, because they were helpless, and*

unable to provide for themselves. A pot of water had been left with them; and on this, and a little gum, they had been for a number of days eking out a miserable existence. It seemed wonderful that they had so long escaped falling a prey to the wild beasts; but it was evident that one or two days more of famine would be sufficient to release them from all their earthly sufferings.

From the long want of food, I now began to feel myself so weak, that I could with difficulty maintain an upright posture on horseback. The jolting of the horse seemed as if it would shake me to pieces. It struck me that I would try the method adopted by the famishing Korannas, and my own Hottentots, of tying a band tightly round the body. I unloosed my cravat, and employed it for this purpose, and had no sooner done so, than I found great and immediate relief. At eight o'clock, finding ourselves quite exhausted, though we had not travelled to-day above twenty-five miles, we unsaddled at the bed of the river, tied our horses to a tree, and stretched ourselves on a bank of sand. Our rest, however, was but indifferent—disturbed by cold, hunger, thirst, and the howling of wild beasts, and by frightful dreams, produced by all these afflictions combined.

At dawn of day, we awoke again to the full sense of our distressed condition. Witteboy and I immediately proceeded to an adjoining height, to look out for game. We could see none, but observed a party of Korannas at no great distance, to whom we immediately proceeded. There were about a dozen of them, young and old, and all in the same state of destitution as those we had last seen: they were subsisting principally upon gum, and had not a morsel of any food to give us. My poor Hottentots looked like moving ghosts. Their gaunt, hollow cheeks, and eyes sunk in the sockets, gave them a frightful aspect. I now proposed to kill one of the horses, to supply our urgent wants, since the prospect of shooting game had become almost hopeless, and our fruitless search for it had almost worn us out. Witteboy, however, begged that I would permit him to make another attempt with

n. I agreed: he then set off, accompanied by three of the Korannas, who were scarcely less anxious for success than ourselves—hoping to come in for a share of what he might kill. Evening approached, and the hunting-party appeared not. At length, just as sun was sinking under the horizon, we descried Witteboy and his Koranna followers returning, laden with flesh. A zebra had been shot, and each was carrying a piece of it for immediate consumption. Without mentioning Witteboy how or where he killed the zebra, he commenced roasting and eating. In a short time, he picked several of his ribs. As for the Hottentots, I do not exaggerate when I say, that each of them had devoured eight pounds of meat within an hour, and an additional allowance of three or four pounds more before they slept. The Korannas marched off in a body to the place where the zebra was shot, to feast on the offals, reserving certain parts of the carcass which we had allotted to them, on the condition of their keeping careful watch over the remainder, until we joined them in the morning. A sudden change in my Hottentots this evening, after their hunger was assuaged, was remarkable. Hope and confidence again reanimated them, and that haggard and dejected appearance which had invested their visages began to disappear. So voracious was their appetite, that I soon became apprehensive they would kill themselves by overindulgence; and in the middle of the night, when I awoke, I again found them eating and smoking by turns. They were saddled at an early hour, and made the best of our way towards the Gariep, which we reached, to our great satisfaction, in about a couple of hours. After suffering severely as we had done from the want of water, what a glorious object did this river appear, flowing in a majestic stream, deep and rapid, and 500 yards in breadth! We waded down to the channel, and plunged our hands and faces into the cooling waters, and at length assuaged a thirst, which the *briny wells* of the Korannas seemed at every moment to increase. After all our privations, it was no satisfaction to me to have so far accomplished one

of the objects of my journey. I had reached of the Gariep by a route never taken before by a traveller, and had been enabled to add to the knowledge of South Africa, the distinctive features of the region, which, dreary and desolate though it was, without a strong interest in the eyes both of the naturalist and the philanthropist. The main branch of the Gariep, which forms the cataract, is a sort of island of large extent, covered with thickets, and environed on all sides by streams. Having crossed the southern branch, which at this point is but an inconsiderable creek, we continued to travel through the Korannas for several miles through the dense forests, while the thundering sound of the cataract increased at every step. We reached a ridge, and found it necessary to dismount and follow the stream on foot. It seemed as if we were now entering an untrodden vestibule of one of nature's sublime scenes, and the untutored savages who guided us, even in the face of awe and circumspection with which they trod the path, were not altogether uninfluenced by the genius of the place. At length we halted, and the next moment I was looking down from a projecting rock, where a scene burst upon me far more sublime than my most sanguine expectations. The whole of the river, having previously been confined to a bed of some 100 feet in breadth, descends at once into a magnificent cascade of fully 400 feet in height. As I gazed upon this stupendous scene, I felt as if in a dream. The grandeur of nature drowned all apprehension of danger. After a short pause, I hastily left the spot where I had gained a nearer view from a cliff that more immediately impended over the foaming gulf. I had just reached a new station, when I felt myself grasped all at once by the Korannas, who simultaneously seized hold of my arms and legs. My first impression was, that I was going to hurl me over the precipice; but it was a vain, airy thought, and it wronged the friendly savages, who are themselves a timid race; and they were right, my temerity should lead me into danger.

back from the brink, and then explained their motive, asked my forgiveness. I was not ungrateful for their, though somewhat annoyed by their officiousness. The character of the whole of the surrounding scenery, of rocks, caverns, and pathless woods, and the late aspect of the Gariepine Mountains beyond, ordered well with the wild grandeur of the waterfall, and pressed me with feelings never to be effaced.

NARRATIVE OF THE JEWS OF YORK.

MOST every one has heard or read of the sufferings to which various classes of people in this country were at a period subjected, not on account of their misdemeanors, but their peculiar opinions on abstract subjects. In a melancholy enumeration of these dismal passages in history, none presents us with such a dreadful example of what human nature is capable of enduring when forced to sink under the last efforts of despair, as the destruction of the Jews of York. No narrative that we are acquainted with is so able to make us appreciate the blessings of modern civilisation, and the improved state of feeling betwixt one class of thinkers and another, that to which we refer, and which is thus given by Israeli, in his interesting work, *The Curiosities of Literature* :—

'When Richard I. ascended the throne [in 1189], the Jews, to conciliate the royal protection, brought their tributes. Many had hastened from remote parts of England, and appearing at Westminster, the court and the mob imagined that they had leagued to bewitch his majesty. An edict was issued to forbid their presence at the coronation; but several, whose curiosity was greater than their prudence, conceived that they might pass unobserved among the crowd, and venture to insinuate themselves into the abbey. Probably their voice and

their visage alike betrayed them, for they were soon discovered; they flew diversely in great consternation, while many were dragged out with little remains of life.

'A rumour spread rapidly through the city, that, in honour of the festival, the Jews were to be massacred. The populace, at once eager of royalty and riot, pillaged and burnt their houses, and murdered the devoted Jew. Benedict, a Jew of York, to save his life, received baptism and returning to that city, with his friend Jocenus, the most opulent of the Jews, died of his wounds. Jocenus and his servants narrated the late tragic circumstances to their neighbours, but where they hoped to meet sympathy, they excited rage. The people at York soon gathered to imitate the people at London; and their first assault was on the house of the late Benedict, which having some strength and magnitude, contained his family and friends, who found their graves in its ruin. The alarmed Jews hastened to Jocenus, who conducted them to the governor of York Castle, and prevailed on him to afford them an asylum for their persons and effects. In the meanwhile, their habitations were levelled, and the owners murdered, except a few unresisting beings, who, unmanly in sustaining honour, were adapted to receive baptism.

'The castle had sufficient strength for their defence but a suspicion arising that the governor, who often went out, intended to betray them, they one day refused his entrance. He complained to the sheriff of the county and the chiefs of the violent party, who stood deeply indebted to the Jews, uniting with him, orders were issued to attack the castle. The cruel multitude, united with the soldiery, felt such a desire of slaughtering that they intended to despoil, that the sheriff, repenting of the order, revoked it, but in vain: fanaticism and robbery once set loose, will satiate their appetite for blood and plunder. They solicited the aid of the superior citizens who humanely refused it; but having addressed the clergy were by them animated and conducted.

'The leader of this rabble was a canon regular, and

zeal was so fervent, that he stood by them in his peril, which he considered as a coat-of-mail. Their attacks continued, till at length the Jews perceived they could hold out no longer, and a council was called to consider what remained to be done in the extremity of danger.

‘Among the Jews, their elder Rabbin was most respected. It has been customary with this people to invite for this place some foreigner, renowned among them for the depth of his learning and the sanctity of his manners. At this time the *Haham*, or elder Rabbin, was a foreigner, who had been sent over to instruct them in their laws, and was a person, as we shall observe, of no ordinary qualifications. When the Jewish council was assembled, the *Haham* arose, and addressed them in this manner: “Men of Israel! The God of our ancestors is omniscient, and there is no one who can say, why doest thou this? This day He commands us to die for his law; for that law which we have cherished from the first hour it was given, which we have preserved pure throughout our captivity in all nations, and which, for the many consolations it has given us, and the eternal hope it communicates, can we do less than die? Posterity shall behold this book of truth sealed with our blood; and our death, while it displays our sincerity, shall impart confidence to the wanderer of Israel. Death is before our eyes, and we have only to choose an honourable and easy one. If we fall into the hands of our enemies, which you know we cannot escape, our death will be ignominious and cruel; for these Christians, who picture the spirit of God in a dove, and confide in the meek Jesus, are athirst for our blood, and prowl around the castle like wolves. It is, therefore, my advice, that we elude their tortures; that we ourselves should be our own executioners; and that we voluntarily surrender our lives to our Creator. We trace the invisible Jehovah in his acts: God seems to call for us; but let us not be unworthy of that call.” Having said this, the old man sat down and wept.

‘The assembly was divided in their opinions. Men of

fortitude applauded its wisdom, but the people murmured that it was a dreadful council.

‘Again the Rabbin rose, and spoke these few firm and decisive tone—“My children! since unanimous in our opinions, let those who do not of my advice depart from this assembly.” Some but the greater number attached themselves to the venerable priest. They now employed themselves in consuming their valuables by fire; and every one of trusting to the timid and irresolute hand of Jocenus first destroyed his wife and children, and then the Rabbin alone remained. The protracted to the last, that they might see performed according to their orders. Jocenus, chief Jew, was distinguished by the last mark of respect, in receiving his death from the consecration of the aged Rabbin, who immediately after performed his melancholy duty on himself.

‘All this was transacted in the depth of the night. The morning, the walls of the castle were seen in flames, and only a few miserable and puny beings, unworthy of the sword, were viewed on the battlements, pointing to their extinct brethren. When the gates of the castle were opened, these men verified the prediction of their late Rabbin; for the multitude, entering through the solitary courts, found themselves disappointed of their hopes, and in a moment avenged the feeble wretches who remained.’

Such is the dreadful narrative of the Jew

OPENING OF THE COFFIN OF CHARLES I.

is stated by Clarendon, in his *History of the Rebellion*, great civil war in England, that the body of Charles though known to have been interred in St George's chapel at Windsor, could not be found when searched there some years afterwards. Charles I. was beheaded in the year 1648-9; and from that period till a cent time, the place of sepulture of his body remained mystery, although conjecture continued to point to the spot in or about St George's Chapel at Windsor. An accident at last elucidated a point in history which had thus been involved in obscurity. In the course of making some repairs and alterations at the place of royal culture at Windsor, in 1813, it was necessary to form a passage to what is called the tomb-house from under the choir of the chapel. In constructing this passage, an aperture was made accidentally in one of the walls of the vault of Henry VIII., through which the workmen were enabled to see, not only the two coffins which were supposed to contain the bodies of Henry and Queen Jane Seymour, but a third also, covered with a black velvet pall, which was presumed to hold the remains of Charles I. On representing the circumstance to the prince-regent, he perceived at once that a doubtful point in history might be cleared up by opening this long-sealed vault; and, accordingly, an examination was ordered. This was done on the 1st of April 1813, the day after the funeral of the Duchess of Brunswick, in the presence of his royal highness himself, and other distinguished personages.

The vault being opened, the first thing done was the removal of the pall, whereupon there was disclosed a plain leaden coffin, with no appearance of ever having been enclosed in wood, and bearing the inscription 'KING CHARLES, 1648,' in large legible characters on a scroll of

lead encircling it. A square of the upper part of the lid, of such a clear insight into its contents. wooden coffin, very much decayed, fully wrapped up in cerecloth, in quantity of unctuous or greasy matter as it seemed, had been melted, and actually as possible, the external space completely full; and from the tenacious difficulty was experienced in removing from the parts which it enveloped, the unctuous matter had insinuated itself, the removal of the cerecloth was easy; and with the impression of the features to which was observed in the unctuous matter, the whole face was disengaged from the complexion of the skin of it was decayed, the forehead and temples had lost their muscular substance; the cartilage of the nose was gone, but the left eye, in the first instance, was open and full, though it vanished in the busts, and the pointed beard, so characteristic of the reign of King Charles, was still visible. The face was a long oval; many of the features of the left ear, in consequence of the decay, were gone; the matter between it and the cerecloth was melted.

It was difficult at this motion that, notwithstanding its appearance, it did bear a strong resemblance to the busts, and especially to the bust by Vandyck, by which it was distinguished from the others. It is true, that the most interesting sight were with the impression; and it will not be surprising to find the face, the forehead, and the important features by which it was distinguished.

When the head had been removed from the attachments which confined it, it was taken out and without any difficulty.

It was quite wet, and gave a greenish-red tinge to the linen which touched it. The back part of the face was entirely perfect, and had a remarkably good appearance; the pores of the skin being more open as they usually are when soaked in moisture; the tendons and ligaments of the neck were of considerable substance and firmness. The hair was thick at the back part of the head, and in appearance nearly black. A portion of it, which has since been cleaned and washed, was of a beautiful dark-brown colour. That of the forehead was a redder brown. On the back part of the head the hair was more than an inch in length, and had probably been cut so short for the convenience of the executioner, as appears by the piety of friends soon after death, in their efforts to furnish memorials of the unhappy king.

On holding up the head, to examine the place of the wound on the back of the neck from the body, the muscles of the neck had very much retracted themselves considerably; and the cervical vertebra was found to be cut through its middle transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided vertebra perfectly smooth and even—an appearance which could have been produced only by a heavy blow inflicted with a very sharp instrument, and which furnished the means of wanting to identify King Charles I.

After this examination of the head, which served every purpose in view, and without examining the body below, it was immediately restored to its situation, the coffin was soldered up again, and the vault closed.

None of the other coffins had any inscription upon the larger one, supposed, on good grounds, to contain the remains of King Henry VIII., measured six inches in length, and had been enclosed in an iron box of two inches in thickness; but this was decayed, and in small fragments near it. The leaden coffin appeared to have been beaten in by violence about the middle, and a considerable opening in that part of it showed a mere skeleton of the king. Some beard was seen upon the chin, but there was nothing to identify the personage contained in it.

The smaller coffin, understood to be that of Queen Jane Seymour, was not touched; mere curiosity not being considered by the prince-regent as a sufficient motive for disturbing these remains.

On examining the vault with some attention, it was found that the wall at the west end had at some period or other been partly pulled down and repaired again, not by regular masonry, but by fragments of stones and bricks, put rudely and hastily together without cement. From this, it was inferred that the ceremony of interment was a very hasty one—a circumstance warranted by the history of the troublesome times in which Charles was brought to the scaffold. It may be added, that an authentic account of the above discovery and circumstances attending it, was substantiated by the signature of the prince-regent, and deposited in the British Museum.

SCHILLER'S PARTITION OF THE EARTH

The following translation of Schiller's poem, entitled *The Partition of the Earth*, appeared in a provincial periodical some years ago:—

'HERE! take this world,' cried Jove, from his high throne,
Addressing man: 'the earthly sphere be thine;
I grant it thee, a free perennial loan;
Divide it—brother-feeling mark the line.'

All hastened to establish each his claim,
Busy both young and old assiduous strove;
The farmer tried to seize the fields of grain,
The noble's son in forest chase to rove.

Whate'er his warehouse holds, the merchant sweeps;
The abbot chooses rare and costly wine;
Kings* barricade the bridges; and the streets,
With voice potential, cry: 'The tenth is mine.'

* This idea is probably taken from the circumstance of the barriers to most towns in Germany being the places where the w are levied.

poil all meted out—alas! too late
 gives the poet from some distant place:
 nothing left: how luckless is my fate!
 Ah worldly chattel could its master trace.

Save me! shall I alone of all be sent
 portioned from thee? I, thy truest son?
 ventured he his loud complaint to vent,
 and prostrate fell before the heavenly throne.

In the land of dreams thou didst delay,
 pursued the god, 'bold mortal, blame not me:
 wert thou on the world-division day?'
 the poet answered: 'Lord, I was with thee!

Thy eye was doting on thy godly sight,
 thine ear on thy celestial harmony;
 on that spirit, which, with thy rich light
 imbriate, forfeits all its chance, through thee.'

What remedy is left? The world is given;
 nor harvest, chase, nor commerce flows from me.
 Thou dost wish to breathe the air of heaven,
 oft thou com'st, so oft shalt welcome be.'

ACCOUNT OF A VERY OLD MAN.

VERY notices of men and women who have survived
 are not uncommon, but it is rarely that they
 are heticated in such a manner as to satisfy the
 with which we are naturally disposed to regard
 phenomenon. The account, however, of the
 individual about to be introduced to the notice
 reader, rests on perfectly valid grounds. His
 as John Taylor, and the age at which he arrived
 less than 132 years.

Taylor was the son of a miner in the parish of

Aldstone, county of Cumberland, and seems to have been born about the year 1638. Having lost his father in his fourth year, he was set early to work at the same profession, gaining twopence a day for some years by dressing lead-ore. He had been a kibble-boy in the mine for three or four years, and was about fourteen years of age at the celebrated popular era of Mirk-Monday, which happened in 1652. The darkness of this celebrated Monday is well known to have been occasioned by a great eclipse of the sun. At the moment when the phenomenon was commencing, John was at the bottom of a pit called Winlock-shaft, and was called on by the man at the shaft-head, one Thomas Millbank, to tell those below to come out, because a great cloud had darkened the sun, so that the birds were falling to the earth. This event, which the old man invariably described with the same circumstances, was the single but satisfactory *datum* for reckoning his age.

John removed, in his twenty-sixth year, to the lead-mines at Blackhills, in the county of Durham, where he was employed in watching an engine that drew water from the works; after nine years, he was despatched by his masters, the Quaker Company, to inspect and make a report of some lead-mines in the island of Islay, on the west coast of Scotland. Here he acted for some time as overseer, working at the same time, and then returned to the north of England, from which he once more migrated into Scotland, being employed by Scott of Harden to make trials for lead-ore in the Vale of Ettrick. This latter work being dropped a year and a half after, in consequence of the death of Harden, and the accession of a minor heir, John had the good-fortune, when on his way to Edinburgh, to become acquainted with some gentlemen of the Mint—of London—who were on their way to Edinburgh to coin the Scottish money into British, the union of the two countries having rendered that measure necessary. Being taken into their employment, he wrought in the Edinburgh Mint for two years, when, the work being entirely finished, he was re-engaged to work at the Islay lead-mines; and

1709, when above seventy years of age, married a wife, by whom he had nine children. John was in Islay till the mines were relinquished in 1730, and found employment for two years in the mines of Strontian, in Argyleshire, till, being attacked by the scurvy, he found it expedient to remove to Glasgow. He had no resource but to become a day-labourer in quest of employment which he did not relish; and he went soon after to Hilderstone, near Bathgate, where the York Buildings Company was at that time working a silver vein. This work also misgiving, John removed, in the year 1733, to Leadhills, where he worked regularly as a miner, till 1752, having thus spent more than half of a century in unceasing labour! His great and increasing infirmities then obliged him to desist from work, and submit to be supported by his descendants. As the small-pox in infancy, John enjoyed unimpaired health till the year 1724, when he had an attack of dysentery. The scurvy at Strontian, and a fever at Glasgow, were the only other ailments he had till his hundredth year. In 1741 and 1742, he had the scurvy; and in 1758, when his wife died, he was very low by a recurrence of his first complaint. In the year 1764, his teeth remained firm and good: then given up the chewing of tobacco from a want of economy, he lost the best of them in a few years. During his latter years, the seasons had a great effect upon his frame; he weakened in the course of winter and spring, and strengthened again in summer. In cold weather, he found it necessary to warm his bed, and take a glass of brandy once or twice a day to warm his stomach; but in mild weather he went about with a stick, and in his gait appeared fully little declined from the perpendicular. In the year 1766, when 128 years old, he walked from his house to the village of Leadhills—a large computed distance—and having entertained his children and grandchildren in a public-house, returned the same day on foot. In the period of his life had he been accustomed to much

sleep, and he had never known what it was to be idle. Even after having given up regular labour, he would always have his hand in some work or other, occasionally diverting himself with fly-fishing. He was always a thin, spare man, about 5 feet 8 inches high, black haired, ruddy faced, and long visaged; had always a good appetite; and when he was obliged to go to work—as miners are at all hours—found no difficulty of making as hearty a meal at midnight as at mid-day. His breakfast was usually of oatmeal porridge; his dinner, meat and broth; and his chief drink, malt liquor. At no period of his life was he addicted to indulgence in intoxicating liquors, and if his daily labour produced as much as supplied the wants of his family, and kept him out of debt, no man in the world enjoyed life with a happier relish.

At length, after having been for some time cradled in a second childhood, with hardly any remains of either bodily or mental faculties, this veteran expired in the month of May 1770, at the age, as already mentioned, 132 years.

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CHAMBERS'S POCKET MISCELLANY.

THE ABBÉ DE L'ÉPÉE.

ys at Bordeaux were resounding with the cries of
'Paignac!' 'Langon!' 'Lormond!' and in suc-
with the names of all the beautiful little villages
e scattered about on the verdant banks at either
he Garonne. Besides the boatmen who were thus
us for employment, a noisy, joyous crowd were
g along in their holiday dresses; and as if the
f the Garonne were trying to join in the concert,
merable quantity of empty boats were swinging
cking against each other, seemingly impatient to
ie ropes which still held them prisoners to the
It was a fête-day in the month of October 1784,
season of fruits and flowers was drawing to a
d the inhabitants of Bordeaux, anxious to enjoy
rt time that remained, were flocking to the
to gather the last clusters of grapes that still
d upon the vines. The boats were fast filled,
ral had already departed, when two gentlemen
ed, walking arm-in-arm—the one an elderly and
-looking clergyman, the other a fair youth,

with his hair falling in graceful curls upon his forehead. Neither of them uttered a word expressive of countenance and animated gesture that their intercourse, though silent, was far from uninteresting.

'Will you come into my boat, M. l'Abbé?' said the man, respectfully taking off his straw-hat to them. 'We must hasten, for the tide is going out.'

'My friend,' replied the abbé, 'is there no place in this neighbourhood called St Ange?'

'I know it well, monsieur,' said the old man, 'I live close by it.'

'Is it far from this?' inquired the abbé.

'With the wind in this point, we will make it in an hour,' replied the boatman.

The clergyman's young companion took no part in the conversation, but his eyes were anxiously fixed upon his friend, and after some signs had passed between them, they both entered the boat; the sail was hoisted, and the little bark was soon swiftly gliding down the river.

If you have ever lived in the south of France, you must be acquainted with the character of the people. They are honest and kind, but extremely inquisitive. They will tell you everything concerning themselves and their families, and in return, will expect to hear about you and yours. What they do in their religion, they religiously practise in that of their neighbours. This is the only difference, that in regard to the truth, they speak truth, for they know it, while of others, they speak all the hearsays of the neighbourhood, always with: 'I give it to you as I heard it.' It was very long before the boatman thus said to the abbé: 'You are the first visitors that I have ever seen at the castle.'

'The Count de Solar, then, does not receive company, I suppose?'

'I will tell you what, M. l'Abbé, with all my heart, and as sure as my name is Pierrille, I do not know the new proprietors. I am but a poor, ignorant

know this much, that when a person acts right, he can remain in his own country; and if the Count de Solar had not committed some crime, why did he leave Toulouse, his own country! and, with all respect, Toulouse is a fine city, as I hear from the countess's lady's-maid; and there is one whom the Lord has sorely afflicted!

'The countess's lady's-maid!' inquired the abbé.

'No, M. l'Abbé; I am speaking of the countess herself,' replied Pierrille. 'It is true, she is rich and beautiful, kind and generous; but what do you say, M. l'Abbé, to her having been ten years at this castle, and no one has ever yet heard the sound of her voice! Some say it is a vow—some terrible vow she has made; but others say that the countess is dumb. But how can one believe that of a woman! It is impossible!'

'Dumb!' exclaimed the abbé eagerly; 'dumb! do you say! Oh, my God! grant that I am in the right track. But go on, my friend. The countess, you say, is dumb?'

'So it is reported, M. l'Abbé,' replied the boatman; 'but I must own that I for one do not believe it, for I am no chicken; I am sixty-five years old; I have had a mother, three aunts, four sisters, and a number of cousins; and I have a wife and five daughters, without reckoning neighbours, and in all my life, I have never yet seen a woman who could remain for five minutes without talking, and I have heard that some even talk in their sleep! And now, M. l'Abbé, do you think it possible that he can be dumb! Some say one thing, and some another. But whatever may be the reason of it, one thing is sure and certain, that the Count de Solar never sees any person; that he is always grave, always melancholy, always shut up in his apartments, or walking by himself, and never seeming to be alive except when his son, M. le Vicomte Jules, is with him. A fine boy, upon my word, is little Jules!'

'He has a son, then!' exclaimed the abbé, almost in a tone of disappointment: 'and does his son speak?'

'Oh, charmingly, M. l'Abbé: his tongue goes like a clapper of a mill. And he has a fine spirit, and is

very clever, though he cannot be more than thirteen or fourteen years of age.'

'And is it known what makes the count so choleric?' inquired the abbé, whose venerable countenance expressed a deep interest in the subject.

'Why, M. l'Abbé,' replied Pierrille, 'you will tell me, like M. le Curé, that I ought not to listen to reports, and be looking for moths in my neighbor's house instead of pulling the beam out of my own. Perhaps it may not be true; but, as my old grandfather used to say, "There can be no smoke without fire."' "

'Well!' said the abbé, with some impatience.

'Well, M. l'Abbé, some people say that the Count de Solar has a great sin upon his conscience.'

'And of what kind?' inquired the abbé with interest, emotion, and drawing closer to the boatman.

'Oh, it is something very serious'—

At that moment, the abbé observed his young companion standing up in the bow of the boat, leaning over the water, and his body trembling with convulsive agitation. He then suddenly extended his arms, and uttering a wild shriek, unlike anything he had ever done before, he plunged head foremost into the water.

Unmindful of his age, or even of his life, the abbé was about to follow his young companion, when he was retained by the grasp of the boatman. 'Can that man swim?' he inquired.

'Like a fish!' replied the abbé, becoming more composed, for he saw a few yards before him the face of the youth above the water, but the next moment he disappeared.

'Never fear, M. l'Abbé,' said the boatman, who was busily engaged in taking down the sail, kept steadily fixed upon the river. 'There he is again! he will save him, he will save him!'

'Who?' inquired the abbé. 'Is there any one in the boat but my Joseph?'

'Why, do you think the young lad only threw himself into the water to frighten us?' said the boatman.

ing taken in his sail, was carefully steering towards swimmer. 'You did not see it, M. l'Abbé, for your : was turned to it; but while we were talking, I had ye upon a little craft that was sailing right before us; d not like her tackle—— But perhaps, M. l'Abbé, don't know any more about boats than the boy who steering her, for I could see that it was only a young

All at once, it happened just as I foresaw: the sent a strong breeze caught her, she capsized, and—— there, again, is Joseph, as you call him.'

God be praised! there he is, and holding fast the r. Hasten, my friend; hasten to them!'

Two pulls of the oar brought them within reach of the and with the aid of the abbé, they were both rescued, laid down in the bottom of the boat. Their eyes were d; and though they still breathed, they seemed to be ctly exhausted.

Why, this is little Solar!' said the boatman, as he ed the dress of one of the youths to give him air, e the abbé was taking the same care of his pupil.

Solar! do you say? Can this be the son of the Count olar?' said the abbé, whose spirits began to revive ; saw the colour returning to Joseph's face.

He is the son of the Count de Solar, who lives at the e of St Ange. Look, M. l'Abbé, at the beautiful boy; opening his eyes.'

Oh, my God, I thank thee!' exclaimed the abbé. ' ways are inscrutable, and thy mercies infinite. en, my good friend! Let us hasten to the castle before become chilled.'

At that moment the two youths, as if life, motion, and ig were restored to them together, gently raised their s, though still stupified from the danger which they just escaped, and endeavoured to look about them. e Solar was the first to speak. 'Saved!' he imed; 'I am saved! Oh, thank God! It would killed my poor mother.'

Right, my boy,' said the abbé; 'the first thought for he second for your mother, and your third should

THE ABBÉ DE L'ÉPÉE.

be for your preserver.' As he said this, the abbé pointed to Joseph, who was lying beside him.

'What! is it to you that I owe my life!' said the Solar, throwing his arms round Joseph. The two then affectionately embraced; and then Jules burst forth with all the enthusiasm of a young and grateful heart: 'O I thank you, especially for my mother's sake, for my death would have caused hers. How kind it was of you to come to my assistance! How I love you! Oh, if you knew how much I suffered in that short time; and how it seemed so long when I saw the boat turn round the upset, when I felt the water covering my head and stifling me! Oh, how mamma will bless you!—how my father will thank you! What is your name? But you will answer me,' said Jules; 'will you not love me?'

'Make yourself easy, my amiable boy,' said the abbé; 'my Joseph will love you.'

'Then why will he not speak to me, and tell me his name himself?' asked Jules in a tone of chagrin.

'Alas, my dear boy, because he does not hear you because he is deaf and dumb from his birth.'

'Like my mamma!' exclaimed Jules.

'Is your mother deaf and dumb?' cried the abbé almost frantically; 'is she deaf and dumb? O me Providence! Quick, boatman, quick! Pull your own friend; I am near the end of my search, and of my anxieties.'

'Yes, boatman,' added Jules; 'let us make haste, I am longing to present my deliverer to my father and mother.' Then almost immediately after he exclaimed, 'But no, that cannot be!'

'Why, what mean your words?' inquired the abbé.

'Oh, monsieur,' said Jules, clasping his hands, 'I was born, my mother had another son: he was deaf and dumb, but he is dead now, and my mother never recovered her health since his loss. She is very weak, and the least agitation makes her ill. If this poor boy were to be suddenly presented to her, it would be too strongly of my poor brother, and

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I must prepare her for the interview with her deliverer.'

'I approve of your caution,' replied the abbé, who was deeply affected by the boy's words. He then turned to his pupil, with whom he began to converse rapidly on his fingers, which the latter watched with anxious eyes, then burst into tears. The abbé folded him in his arms, and pressed him to his heart in a transport of joy. 'What is the meaning of all that?' inquired Jules.

'You shall know it by and by, my dear boy,' replied the abbé. 'In the meantime, as I cannot take my young friend to your house, can you point out some place where he will obtain the attention he requires?'

'Oh, M. l'Abbé, the young gentleman need not go to my house: I am not rich,' said the boatman, 'but I will promise him some good soup and a warm bed. See, there is in that small white house to your right.'

'Your offer is not to be refused, my good friend, and I will thankfully accept it,' said the abbé.

They were now opposite the boatman's house, where he lived with his wife before he came to land. A stout, hand-countrywoman ran joyfully out at the sound of his own voice. 'You are in good time to-day, Pier,' said she; 'your dinner is ready for you.'

'Nichone,' said her husband, 'this young gentleman will be thrown into the water; take him into our house, make a fire, and warm a pair of white sheets for our bed, and throw him into it, then give him a bowl of hot soup. I will do all that is all, gentlemen, that I can do for you.'

'All we require,' said the abbé, who continued to hold the boy's hand with his pupil on his fingers. He then assisted the boy out of the boat, and placed him in the hands of the woman, accompanying his recommendation with a few words; he then returned to the boat, which was pushed off, in order to land at a little distance from the old castle which overlooked the waters of the

At the departure of Joseph, Jules, who had hitherto been excited by the excitement of seeing his deliverer,

fell into a state of drowsiness, which rendered incapable of answering the questions of the abbé. was so helpless, that, on landing, the boatman was obliged to take him in his arms, and carry him to the count. His arrival caused a great sensation. The servant came to inform the count, who immediately appeared. The agitation was so great, that he could hardly be made to understand how his son had been saved. Of all that was told him, one thing only struck on both his ears—his heart—his son had fallen into the water. He had but one terrible, overpowering sensation: it was, that his son might have died. Aided by the abbé, he carried his child himself to his room, and saw him placed under warm blankets in his bed. A lady soon after entered the room. She was tall, and of very dignified appearance, but her countenance, though sweet and gentle, bore the expression of great sadness. Not having been informed of what had taken place, and seeing only the abbé as he was entering the room, a flush of joy lit up her pale and interesting countenance; she rushed forward, and threw herself into his arms, with all the warm affection of a daughter restored to a long-absent parent; then, giving way for a few moments to the joy of so unexpected a meeting with an old and valued friend, she took his hand, and presented him to the count, making at the same time a few signs with her fingers, which he perfectly understood.

'The Abbé de l'Épée,' said he, bowing respectfully to that great benefactor of mankind. 'I am happy to be in the acquaintance of one for whom the countess returns me the most sincere regard, and who is so universally respected.'

'My child, my beloved child!' said the abbé, taking the hands of the countess between his own. Then, turning to the count, he said: 'If I have been the means of ameliorating the condition of the deaf and dumb, by banishing their ignorance, and developing their mental powers, it is to the mother of the countess that I am indebted for it—to the mother of my dear Mary. You will permit me to call her so, M. le Comte; for

my child, the precious gem that I was the humble instrument of bringing to perfection?

The countess was now informed of what had happened to her son; and rushing to his bed, she learned from him everything connected with his accident, and the way in which his life had been saved by a young friend of the abbé. In vain she asked to see him: she was told that she should see him by and by. While the countess was occupied with her son, and bestowing on him those cares which a tender mother alone could devise, the abbé, seated on a sofa beside the count, was examining with particular attention the person whom he had come so far to visit. The Count de Solar had certainly been a handsome man; but traces of deep grief were evident in his countenance, and had prematurely furrowed his broad lofty forehead, and dimmed the lustre of his fine eyes.

What trouble it must have cost you, M. l'Abbé,' said the count—'what thought and what labour, to invent and bring to perfection that wonderful art which, I may say, gives the faculty of speech to the deaf mute!'

'I was not the inventor of it, M. le Comte,' replied the abbé modestly; 'I have only followed the dictates of humanity, which became my office. He who first invented this wonderful art, which I have perhaps improved, was a monk of the monastery of Ona, in Spain, named Pierre Ponce. In 1570, a high-constable in Castile had a son and two brothers who were deaf and dumb. Pierre Ponce taught them to read, write, and keep accounts. He instructed them also in the principles of religion, in ancient and modern languages, painting, geography, and astronomy. His method was simple: he taught them to trace the characters of the alphabet, and indicated the signification by the movement of the lips and the tone of the voice. When they were able to form the words, he showed them the things these words expressed. Beyond this, De Ponce has left us no detail of his proceedings. I have drawn but from two works, both written by Spaniards, an *Paul Bonet* and *Ramirez de Carion*. In 1748,

I met at Paris with another Spaniard named P. He presented several of his pupils to the Academy and received from that society the most flat commendation. I will now relate the circumstance which led me to devote myself to this most interesting of my fellow-creatures. While walking in Paris when about twenty years of age, I suddenly heard screams of terror behind me; and on turning round beheld a horse, with a gig attached to it, galloping down the street; and at about twenty paces behind the horse, two young ladies were quietly walking, seeming to be at all aware of their perilous situation. They rushed forward, and pulled them hastily on, not shewing them the spirited animal on the very brink of the precipice they had been but a moment before, I asked them why they had not sooner moved out of the way. They were the sight of the danger from which they had escaped, or the vehemence of my gestures, I know not. They understood my question; and while one of them pointed with a bewildered air after the horse and gig, the other with a melancholy smile, pointed to her ears, as if giving me to understand the reason of her conduct in her inadvertence. I accompanied the two young ladies who introduced me to their aunt, with whom they lived. The old lady received me kindly, and thanked me for the service I had done her nieces. It was then I determined to devote myself to the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and to try with these young girls an experiment that had long been occupying my mind—that of substituting signs for the articulation of voice, and thus to unite them by the tie of common language to the rest of the world. I served my apprenticeship, may say, to these two sisters, and succeeded in fulfilling the most sanguine expectation; insomuch that the youngest became a most lovely woman, and married the Count de la Garde, the father of the countess. In the mean time the Bishop of Troyes (Bossuet) brought me into his diocese and appointed me a canon of the cathedral of Troyes, still with the same idea, and now better

to execution, I determined to establish an institution for the instruction of deaf mutes; this, however, I should not have been able to accomplish but for the liberal aid of the Duke de Penthièvre. I have now related my history, M. le Comte: it is short and simple.'

'And truly sublime, M. l'Abbé,' said the count. 'How happy I feel that chance has brought you'—

'Speak not of chance, M. le Comte,' interrupted the abbé: 'I know of no such thing. I have for some years been seeking you, though ignorant of your name, and it was only within the last fortnight that I learned it.'

'Seeking me!' exclaimed the count in astonishment.

'Yes,' replied the abbé; 'and I would wish to have a private conversation with you.'

'Are we not alone, or very nearly so?' said the count.

The countess understands with her eyes as we do with our ears, M. le Comte,' observed the abbé, rising towards the bed where Jules was in a profound sleep, under the eye of his mother, who was anxiously watching him. 'At present, a little business, which I will afterwards explain, obliges me to shorten my visit; but if I will allow me, I will call in the evening, when I shall be able to find that my labour has not been in vain.' The count then took his leave, and returned to the cottage where he had left his protégé.

According to the directions of her husband, Cadichone had taken every care of the young mute. After placing him in a warm bed, she mulled a tumbler of wine with sugar, which she made him take, and he soon fell into a comfortable sleep.

When Joseph awoke, he saw a servant standing at the foot of the bed, who presented him with a letter, pointing to it, and then drawing back to await an answer.

He raised himself up to read the letter, and saw his friend the abbé fast asleep on a sort of sofa near the window. The sun was shining brightly into his window, and he had taken a long sleep, even the night as well as the afternoon of the preceding day.

day. He broke the seal, and commenced as follows:—

‘Oh, how my heart beats and my hand trembles! Were day, I would run and throw myself into the sea; but ill and weak as I still feel, I am afraid. Tomorrow morning I shall not be let out. The servants to watch me shall therefore carry you this letter; my heart goes with it.

‘I do not know how long I had been asleep, awakened by the noise of chairs in the adjoining room; the partition is so thin, that whatever passes in one room is heard in the other: I could plainly distinguish the voice of the clergyman who was with you in the next room. His first words struck me so forcibly, that they fixed my attention. “M. le Comte,” said he, “I will answer me as in the sight of God. This morning I was travelling on horseback to Péronne; All at once, my horse refused to advance. I went out to try and discover the object that frightened him, and found a child lying fast asleep upon the road. I picked him up and carried him before me to Péronne. He was then about four years of age, and very beautiful, but dirty and covered with rags. I questioned him, and found the unfortunate child was deaf and dumb. I adopted him as my boy, M. le Comte; I educated him; and as he was capable of communicating his ideas, he told me all that he was very little, a young and beautiful girl, who caressed him with great affection, played with him, and put his long ringlets round her fingers; that she was dressed in fine clothes. But one night he was put into a carriage with a man; that the carriage rolled on for a long time, but that at last it stopped at a country house; that he was then stripped of his clothes; that another man took him by the hand, and led him on a long way, but always at night; that one day, when he was tired, he lay down and fell asleep. It was then that he met him, M. le Comte.” Here the abbé stopped, and gave no answer; but as my father did not

the boy grew up a little, I travelled about with his story to every one, in the hope of dis- parents. A fortnight ago, being in Toulouse, in a square, when Joseph, as I have called him, was pale and agitated; his eyes wandered over every object—the trees, the houses, the seats,

to absorb his attention: he then suddenly started, and rushing forward to a large house, he found a rather curiously wrought metal ring, and turned the handle of the house-bell. It was here, I learned, that he was born; and that the servant who had shown him used to lift him up that he might ring the bell himself. He pulled it at the same time, and I saw in vain: the house was uninhabited; but I made inquiry, that it belonged to the Count de Solar, who resided at the castle of St Ange, about three leagues from Bordeaux. This is the cause of my visit."

"The boy! the boy!" exclaimed my father; and I saw by his voice that he was weeping.

"At a very short distance from you," replied the Count, "it was he who saved the life of your second son during the late war."

"Let us go—let us go to him!" exclaimed my father; and I, recollecting that I was only an involuntary spectator of the scene, cried out like my father: "Let us go—let us go!" But the next moment I saw my father say: "But it is impossible, M. l'Abbé; we cannot go!"

"My brother, for you are my brother; and if you have lost your just rights, I will restore them to you, and I will wipe away your poverty. But now attend, my dear brother, to the account my father gave to the abbé. He was in great grief when he found that you were deaf and dumb; and when, two years after, I was born, his grief increased to dislike, and he harboured evil thoughts against me, for he could not bear that you should be the head of the family and its estates."

"During the time of illness in the family, when my mother was confined to her bed, and we were also ill, my father

employed, as he thought, a faithful person, the son of an old servant, to convey you to a convent at Madrid, where he had made arrangements with the superior that both should be boarded. My father desired the man, whose name was Boujot, to take care of you ; and promised that, if you lived, he would send for you in about ten years, and adopt you ; but that he was determined I should be his heir. In the meantime, he would spread a report of your death. But oh, my brother, how God frustrates the designs of men !

‘ Boujot was from Picardy, and he had an attachment there. What does he do ? He sets off with you ; but when within a few leagues of Péronne, he gave you up to a travelling beggar, desiring him to take care of you. From a poor little mute, he thought he had nothing to fear. He then went to his own country, and was married, but wrote to my father, to say that you had died. The great God, however, punished Boujot. Three years afterwards, his wife died, and a child that he had died too ; and he was himself so ill, that he thought he should die, and he wrote to my father, and confessed all that I am now telling you ; and my poor father has never had a day’s peace since : he was always fancying that some dreadful thing must have happened to you. He has asked till to-morrow to decide—not whether you are to be restored to his heart and his affections, but to his titles and estates ; but I, for whose sake he would disinherit you, will not accept them. Come, then, and claim your rights ; come, my elder brother and preserver, come to my arms ! Your affectionate brother,

JULES DE SOLAR.’

The young mute was powerfully moved on reading the above letter. He, a poor boy without name, brought up by the charity of a priest, was, then, a member of an illustrious family ; he had a father high in rank, a tender and affectionate mother ; a brother for whom he had unwittingly risked his life, and for whom he would now willingly even give it ! Breathless, immovable, his eyes fixed upon the letter, he sat as if stupified, until the servant, v

so impatient for an answer, touched his arm, and recalled him to himself. Tearing a leaf from a book which, with pencil, he always had beside him, he wrote as follows:—
 'Let the wishes of our father be fulfilled. Oh, my brother, it is not for you to thwart them, much less for me to take advantage of your generous disposition. I ask nothing from my father his fortune or his title; unfavoured I am by nature, what should I do with such worldly treasures? All I desire is his and my mother's affection; do not ask yours, for I possess it. Come to me, then, my brother, for I cannot enter my father's house without his permission. JOSEPH, *Pupil of the Abbé de l'Épée.*'

During Joseph's long sleep, the good woman of the house had carefully dried his clothes; and as soon as his letter was despatched, she brought him a comfortable breakfast of hot coffee and bread, which she insisted on his taking before he rose. When Joseph was dressed, his first act was to throw himself upon his knees, and offer up his heartfelt acknowledgments to that Heavenly Father who had protected his infancy, and now brought him, in His own good time, within the reach of his earthly parents. He had been so occupied for some time, when he felt his neck encircled, and an affectionate kiss printed on his forehead; he turned his head, and beheld Jules, and a moment after he was folded in the arms of his parents. Fernand, as we must now call him, acknowledged elder son of the Count de Solar, was empowered with joy at recognising in the affectionate brother who now pressed him to her heart, the beautiful man who used so fondly to caress him in his childhood. But in the midst of all this happiness, the amiable and grateful boy did not forget his benefactor. 'It is to you,' he said in his own mute language to the Abbé de l'Épée, 'that I owe it all; to you I owe my life, and the intelligence that gives value to that life: it is to you that I am indebted for all the knowledge I possess both of this world and the next; that I am able to write my own thoughts, and to read those of others; and it is to you that I owe the unexpected happiness of discovering my

parents, and of finding them all that my golden d of childhood had represented.'

It was, indeed, a fête-day at the castle of St Ange tenants and dependents all assembled to congratulate count on the unexpected restoration of his son; same evening, that most interesting young man a following lines to his brother :—

'DEAR BROTHER—God, in depriving me of the of speech and hearing, has marked out my path must be a private one. I am not formed to lead. I me, dear brother, for coming to share the affection father and mother; but it is all that I wish for fr beloved parents. Keep your title, which you will so much better than I could; and the fortune, that I know so well how to use. For myself, I ought I cannot leave him whose life is wrapped up in mine has made himself a child to play with me, and a to instruct me. His arms supported me in my i and now mine shall be the prop and support of age. This, my brother, is what I had to tell you; a who have the gift of speech, I beg of you to obtain me the consent of my father to remain with the de l'Épée. You can console my parents for my a while nothing could console my good and kind a my loss. At this time, every year, I will come at the paternal roof; I will sit at my father's table refresh my heart with the sweet looks of my I and enjoy all the delights of family union, from I have been so long severed; but all claim to I fortune I resign in your favour.

FERNAND DE SO.

All came to pass as the young mute had d after having remained some little time at the he left it with the Abbé de l'Épée, of whom we must make more particular mention.

Charles Michael de l'Épée, was born at Versai the 25th November 1712; his father was archi the king of France. He was educated at a go uary, and destined for the church: he obtained

at the cathedral of Troyes. He refused a bishopric offered him by Cardinal Fleury, in return for some personal services rendered by his father. It was, as has been related in this story, the sight of these two lovely young girls, that determined him to devote himself to the instruction of the deaf and dumb—an art of which he derived the first idea from reading a Spanish treatise on the subject. The Abbé de l'Épée, however, had the merit of bringing the art into more general use, extending its advantages, and having it made the object of a national institution. He was enthusiastic in the pursuit he had undertaken. From his father, he inherited a small property, nearly the whole of which he expended on his pupils; he lived in the midst of them, like a father surrounded by his children. He died on the 13th November 1782, at the age of seventy years. The Abbé de l'Épée was undoubtedly one of the greatest benefactors of mankind. He was the author of an account of the cure of Marianne Pegalle, and an elementary treatise on the instruction of the deaf and dumb.

SECOND-SIGHT.

SECOND-SIGHT, in Gaelic, *Taisch*, is the name applied to a supposed power of supernatural vision, which was believed to be possessed by many individuals in the Highlands of Scotland up to a very recent period, and is not yet unknown in some of the more remote and unenlightened parts of the country. It had some resemblance to the *clairvoyance* of the animal magnetists. Judging every peculiarity of the human mind to be worthy of notice and inspection, we have thought proper to collect all the facts relative to this superstition which were conveniently accessible, and to arrange them in their present form, for the gratification of our readers.

A few individuals in every district, generally charac-

terised by little besides ignorance, laid claim to this gift, which, however, was regarded even by themselves as anything but an enviable distinction, being always productive of unhappiness to those who possessed it. The power of second-sight was understood to be in most an unaccountable accident of nature; but it could be obtained by any one who would venture to put his foot on the foot of a seer at the moment of the ecstasy; the whole vision that was then passing, being in such a case instantaneously participated in by the novice, who, by putting his hand on the head of the other, and looking over the right shoulder, would remain ever after liable to a recurrence of the power. The gift was possessed by individuals of both sexes, generally advanced in life; and its fits would come on within doors and without, sitting or standing, and in whatever employment the votary might chance to be engaged.

Taischers, as persons thus affected were called, generally lived solitary lives, in wild and lonely regions; and the visions were chiefly of funerals, of strangers approaching the country, of persons drowning or falling in battle at a distance, and many other subjects, often of a mean and unimportant character. Suddenly, in the midst of some rustic employment, or in a walk, with or without company, the eyes of the taischer would be visited with the supernatural spectacle, at which he would stand gazing for some minutes in mute astonishment. Sometimes he would see a friend or neighbour, with the appearance of a shroud around him; and in proportion as the dismal vestment rose high upon his person, so near was believed to be the approach of his death. Sometimes a boat would be seen, with a party of neighbours sinking in the waves; in which case, intelligence of their having perished at sea was always expected to arrive immediately after. Occasionally, the death of a friend was prognosticated by the sight of his coffin in preparation; *but most generally, when this was the object of the vision, a funeral company was observed, the chief mourners being perhaps hid from view, in order to preserve a secret.*

city as to the individual meant. The grand pre-
l object of second-sight was prognostication; but the
s seldom referred to any events but what were
occurring at the moment in some distant place, or
very soon take place.

Execution of Queen Mary is traditionally stated to
been foreseen by the Highland seers, during the
part of the winter in which it occurred; and we
authentic notices of the existence of the superstition
beginning of the ensuing century. King James
s to it in his *Demonology*; it is also a charge
t various Shetland witches in the reign of that
rch. A Highland talscher is said to have foretold
assassination of the Duke of Buckingham in the midst
his glory. 'Pshaw!' said he; 'he will come to
ig: I see a dagger in his breast!' Mackenzie of
t, afterwards Earl of Cromarty, a clever Scottish
man of the reign of Charles II., and a man of his-
land scientific research, wrote some account of this
re property of his countrymen for the use of the
rated Boyle. An instance of second-sight, wherein
rediction proved true, is related as having fallen
the notice of this gentleman. One day, as he was
; in a field among his tenants, who were manuring
r, a stranger, passing on foot, came up to the party,
bserved that they need not be so busy about their
, for he saw the Englishmen's horses tethered among
already. Mackenzie asked how he knew them to
glishmen's horses. He said he saw strangers' horses,
knowing that an English army had entered the
ry [under Cromwell in 1650], he concluded it could
other than they. The event proved as the man
oretold. A very few years after this incident, before
le went on his fatal journey to congratulate King
es on his restoration, he was playing at the bowls
some gentlemen in Scotland, when one of them grew
as the marquis stooped for his bowl, and said: 'Bless
what do I see?—my lord with his head off, and all
ulder full of blood!'

Dr Ferriar, in his work on *Apparitions*, : anecdotes of second-sight, that may be taken teristic of the whole range of such stories. friend and relative of the doctor was quartere middle of the last century, near the castle of gentleman, who, rather strangely for his clas posed to have this gift. One day, while the y was reading a play to the ladies of the famil, who had been walking across the room, sudde and assumed the rapt and awe-struck appe taischer. On recovering a little, he rang tl ordered the groom to saddle a horse; to pro diately to a seat in the neighbourhood, and to i the health of Lady —; if the account was he was to call at another castle, to ask after a whom he named. The reader immediately book, and declared he would not proceed till t orders were explained, as he was confident produced by the second-sight. After some he chief owned that the door had appeared to op a little woman without a head had entered the the apparition indicated the sudden death of s of his acquaintance; and the only two persons bled the figure were those ladies after whos had sent to inquire. A few hours afterwards, returned with an account, that one of the ladies an apoplectic fit, about the time when the visic

At another time, the chief was confined to indisposition, and the young officer was read in a stormy winter night, while the fishing-boa to the castle was at sea. The old gentleman expressed much anxiety respecting his people; exclaimed: 'My boat is lost!' The colonel as could know that. 'I see two boatmen,' replie 'bringing in the third drowned, all drippin laying him down close beside your chair.' Th shifted with great precipitation; and in the co night the fishermen returned, with the corp the boatmen.

So far Dr Ferriar, who intimates no doubt as to the acts having taken place as he states them, whatever might be his opinion as to the supernatural gift of the aird. It has been shrewdly remarked, with reference to predictions of a different kind, that, while we are carefully apprised of the instances in which they are justified by the event, a studious silence is preserved respecting the infinitely more numerous instances of failure. A young friend informed us, that in the island of Tiree, a lonely member of the Hebridean range, in which he spent his boyhood, a family was once placed in a situation of great distress by the too long absence of the master of the house with a boating-party, at the distant isle of Barra. As there had been some rough weather, it was surmised that they must have perished; and day by day it was expected that some supernatural vision would confirm their conjectures. Not only was the family on the lookout for such an intimation of their calamity, but all the seers in the neighbourhood were also in expectation of it, and every morning and evening a boy went the rounds of a set of old men and women, residing in the adjacent cottages, to inquire if they had yet 'seen anything.' At length an old woman 'saw' a boat-party sinking in the water, and the family began to mourn their loss exactly as if it had been confirmed by the report of an eyewitness. On the second evening, however, the party returned in perfect health, having encountered no accident whatever in the expedition; when, it may well be supposed, joy easily obliterated all recollection in their friends of the dismal prognostication which, an hour before, they had so fully relied upon.

Stewart, in his *Sketches of the Highlanders and Highland Regiments*, relates a very interesting instance of second-sight, which happened in his own family. His words are as follow:—

'Late in an autumnal evening in the year 1773, the son of a neighbouring gentleman came to my father's house. He and my mother were from home, but several friends were in the house. The young gentleman spoke little,

and seemed absorbed in deep thought. So arrived, he inquired for a boy of the family, three years of age. When shewn into the nurse was trying on a pair of new shoes, and that they did not fit. "They will fit him before he have occasion for them!" said the young gentleman, called forth the chidings of the nurse for proof to the child, who was stout and healthy. When he returned to the party he had left in the sitting-room, he had heard his observations on the shoes, and he begged him to take care that the nurse did not deride his talent of the second-sight, with some ironical allusions on his pretended acquirement. This brought forth an explanation; when he told them, that as he was at the end of a wooden bridge thrown across a short distance from the house, he was astonished to see a crowd of people passing the bridge. Corrie he observed a person carrying a small coffin, followed by about twenty gentlemen, all of his acquaintance, his father and mine being of the number, with a number of the country people. He did not attempt to join them, but turned off to the right, in the direction of the graveyard, which they entered. He then proceeded to his intended visit, much impressed from what he saw, with a feeling of awe, and believing it to be a true representation of the death and funeral of a noble family. In this apprehension he was the more confirmed, as he knew my father was at Blair, and that he saw his own father at home an hour before. He then received perfect confirmation in his mind by the death of the boy the following night, and the funeral, which was exactly similar to that he had presented to his imagination. This gentleman professed seer. This was his first and his last, and, as he told me, it was sufficient. No argument could convince him that the appearance was an illusion. Now, when a man of education and knowledge of the world, as this gentleman was, is so bewildered in his imaginations, and

the year 1773, it cannot be matter of surprise if the poetical enthusiasm of the Highlanders, in their chivalry and romance, should have predisposed to credit wonders which so deeply interested

generally allowed, that when a Highland tuischer was removed to a distant country, he lost the which he had enjoyed in his own. This, however, is not uniformly the case, nor is it at all clear that the is peculiar to the Highlanders. Aulus Gellius relates that a priest at Padua beheld the last fatal battle of Philippi, which was taking place in Thessaly, and at the time exclaimed: 'Caesar has conquered!' The assassin of Domitian, by his freedman Stephanus, which took place at Rome, was seen by Apollonius Tyaneus at Ephesus, who exclaimed, before the multitude by whom he was surrounded: 'Well done, Stephanus—well done! thou hast struck him—thou hast slain him—he is slain!' A maniac in Gascony is reported to have exclaimed: 'The admiral has fallen,' at the time when Coligny was killed at Paris in 1572. The same has also been enjoyed in Holland, in the Isle of Man, and, and in other parts of the British dominions. Wodrow, in his manuscript memoranda, preserved in the Bodleian Library, relates that a lady of the Catholic persuasion, residing at Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire, dreamed one night—it was in the seventeenth century—that she saw a coach, and a lady in it, almost lost in the snow. She had a watch on the ford for two nights: on the second night, the lady of Campbell of Shawfield—a Scottish land proprietor—was passing the river in her carriage; the vehicle was overturned by the force of the stream, and her life placed in the utmost danger, when her servants on watch came to her assistance, and carried her to the bank. Wodrow also tells that a minister of religion at Irvine, in Ayrshire, told his hearers that a *seer* had been relieved at that moment; which prediction was found to be the case. Peden, too, the most celebrated seer among the persecuted nonconformists,

saw the destruction of his party's hopes at Bothwell, in a distant part of the country. We are informed by Patrick Walker, that the appearance of conventicles was observed on many *braefaces* where such meetings did afterwards take place: particularly one at Craigmad, between the parishes of Falkirk and Muiravonside, where 'a milk-white horse, with a blood-red saddle on his back,' stood beside the people—the milk-white horse being the Gospel, and the blood-red saddle, persecution. The same writer speaks of a visionary review of armed Highlanders, and showers of Highland bonnets and arms, which took place in 1686 at Crossford, near Lanark: he went himself, willing to see, but could not, though many others shewed by their agitation that they saw too well. One 'gentleman, who spake as too many gentlemen and others speak, said: "Nothing but a pack of witches and warlocks that have the *second-sight*—the fient hae't do I see;" and immediately there was a discernible change in his countenance, with as much fear and trembling as any woman I saw there, who cried out: "Oh, all ye that do not see, say nothing, for I assure you it is matter of fact, and discernible to all that are not stone-blind!"' At a much later period, however, and in a very elevated class of Lowland Scottish society, *second-sight* is found. A daughter of Lord Kinnaird, early in the last century, was understood to have the *second-sight*: one day, during divine worship in the High Church of Edinburgh, she fainted away under the impression of having seen a shroud round the neck of a youthful female friend who entered the pew where she was sitting. The young lady so apparelled died soon after. About the same period, a Highlander, standing with the provost of Glasgow at the Cross of Edinburgh, saw a gentleman pass, who, he said, would 'very soon be a dead corpse.' In a few minutes, the individual in question was killed accidentally by a carriage passing over him, and carried off dead in *their presence*. But we need not multiply instances of *second-sight* out of the Highlands: the gift came frequently under the notice of our national judges in the

of Charles II., and was recognised as one of the arts or gifts then prevalent.

When Dr Johnson visited the Hebrides in 1773, he

the belief in second-sight to prevail amongst all the clergy, and was himself weak enough to allow such a thing might be. It is now disregarded by all the humblest and most ignorant of the population, and a few years will probably be only a matter of visionary recollection. Much has been written to

account for it, but there are only two simple conclusions arrived at: either it was the effect of imagination or of actual optical phenomena. 'To suppose,' says

he, 'the Deity working a miracle in order to announce marriage, or the arrival of a poor stranger, or the opening of a coffin, would require such evidence as has not attended any of these tales, and is indeed what no kind of evidence could make us suppose.'

The author is disposed to trace the superstition in a measure to the dismal character of the country; when we find it to have been prevalent in the Lowlands and still to linger in an island like Tiree, which is not only flat and fertile, this supposition loses all force.

Thus, in such a case, why should the superstition have died while the country remains the same? Some like the same argument may be brought against the notion, that it arose from optical phenomena. If such be its cause, why should the phenomena be less frequent now than before? Everything considered, it

is most feasible to trace this superstition to the greater of all superstitions—ignorance. Till recent times, the Highlanders, with a good many estimable qualities, were a benighted people, and of course exposed to all impressions which a busy fancy could suggest to

They are, by Mrs Grant's shewing, peculiarly fitted to converse and reflect upon the subject of death; and hence the frequency of funerals and coffins, when half-shrouded, in their visions. Men accustomed to brood in solitude over melancholy ideas, would not become suddenly possessed by a kind of waking

dream, in which imagination pictured forth, as upon the real retina, a transaction formed out of the shreds of their habitual reflections; when such visions were soon after found to have shadowed forth actual occurrences, it must have been a matter of accident. In no other way can reason account for the second-sight.

SPEAKING JACKDAWS.

IN modern times, parrots are almost the only birds that have the gift of speech, though connoisseurs are not ignorant that starlings and jackdaws have good abilities in that way, when properly educated. The ancients could at times make them speak to some purpose: Macrobius tells us, that when Augustus Cæsar was returning in triumph to Rome from his victory over Mark Antony, there appeared among the crowd which welcomed him, a bird borne on a man's hand, which flapped its wings, and cried out: 'God save the emperor, the victorious Cæsar!' Augustus, delighted to see himself saluted by this winged spokesman, gave its owner a handsome sum for the bird. The owner pocketed the money, refusing to share any of it with an associate who had aided him in training his jackdaw. This man, in order to be revenged, and to shew the loyalty which had animated his friend, brought to the emperor another bird which they had in training, and which called out: 'God save the victorious Mark Antony.' Augustus, whose good-nature is well known, only laughed at the joke, and ordered the confederates to divide the money. After his liberality in this instance, he had a number of speaking jackdaws and parrots brought to him. One poor fellow, a shoemaker, took great pains to teach *a bird which he had got for the purpose, hoping to make his fortune by it.* The bird, which had no such prospects, *was but a slow scholar; and his master, in the midst of*

his lessons, often ejaculated in despair: 'Well, I have lost my labour!' Having at last, however, and with much pains, completed his education, the daw was brought out one day to salute Augustus, and repeated his 'God save the emperor' with great distinctness. 'Tut!' said Augustus, 'I have too many courtiers of your kind.' 'Well,' cried the daw, which at that moment remembered his master's ejaculation—'well, I have lost my labour.' The emperor was so much amused with its answer, that he bought the feathered wit for double the expected sum.

AN OLD MINISTER'S TALE.

BY THE HETTRICK SHEPHERD.

THE Rev. Mr McDonald of Kilmore, whom I once met at Oban on a visit, related to me a great number of Highland stories, for the purpose, as he expressed it, that I should make something of them. One of them was about John Campbell of Kilcagar, who went out one day to hunt on the lands of Glen-Orn, which then belonged to M'Culloch of Gresharvish. Mr Campbell not returning in the evening, his lady became very much alarmed, especially as his favourite pointer-dog, Bachen, came home alone, and apparently very disconsolate, and his dam, Oich, did not come at all. Mrs Campbell did not know in the least where to send in search of her husband, but she raised the men-servants before daylight, some of whom went for the fox-hunter, who knew all the shooting-ground in the vicinity, and they went searching and calling the whole day, but found nothing.

In the meantime, a shepherd of Glen-Orn arrived at Kilcagar, and told Mrs Campbell that he had found her husband lying shot through the heart in Correi-Balloch—a wild wooded ravine on the lands of Glen-Orn, and his pointer-bitch lying at his side moaning, but refusing to

leave him. The man told his story so abruptly, that Mr Campbell fainted, and was long unable to give orders about anything. The body, however, was brought home, poor Oich following it, and finally buried in the island of Lismore, the burial-place of the family; but Oich followed it there, and though brought home many times, and greatly caressed, she always went back again, until at last she died on the grave.

A strict investigation was immediately set on foot regarding the mysterious murder of Mr Campbell, for, as his gun was found loaded, it was certain he could not have shot himself; and after some inquiry, Mr M'Culloch was arrested, and taken to the prison of Inverary, examined by the sheriff, and committed for trial. And here is the trial, which I believe is nearly the truth.

Mr M'Culloch acknowledged, both before the sheriff and the lords of the justiciary court at the circuit, that he had heard the report of a gun on his lands, had gone to the place, and, on seeing the pointers, went to the spot, where he found his friend Mr Campbell lying at the point of death; that he turned him over, when he vomited some blood, and then expired.

Mrs Campbell, on being examined, said she did not believe Mr M'Culloch would have shot her husband, although the latter should have shot all the game on the other's estate; for that they were particular friends, and always shot together, visiting each other in the most friendly and amicable way very frequently. The paper then proceeds to detail the examination of William Bawn M'Nichol.

'Where were you that morning when Mr Campbell was murdered?'

'I was in Clash-ne-shalloch.'

'How far is that from Correi-Balloch?'

'She could take a tay to go it, or half a tay, or an hour if hersel was to rhun it.'

'And you heard the shot fired from the one place to the other?'

'Yes, she heard it go out with a creat plow-off.'

at made you leave the one glen to go to the
d you suspect anything?'

s; hersel did suspect something.'

id you suspect?'

spected tat she would get a thram of to
te rhoom, or te prhandy at lleast; and may
g into her sporrان.'

at did you see when you arrived?'

saw Mr Campbell's two dhogs sitting with
ipon te ground, and one of tem was poo-
d then when she came ddown, tere was Mr
imself lhying, and grheat strheam of plood
own from his pody.'

s he quite dead then?'

s; him was very dhead.'

l you see any other person in the Correi that

ie saw'd no other pody put Mr M'Culloch, who
ng very strong up the Balloch.'

owards his own house that he was running?'

such a question! It would pe lhong pefore
p to Balloch would take him to his own
is own house lies down there, and he was
ere.'

at did he do when you came to the corpse?'

ied pack again, and came to me, and desired
ith all haste to Kilcagar, and tell Mrs Camp-
r husband was lying in te Correi shot, and
mhoordered, which I did with a heavy heart;
ipbell was a good and kind man.'

never hear of a great beauty, named Anne
who did not bear the best character in the

ersel will pe telling you whatever she has seen
rn eyes, put she will swear to no reports.'

o not lost about the time of Mr Campbell's
was it not suspected that she likewise had
away with?'

as never saw'd her dhead nor allive since tat

tay; so tat she may pe mhoordered, and dh
bhuried, or trown into te sea, and cahten up
creat fushes; or she may pe living, and as pe
ever, for anything tat hersel does know.'

'You say you have never seen her since that
you see her on that day!'

'Hersel saw—saw—saw a young woman
down Corrie-Deach.'

'And was that woman Mrs Anne Gillespie!'

'It might pe her, and it might not pe her; I
not say. Tere were words aproad.'

'How far were you from her!'

'Hoo, hersel was very near: not apove tw
miles from her.'

'That is a great distance.'

'Oh, it pe no distance in te Highland. If we
any nhearer, we would have been together.'

'Did you know Mrs Anne Gillespie personall'

'Hoo, yes; she knowed her very well.'

'And what sort of a woman was she!'

'She was a very ghood, and a very peautiful,

'Did you hear two shots from the Balloch, or
that morning?'

'Hersel was hearing two shots—one pe
another afther.'

A great many more witnesses were examined,
evidences were greatly at variance; and noth
could be elicited, save that it was certain M
Gillespie was a person of doubtful character,
she was lost, and that many suspected she had
play for her life. Finally, the counsel for t
demanded a verdict of guilty against Mr M'Cul
one of the judges, in summing up the evidence,
his doubts. He acknowledged that the circ
evidence was very strong against Mr M'Culloch
taking his character, temper, and disposition
into view, he could hardly conceive that evide
thoroughly conclusive. It was true he was th
observed in the Balloch, and was discove

away; and when he saw that discovery was made, he turned again. His hands were bloody, and his gun was discharged. Mr Campbell had been killed by a species of shot which was found to be the very same kind as that contained in Mr M'Culloch's lead-bag. All these circumstances, taken together, formed a mass of strong evidence. But whence could spring the motive for the one friend murdering the other?—and how was Anne Gillespie concerned in the matter? He confessed he could not see his way through such a mesh. He therefore had some faint hopes that the prisoner really was not guilty. He was far from exculpating him, for it was a dark and mysterious affair, and the evidence was grievously against him; but if the honourable jury viewed the matter with the same doubts as he did, he begged they would give the prisoner the advantage of them. There was one thing he was bound to remind them of—that it was quite manifest the person who shot Mr Campbell had been close at him. Now, if the thing had taken place by accident, which was the most likely thing in the world, the prisoner would have acknowledged it, and then no blame would have attached to him; but as he peremptorily denies it, you are obliged either to return a verdict of *not proven*, or of *wilful murder*. I must, therefore, leave him in the hands of his countrymen, and may God influence their hearts to return a just and true verdict!

Mr M'Culloch appearing at that time very much affected, and like to faint, he was removed, and had something to drink. He asked the guards how they thought the verdict would go, and was answered, that there was every probability it would go against him. He said he thought so too; for had he been a jurymen on any other criminal, he should have given it against him. The jury were enclosed, and continued in *fierce* and angry discussion for five hours and twenty minutes, and then returned a verdict of GUILTY, by a *majority of two*. M'Culloch was again brought into court, and the justice-clerk asked him if he had anything to say why judgment of death should not be pronounce

against him. He said he had only one very simple reason, which was, that he was as innocent of his friend's death as his own child that sat on her mother's knee. He neither blamed the judges nor the jury, for every word of the evidence was true. There was not a false word advanced against him; and it was singular how strongly they all tended to corroborate an innocent man's guilt. Had he been a jurymen on the same trial, he would have voted with the majority. Therefore, he had no reasons to urge why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him; only he begged for a distant day, as he was certain the Almighty would not suffer an innocent man to die an ignominious death, and his family to be disgraced and ruined, without bringing to light something relating to that horrid transaction. He was sentenced to be executed that day six months, on the 27th of October.

Mr M'Culloch received all the admonitions of the several divines toward confession with the greatest indignation, remaining obstinate to the last, and still no light was thrown on the mysterious murder of Mr Campbell, save that, on the day after the trial, a great burly Highlander demanded a word of the lord justice-clerk, who, being a proud man, received him churlishly, saying: 'What do you want with me, you wretched-looking being?'

'Hersel shust pe wanting to tell your shudgeship, tat you must reverse te sentence on honest Mr M'Culloch instantly, for it is not a fair one, and cannot pe a fair one.'

'What do you mean, sir?'

'What do I mean? Hubabub! Did you not see tat tere was six Campbells on te shury? Te shudge hersel was a Campbell, te man who was shot was a Campbell, and how could ony man get shustice? If you had not been what you are, a Campbell, you could easily have seen trough tat tere could pe no shustice. And hersel can tell you, had it peen a Gillespie, a Stuart, or a M'Donald, tat had peen shot, and a Campbell who had shot him, with te same shudge and shury, tere would have peen no word of

'Now, I tell you tat you, and your shury of Camp-are both knaves and fools, else you might have seen fr M'Culloch was no more guilty of shooting his l, John Campbell, than you were.'

hen I tell you that *you* are a knave, a ruffian, and a an. Take him out, and give him into custody.'

st stop, if you please, till I tell your honour's us mahajesty, tat when te shot was fired tat killed Campbell, Duncan M'Culloch was half a mile off, ut of sight too.'

nd how do you know that?'

xcas I saw it with my own eyes at a great distance.' 'ho else could it be, then, that shot him?'

oo, but let you and your Campbells, with your wise , find out tat. Tat pe your business, and none of

So you have no ting to do with all your wisdom, and word over to te prison, to let him forth.'

h, the man is mad! stark, staring mad. What nery is this? Seize him, force him out, and see that properly secured.'

3 attendants then seized the fellow, and forced ut, while he continued calling to let Mr M'Culloch e.

3 assertion was totally disregarded by the proper rities. It created, however, a sensation among the nders, and a petition was got up for a reprieve to lloch. Who it was signed by, or by whom pre-d, I do not know; but it had not the desired . Reprieves and pardons were not so common ose days as now, and Duncan M'Culloch was left ecution.

w, it so happened that the day appointed for Mr lloch's execution, the 27th of October, was the very receding the opening of the autumn western circuit; n that morning, as the lord justice-clerk and the provost of Glasgow were sitting at an early break-the attendants stated to them that there was a *strange-looking* fellow at the door, who demanded *lience of their lordships*; that they had repulsed
IX.

him several times, but he would take no refusal that his message was one of life and death, and would speak with them.

'No, no—tell him we have nothing to do with him,' said the justice-clerk. 'I like not such peevish fellows intruding themselves into our presence. There is no danger in it.'

'There shall be no danger to you, my lord, for it,' said the provost. 'And since it is an affair of life and death, I think we had better hear what the prisoner has to say. With all these attendants, and ours, we have nothing to fear from one man; so I think, with your permission, we will admit him.'

'Let him be searched, then, that he has nothing about him.'

'Yes, my lord.'

The fellow was then searched, and admitted a frightful-looking figure he was. His form was as gaunt as his face the colour of clay; his beard sticking straight out around, like a bottle-brush; his tufted hair projecting far beyond the rim of his crumpled Argyleshire shawl, which he did not even deign to lay aside, but, close up to the lord justice-clerk, he addressed him thus: 'Does your honour's glorious majesty know me?'

'No, sir; I know nothing about you, nor do I know anything. Keep your distance.'

'Then, sir, if you do not know me, you don't know a man who has ten times more truth and honour than you have, for all the pride and wisdom that is below that mealy wig of yours. Did not I tell you three months that Mr M'Culloch was no more guilty of the murder of John Campbell of Kilcagar than you was? Did you think that a true Highlander was coming to the gallows for no thing? And yet you are suffering a poor honest shentleman to be dragged to the gallows and hanged like a dog, for a crime of which you he was not guilty; for did not I tell you so, and that enough? But here am I, Pheader Gill, and I will not suffer an innocent shentleman to die.'

he had no hand. I was loath to give up the before; but since it must be so, it must be so. you, shentlemans, tat it was I myself tat shot bell.'

'shot John Campbell!' cried the lord provost, his feet: 'I declare this surpasses all that I have seen or witnessed in my life! My lord, this is a serious matter indeed. We must take it upon us to defer the execution of Mr M'Culloch, till the circumstances be ascertained, and a reprieve obtained.'

'said the justice-clerk; 'the man is deranged, and I know not what he is saying. Justice must have its sentence must be executed.'

'you no fear of Cot before your eyes?' cried the lord, with great vehemence. 'Remember, if you are an innocent man, you shall have to answer for me. I not tell you long ago tat Duncan M'Culloch was shot? and do I not tell you now tat it was I who shot John Campbell of Kilcagar? Yes, it was I who shot him rough to pody and to heart. I had my own mind killing him. But I could not leave an innocent man to suffer in my stead. And here I am, to take the place of Cot and man; so if one must suffer according to the late of the great Campbells, why, then, come forward behind my pack, and hang me, for I, and I, am the deed for which he is contemned to suffer. He shall be tried by a shury of my countrymen, not by a shury of your clan, although we were once the same. I am subject to every man whose name is Campbell; and I will not retract one word that I have uttered. I

'Campbell, and I did it with all my heart; and I am to do now, I would do it still.'

'I am a braver, an honest, and a better man than you, and your grace bespeaks you, Gillespie,' said the lord. 'There is something truly noble in this voluntary sacrifice of yours; and whatever may be the issue, you will not regret my best interests. But an innocent man shall not suffer under my jurisdiction. I must go and

take measures for the preservation of M'Culloch's life instantly, for his time is nearly run. In the meantime, Gillespie, I must commit you to prison.'

'You may, if you please, my lord; but hersel tinks, after what she has done, tere pe little ocaasion for it. If Duncan M'Culloch is once fairly released and restored to his family, I may run away if I can, but not till then.'

'Well, I think I have a right to take your word, for a more gallant immolation I never witnessed, and never read of. Remain in my house, under guard, until I take measures regarding you. In the meantime, I must hasten to the sheriff and the prison, for I have no time to lose.'

When the lord provost entered the prison, the head-keeper opened the door and announced him. He found the condemned man sitting on his straw pallet, with his wife on one side, and his eldest daughter, a girl about fifteen, on the other, both leaning on his bosom, and crying until their hearts were like to break. 'I am quite resigned, and ready to go with you, my lord,' said he; 'you will just release me from a scene which no husband and father's heart can long sustain. I am quite ready.'

'I am very happy to hear it, Mr M'Culloch; but I am happier still to inform you, that a very singular piece of information has been communicated to me this morning. A wild, savage-looking fellow, calling himself Peter Gillespie, or some such name, came into my house, and before the lord justice-clerk and me, declared himself the murderer of Mr John Campbell, and offered himself to be executed in your place, for that he alone was the guilty person; and he says, that you were half a mile distant, and out of sight, when the murder was committed; so that the sheriff and I have agreed to defer your execution until a pardon can be obtained from the proper authorities.'

Mrs M'Culloch fainted with joy at this intelligence. As for M'Culloch himself, he burst into tears, and exclaimed: 'I said the Almighty would not suffer an innocent

man to perish by an ignominious death, and a lovely and helpless family to be disgraced and ruined; and He has not disappointed me in the end! O blessed, ever blessed be His name! for now that I am freed from the foul stain of murder, I regard death as nothing. But Pheader Gillespie, Pheader Gillespie, to offer himself a sacrifice for me! Ah! that is what I do not deserve at his hand! Do you think the poor fellow will be condemned?

'I am afraid he will; but he shall not want my best interests, for it was so noble of him to give up his life that an innocent man might be saved to his family.'

The ladies now claimed the attention of the two gentlemen. Mrs M'Culloch was lying in a swoon, pale as death, on her husband's bosom; Miss M'Culloch was sitting with uplifted hands, her eyes fixed, and her beautiful lips wide apart, the statue of suspense, uncertain as yet whether or not her father's life was safe. That was a happy morning for the M'Cullochs, happier than if no such danger had ever hung over them. A pardon was readily obtained from the Secretary of State's office, and M'Culloch was released.

When Gillespie's trial came on, there was no one witness against him but himself; but he delivered a plain unvarnished tale, which amply sufficed for his own condemnation. He had been prompted to the dreadful deed by a jealousy but too well founded; and it appeared that the Mrs Anne Gillespie, alluded to in an earlier part of our tale, was his wife, and the unhappy cause of the murder. When asked by the judge what had become of his wife, he answered: 'My wife! what is that to you, or to the present cause? That was my concern, not yours. You may try to find it out, but you never will till the day of doom.'

In the course of a few weeks, Pheader Gillespie suffered the just penalty of his offence, universally regretted, however, on account of the principles which had urged him to make confession of the deed.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

THE character of Sir Matthew Hale as a judge is splendidly pre-eminent. His learning was profound; his patience unconquerable; his integrity stained by the words of one who wrote with no friendliness towards him, 'his voice was oracular, and his little less than adored.' The temper of mind in which he entered upon the duties of the bench is exemplified in the following resolutions, which he is supposed to have composed on his being raised to the office of Chief Baron at the Restoration:—

'Things necessary to be continually had in remembrance:

'1. That in the administration of justice, I am accountable for God, the king, and country; and therefore,

'2. That it be done—1. Uprightly; 2. Deliberately; 3. Resolutely.

'3. That I rest not upon my own understanding or strength, but implore and rest upon the direct strength of God.

'4. That in the execution of justice, I care not for my own passions, and not give way to anger, however provoked.

'5. That I be wholly intent upon the business at hand, remitting all other cares and thoughts as unnecessary and interruptions.

'6. That I suffer not myself to be prepossessed by any judgment at all, till the whole business of the parties be heard.

'7. That I never engage myself in the beginning of any cause, but reserve myself unprejudiced till the whole be heard.

'8. That in business capital, though my nature is me to pity, yet to consider there is a pity also in the country.

'9. That I be not too rigid in matters purely contentious, where all the harm is diversity of judgment.

'10. That I be not biassed with compassion to the poor, favour to the rich, in point of justice.

'11. That popular or court applause or distaste has no influence in anything I do, in point of distribution of justice.

'12. Not to be solicitous what men will say or think, long as I keep myself exactly according to the rule of justice.

'13. If in criminals it be a measuring cast, to incline mercy and acquittal.

'14. In criminals that consist merely in words, where more harm ensues, moderation is no injustice.

'15. In criminals of blood, if the fact be evident, severity is justice.

'16. To abhor all private solicitations, of what kind ever, and by whomsoever, in matters depending.

'17. To charge my servants—1. Not to interpose in any matter whatsoever; 2. Not to take more than their own fees; 3. Not to give any undue precedence to any; 4. Not to recommend counsel.

'18. To be short and sparing at meals, that I may be fitter for business.'

Under the influence of resolutions like these, the conduct of Hale on the bench appears to have been most irreproachable.

OULIE HIELAN.*

There is at all times something fascinating in the contemplation of a character marked by uncommon features; and if these are the indications of a master-spirit, that rises beyond the sphere of a narrow destiny apparently

The information embodied in this article has been procured from an individual who spent a considerable time in Norway, and oftener once saw Oulie Hielan.

marked out for it—if we see in this person ungenerosity, undaunted courage, and unwearied our interest is doubled, and we listen to all the details of his history, and follow his fate with an anxiety.

But when he who thus takes possession of the nation is the hero of a tale of violence, and the bold and refractory contemner of laws, there is great ground to our moral and religious principles in the able admiration which he excites. This danger would be still greater did there exist many men with such extraordinary gifts as OULIE HIELAN, a Norwegian captain of banditti, whose whole life tends to excite a degree of romantic interest seldom surpassed in any age or country; that can be said in defence of his lawless life as subjected to his peculiar circumstances, and the rules, *less* odium was attached to him than to the being in more civilised countries, who, having no other of pure religion to guide him, sets at naught the precepts, and sinks down into the crime and murder of a common thief.

The father of Oulie Hielan was a decent peasant, whose occupation was that of a sawyer but his son, of whom we are writing, had no other aim but to become either a 'hewer of wood' or 'a drawer of nails' and as he was a remarkably handsome boy, he was in admiration of this perfection, at the age of fifteen years, into the service of the sister of a rich merchant in Christiansand. There he was treated with indulgence, that he found ample time for acquiring accomplishments on which his countrymen set the greatest value—namely, feats of activity and strength that he soon became a proficient in lifting stone weight, wrestling with those older and of more experience in the art than himself, swimming, diving, shooting mark, running, and, with his snow-shoes on, even the reindeer in swiftness; while to the *his* education he added a thorough knowledge

ls of his country, and became perfectly acquainted
all the attributes of the spirits of the woods, waters,
and air. But when he had lived six years in this
he began to shew symptoms of restlessness and
satisfaction, and to feel that the uncommon strength
me which was manifesting itself in his outward
rance, and of which he was inwardly conscious,
ched him for still continuing in the service of a

He therefore left his kind mistress, though with
rs of deep gratitude, and went to live in the capacity
oom with an eminent merchant, at his country-

a short distance from Christiansand. Here his
tion was more to his liking, as being more manly;
r a considerable time he found much pleasure and
ment in training the horses, as is the custom in
ty, to obey his voice in a surprising manner. They
reated by him as his friends and companions; with
he shared his loaf, and it was on their bed that he
, and on their backs that he explored the distant
s, and skirted the lonely rocks, with a vague hope
ountering and slaying the 'Rock Bull,' one of the
renowned and formidable phantoms of his country,
, however, on being overcome, is all at once meta-
osed into the most delicious and fattest of beeves.

Hielan at length, however, became tired of this
f life also, on account of the strict discipline and
conduct of his master, against which his free spirit
ed. In short, he began to find that his acquire-
had not fitted him for the dull plodding of every-
life, and boldly chalked out a path for himself,
he contemplated with the greater delight, from the
difficulty of treading it.

ambition of signalling himself had been his ruling
n from his infancy; for even in the earliest stages of
ood, he had sought pre-eminence among his com-
as; and now that his vigour of mind and body were
remarkable, he felt as if able to surmount all
lties, and marked out for himself the plan of a
of warfare as dangerous and extraordinary as it

was unjustifiable. This was to form a band of rob who should be completely under his control, in conjunction with whom he meditated the perform feats which should couple his name in future ages those of the genii of his country. He was not avar or anxious to amass riches on his own account; f he would have considered as sinking him far belo character at which he aimed, which was to bec redresser of wrongs, and to wrest from the rich wh intended to bestow on the poor.

Oulie Hielan was acquainted with many of the fastnesses in the neighbourhood of Christiansand; and dens placed in such perilous situations, and so d of access, that none but himself and the wild goa dared to explore them. These places he had marl his own peculiar haunts, whenever it suited him to asunder for ever the bonds imposed on him by law lawgivers. Nor was this time long in coming when once determined on his plans, he brooked no he owned no impediment, and he dreaded no quences. It was necessary, however, to procure money, that he might furnish himself with arm provisions. While he was puzzling over this difficul master sent him with a sum to one of his clerks, was sufficient for his occasions, and this opportuni eagerly seized; he absconded, took possession of his impenetrable holds, and for a few days baff pursuit. But he seemed now, as he often did in

as Hielan recoil from it? This would, indeed, be the commencement of the career of him who had set himself with becoming, in after-years, the theme of the Norwegian youth, and the hero of the fireside tale. But this, he thought, which would frustrate for ever the fulfilment of his long-cherished dreams. But night came, and he slept—Hielan had a tough struggle with the bars of his window; but they had never before met him with such gigantic strength, or such a determined spirit. This strength and this spirit was, moreover, increased in a tenfold degree, for the dreaded morrow would give him to the ignominious lash: he removed the door, and was free. For a short time, he was taught more

He selected a few daring spirits as his comrades, and to them he intrusted the task of providing food and provisions, before they had done anything to attract notice, and he was soon joined by them, and provided with all he wanted. It was then that he began to make contributions on the rich, and to shower his benefits on the poor; and from this time his iron strength, his literary activity, and his never-resting spirit, carried him through scenes and adventures which, though not meted by his countrymen, we can hardly credit as possible. The name of Oulie Hielan henceforward struck the rich with terror, and the poor with confidence. His good qualities, as well as his evil ones, were strongly marked; for nothing could be more inviolable than his word, nothing more unbounded than his generosity, or more daring than his sensibility. Like desperadoes of the Hood class, he appeared to compound for his unlawful deeds by acts of charity and kindness; and among an illiterate people, this species of benevolence was better commended than otherwise. In his misadventures, he delighted to puzzle and surprise his countrymen by an appearance of ubiquity, and by the performance of acts of daring which placed him at an incredible distance from them all. The city and the country—the guard-room of the soldiers and the cottage of the peasant—all places were filled with the fame of

the fear of this bandit. He had defied in his countrymen, and become an outlaw was every man's hand; but always amount natural difficulties in a country are ever varying, he felt no fear of the way by human beings, and seemed perilous enterprises merely for the pleasures and dangers.

By the banditti subject to him, who grew to sixteen or eighteen men, he was admired. Strict in his discipline, he either authorised the exercise of their power or encouraging at will those who would have no other authority. This man had no morality for himself, not more mistaken perhaps, than that of many who are in a decent circle of civilised society, since he made to himself every action of his life. He would not break a promise, or to injure a poor man had injured his poorer neighbour were relieved by him from oppression, the dominion of pinching poverty. In himself acquainted with the character of all within his extensive sphere of influence, he became, in a great measure, the arbiter, measuring out to them the justice which he converted opinion and despotic will awarded. Of the traits in the character of this man was an enthusiastic admiration of the savage native land, where all is sublime. He was always untouched by veneration for his religion though his religion was nothing more than so inadequate to the wants of a frail animal. He loved the brilliant starlight of his native land, the grand spectacle of the aurora borealis, the armies of colossal phantoms, seemed to him the shock of battle. And when, in the prime of midnight, disturbed alone by the tremor of the aspen, he looked from the brink of

upon the rocks beneath, cleft into ten thousand fantastic shapes, from each cleft of which arose the stately pine or the graceful birch—or when he cast his eyes abroad upon the solemn woods, or the mighty rivers rolling their torrents to the ocean, or to that pathless deep itself, studded with wooded islands, and reflecting on its glassy surface all the glories of the heavens, he then felt that assurance of immortality which such sublime objects are fitted to awaken. But his was only an immortality for heroes such as is imaged forth in the fables of Odin, and the thought only encouraged him to proceed in the singular path he had marked out for himself. Hielan's men were picked spirits, partaking of his own energies, and embracing his own views; and, in conjunction with them, he performed feats, which weaker and less energetic beings, having no power to achieve, seem only to consider as fabulous exaggerations. He had harboured the deepest resentment against the merchant ever since the persecution he suffered on his account; but this fated man had been long absent from his country on mercantile affairs, and the bandit would not deign to touch his property till his return. He was, however, no sooner settled again in the usual routine of business, than he determined to make him feel the weight of his displeasure, and chose a time when he knew a large sum of money had been paid to him at his country-house. This house stood near the brink of a deep river, on which were moored a number of fishing-boats; these he caused his men to have in readiness, and having watched till his enemy departed for his counting-house at Christiansand, and having secured the servants, he laid his hands on nearly a thousand pounds sterling in money, and plundered the house of plate, and all else that was valuable, among which we may well reckon the food or provisions just laid in for winter, which in that country, so given to hospitality, are on a scale of magnitude not easily comprehended by the inhabitants of warmer regions.

All this booty the boats speedily conveyed to the other side of the river, where, in a few hours, it was safe

deposited in a concealment of which none knew save Hielan and his band. There was, however, small satisfaction in this achievement to the mind of the robber chief, when compared to that which he promised himself, in being an eye-witness of the consternation of the merchant when he should return to his desolated premises. Over the opposite side of the river on which the house was situated, there impended an enormous rock, the height of which was not less than a hundred feet, and the summit of which was totally inaccessible on three sides, and only to be gained on that furthest from the river by such a path as Hielan alone was accustomed to tread. It was to the very pinnacle of this commanding eminence that the outlaw took his triumphant way, with the most splendid and valued of the merchant's silver drinking-cups in his hands. Not long had he bent his eagle eye on the little plain beneath, when the plundered man arrived, accompanied by a band of soldiers, a posse of police, a host of idlers, who are always ready on such occasions, and the affrighted servants, whom Hielan had released as soon as his work was finished, and sent to bear the tidings to their master. All around the house was now commotion and uproar; while many were the boasts and vaunts of the motley group, could they but see the perpetrator of the deed; when all at once Hielan was espied sitting on the very edge of the overhanging rock, like an eagle in his eyrie. Instantly a simultaneous shout arose from the multitude beneath, and was answered by the robber chief, who, taking his fur-cap from his head, waved it aloft, while the loud sounds of defiance, uttered in the clear tones of his powerful voice, rang in prolonged notes from the thousand rocks around him. All was now thrown into terrible confusion below; for though so near him, they well knew it was impossible to take him. The soldiers might indeed take aim at him with their firelocks, but the governor's order was to secure him alive, with an assurance that the man who shot him above the knee should answer it with his life. This order had been lately given

quence of another person having been shot by for him. Enraged by the thought that the's order prevented their firing, except at their l, and there being no such marksman as William ng them, the people vented their rage in useless nd violent gestures, which only served to provoke 1 of Hielan, who looked on them with as little e would on the antics of a puppet-show.

iminals sooner or later are made to know that is too strong for them. The audacity of Oulie t length met with a check. He was betrayed f his companions; no unusual thing with men rder. On a distant excursion, he attacked a tuated in a circumscribed valley, which was, quence of the information, surrounded, before ed it, by a cordon of 100 soldiers concealed in s which skirted it. Thus he and seven of his e taken, after a resistance so valiant, that, had n a better cause, it would have crowned their ith laurel. He was now no longer guarded by nbers, or trusted to insecure prisons, but marched and day, with little respite, a distance of 200 Christiania, where he was destined to perpetual nd to be confined in the fortress of Aggershuus. But on reaching the suburbs of the city, they igned to halt, for the fame of Hielan's capture ad in every direction, and thousands from the nd from the city were assembled, all eager to man of whose robber fame, whose herculean and whose remarkable symmetry of form, they l such accounts, that they considered him almost ernal being. The governor of Christiania previously waited on by a deputation from the the city, and presented with a petition in favour tlaw chief, in which they offered 1000 dollars ransom, on condition of his giving a solemn to forsake his former mode of life, and become e citizen. And it was during this temporary a messenger was sent to Hielan, to inform him

of the offer of his countrywomen, and, strange as appear, to tender him his liberty on the proposition. 'Tell the ladies of Christiania,' said this ordinary man, 'that I am prouder of their offer the crown of Sweden had been placed upon me; but I know not how I might endure any life to which I have been accustomed, and therefore accept it.'

Hielan and his band, now captive, were fettered, and their necks enclosed in a peculiar iron collar, with two spikes a foot and a half projecting from it over each shoulder. This collar distinguishing mark of bondage for life; and assumed the ignominious badge, the indignant captain of robbers told, in a reddened glow of anger, that he who had been so long accustomed to command, was now a slave. The idea which had entered on his career, was not so much that he was a captain of banditti, as that he was a redresser of wrong, and this idea he still adhered to. Therefore, when he was paraded through the streets of the city, his countenance unembarrassed, and as he looked on the crowd thronged him on every side, bethought him of those of them he had befriended. Nay, not only was he not embarrassed, but the natural majesty of his fine features seemed almost to expand into colossal grandeur, the fire of strong and renovated feeling burned in his eyes, as he turned his look upward to the windows, where they were crowded with the softer sex, who, by the waving of their handkerchiefs, one might have supposed were celebrating the entrance of a triumphant conqueror, instead of that of a band of manacled robbers, he not proved their sympathy by their tears. The tender pity penetrated their bosoms for the man they now beheld. Among his other extraordinary qualities, he had often been the means of uniting lovers, of allaying all opposition, and almost of fate itself; and his imaginations had been captivated by what they saw in him, who now seemed, by his noble appearance,

for its truth. And as, in passing along, he over-
 non bowed his finely-turned head, uncovered save
 thick and clustering curls of bright chestnut, and
 his eloquent eyes, filled with gratitude, to his
 actresses, his delighted ear was regaled by repeated
 urs of enthusiastic admiration. The step and
 g of Hielan was that of a soldier, and carried on
 impress of a daring spirit, still secure in its own
 ces.

governor and his functionaries rejoiced exceed-
 in having secured this formidable man, and believed
 when the gates of the castle were closed upon him,
 ould give them no more trouble. But they were
 nt of the unconquerable spirit with whom they
 o do. When carried before the governor, and
 oned by him as to his former mode of life, the
 rs of Hielan were perfectly frank, for, according
 : own perverted notions, he had no degrading
 sion to make. He asked no grace for himself, but
 long and earnestly for the freedom of the men

his example had seduced from their peaceful
 ations. But when this prayer was sternly rejected,
 rful tempest of feeling seemed to take possession
 breast, and a deep gloom to overspread his features,
 t when a scornful smile passed over them as a
 ntary gleam of lightning pierces the blackness
 ht. But though the boon was denied him, he was
 ed from his irons on his promise of not attempting
 cape, and allowed to remain the first night of his
 sonment in the same apartment with his men, who
 the next day to be employed in the public works
 he other convicts in the castle. The interest which
 een made in Hielan's favour, and the strong feel-
 pity he had excited, procured him the distinction
 t being sent to hard work with the other slaves,
 f being allowed to exercise the craft of turning
 in which he had made himself a proficient while
 service of the banker's sister. So were matters
 ed by the governor; but Hielan had settled it
 ix.

otherwise, in as far at least as related to some of the parties, for the next morning's light shewed the apartment empty which he and his band had occupied.

When the castle gates were opened in the morning, and the drawbridge lowered, there sat on the other side of the moat the robber chief, true to his promise, and ready to re-enter his prison ! The reward of this exploit, however, was heavy irons for some length of time before he was permitted to exercise his ingenuity at the turning-loom. But the chains felt light on Hielan's limbs, for he had liberated his comrades. We have said that the irons were taken off from him on his being, as the governor thought, secured within the castle walls. This gave him an opportunity of releasing his men from their manacles, when, availing themselves of their united strength, and aided by the spikes of their collars, they forced the bars of a window, and got out. This window was but a short distance from the ground, to which they easily descended ; but still the rampart wall was to pass, and this wall was raised a considerable distance above the rock on which the castle stood. The difficulty here was foreseen, and overcome, by linking together their spikes, chains, and bars, and using them as a means of descent. Hielan was the first to shew the way, though almost the only one who escaped without some dislocation, or painful wound or bruise. The castle of Aggorshuus is situated on a high rock, surrounded on three sides by the sea, and on that next the land by a broad and deep moat, which renders it totally isolated ; but there were boats moored not far off ; and after a perilous descent down the precipitous and jagged rocks, Hielan and his men threw themselves into the sea, and swam to a boat, in which those to whom he had given freedom continued their flight along the coast, only stopping to set him on shore. Some years passed away, and the bandit chief became almost a prisoner on parole. But though he appeared to the careless eye calm and contented, and sang the chivalrous songs of other days, and repeated the wild legends of his country, his brow was clouded by

his inward struggles, and he often dwelt in melancholy mood on those scenes when his word was a law, and his steps as free as those of the wild wolf. With such as him this could not last: he became impatient of longer control, and suddenly announced to the governor that he was so, recalled his promise, and vouched his determination of escaping; and though means were taken to prevent his intention, he was not long in placing himself once more at liberty. Unfortunately for him, a storm rose as he was making a voyage along the coast, when, being wrecked, he was picked up by a pilot-boat, and landed near to Christiansand; but having, in his own fearless and incautious manner, joined a merry-making party at that place, where it was the time of the fair, he was again captured, and returned to his old quarters in the castle, where he remained a number of years. What ultimately became of him has not been related; most likely, he died in confinement, as he was too dangerous a person to be set at liberty.

In recording this rapid sketch of a character which is neither common nor yet imaginary, it is impossible to help lamenting the false ambition and self-delusion of a man so gifted with extraordinary endowments, should have become so worthless a thing as the leader of a band of robbers. Such a contradiction of character, however, is not rare—good abilities mingled with low moral qualities, forming by their unhappy union, the wonder, the dread, and the reprobation of mankind.

THE LAND OF SCOTT.

THE district which this mighty genius has appropriated as his own, may be described as restricted in a great measure to the counties of Roxburgh and Selkirk, the former of which is the central part of the frontier or border of Scotland, noted of old for the warlike character

of its inhabitants, and even, till a comparatively recent period, for certain predatory habits, unlike any obtained at the same time, at least in the south of Scotland. Though born in Edinburgh, W was descended from Roxburghshire families familiar in his early years with both the scene and the history and traditions of the land. He was, indeed, fed with the legendary Borders, as with a mother's milk; and it was no doubt, which gave his mind so remarkable a bias to the manners of the middle ages, to the exclusive sympathy for either the ideas of the ancients or the literature of modern manners. There was something additionally engaging to a mind like his, the poetical associations which have so long reigned over the very Arcadia of Scotland. The Tweed flows majestically from one end of it to the other; a scarcely less noble tributary; with all the lesser streams connected with these two—the Jed, the Gala, the Yarrow, and the Quair—had, from the earliest Scottish poetry, been sung by unnumbered bards of whose names have perished, like flowers from the face of the earth which they adorned. From these associations mingled together, did the mind of the transcendent genius draw its first and its richest inspiration.

The general character of this district is pastoral. Here and there, along the banks of the river, there are alluvial stripes called *haughs*, all of which are finely cultivated; and the plough, in many places, has ascended the hill to a considerable height; but in general is a succession of pastoral eminence, either green to the top, or swathed in dusky heath, where a patch of young and green wood seeks shelter from the climate and the soil. Much of the land is held by the Duke of Buccleuch, and other distinguished Border chiefs, and it annually supplies what both clothes and feeds the British population. Little is intruded upon by manufactures, or a

culated to introduce new ideas, its population exhibit, in general, those primitive features of character which are so invariably found to characterise a pastoral people. Even where, in such cases as Hawick and Galashiels, manufactures have established an isolated seat, the people are hardly distinguishable, in simplicity and homely virtues, from the tenants of the hills.

Starting at Kelso upon an excursion over this country, a traveller would soon reach Roxburgh, where the Tyne and the Tweed are joined—a place noted in early Scottish history for the importance of its town and castle, now alike swept away. Pursuing upwards the course of the Tyne, he would first be tempted aside into the narrow valley of the Jed, on the banks of which stands the ancient and picturesque town of Jedburgh, and whose beauties have been rapturously described by Thomson, who spent many of his youngest and happiest years amidst its beautiful *braes*. Further up, the Tyne is joined by the Aill, and, further up still, by the Rule,

the rivulet whose banks were once occupied almost exclusively by the warlike clans of Turnbull and Ruthersford. Next is the Slettrig, and next the Borthwick; after which, the accessories of this mountain-stream cease to be distinguished. Every stream has its valley; every valley has its particular class of inhabitants—its own tales, songs, and traditions; and when the traveller contrasts its noble hills, and clear trotting *burnies*, with the tame landscapes of 'merry England,' he is at no loss to see how the natives of a mountainous region come to distinguish their own country so much in poetical recollection, and behold it with such exclusive love. When the Englishman is absent from his home, he sees a scene so much different from what he is accustomed to, and regards his absence with very little feeling. But when a native of these secluded vales visits another district, he finds an alien peculiarity in every object: the hills are of a different height and vesture; the streams are different in size, or run in a different direction. Everything tells him that he is not at home. And, when

returning to his own glen, how every distant hill-top comes out to his sight, as a familiar and companionable object! How every less prominent feature reminds him of that place which, of all the earth, he calls *his own*! Even when he crosses what is termed the height of the country, and but sees the waters running *towards* that cherished place, his heart is distended with a sense of home and kindred, and he throws his very soul upon the stream, that it may be carried before him to the spot where he has garnered up all his most valued affections.

There is one part of Roxburghshire which does not belong to the great Vale of the Tweed, and yet is as essentially as any a part of the Land of Scott. This is Liddesdale, or the Vale of the Liddel, a stream which seeks the Solway, and forms part of the more westerly border. Nothing out of Spain could be more wild or lonely than this pastoral vale, which once harboured the predatory clans of Elliot and Armstrong, but is now occupied by a race of more than usually primitive sheep-farmers. It is absolutely overrun with song and legend, of which Sir Walter Scott reaped an ample harvest for his *Border Minstrelsy*, including the fine old ballads of Dick o' the Cow, and Jock o' the Syde.

It may be said, indeed, that of all places in the south of Scotland, the attention of the great novelist was first fixed upon Liddesdale. In his second literary effort—the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*—he confined himself in a great measure to Teviotdale, in the upper part of which, about three miles above Hawick, stands Brankschholm Castle, the chief scene of the poem. The old house has been much altered since the supposed era of the Lay; but it has, nevertheless, more of an ancient than a modern appearance, and does not much disappoint a modern beholder. For a long time, the Buccleuch family have left it to the occupancy of the individuals who act as their agents or chamberlains on this part of their extensive property; and it is at present kept in the best order, and surrounded by some fine woods of ancient and modern

growth. Seated on a lofty bank, it still overlooks that stream, and is overtopped by those hills, to which, it will be recollected, 'the lady' successively addressed her witching incantations. Immediately below the bank is a small collection of cottages, one of which has also a poetical history. It was the residence, upwards of a century ago, of a woman named *Jean the Ranter*, who sold ale, and had, among other children, one daughter of especial beauty. One day, while this bonny lass of Branhholm, as she was called, was spreading clothes upon the banks of the Teviot, she was seen by a young military officer named Maitland, who immediately fell so deeply in love with her, that he was induced to make her his wife. By this strange alliance, which was considered so extraordinary in those days as to be partly attributed to witchcraft on the part of her mother, the bonny lass became the progenitrix of a family of gentry in Mid-Lothian; while the grandson of one of her sisters was known at Hawick, under the familiar name of *Willie Craw*, as a crazed poet and mendicant. The story was put into verse by Allan Ramsay, who states that, when first seen by her lover—

'A petticoat and bodice clean,
Was sum o' a' her claithing;'

and it seems to have been the opinion of this ingenious poet, that dress was the reverse of requisite to set off her native charms.

Not only did this country supply Walter Scott with many of the ideas that enter into his poetry, but also with some of the characters, scenes, and incidents of his still more delightful novels. It is not our purpose to enter specifically into these, but we shall state what we have ascertained respecting an individual, who appears to have been the original of a character, hitherto, perhaps, the most misty and unreal of all his fictitious creations. The person we allude to was an Englishman named *Peter Stranger*, or *Japhet Crook*, who, about a hundred years ago, migrated into Eskdale, and,

tower of Gilnockie, where formerly Johnnie Arr practised a profession hardly less dishonest, and there is still a hamlet, termed, from Stranger's open the *Forge*.

From what we have heard of the pretensions impostor, we entertain no doubt that he must have applied the idea of Dousterswivel in the *Antiqua* whom, he was in due time detected, and obliged to draw hurriedly to his native country. The sub-history of this person was curious. Travelling in England, he fell into acquaintance at an inn with a gentleman, who, having much wealth, and no near or dear relations, was somewhat puzzled as to the manner in which he should make his will. The impostor, who professed to be in exactly the same circumstances, by a train of artful devices, prevailed upon the old gentleman to make a will in his favour, while he, at the same time, should return the compliment by bequeathing his own imaginary property to his friend; so that the impostor should enjoy the whole. The two wills were legally drawn up at York, and, in a short time, the old gentleman put Peter Stranger into the possession of a large fortune. The brother of the deceiver

it in Pope's Third *Moral Essay*, addressed to Lord *thurst*—

'P. What riches give us, let us, then, inquire:
 Meat, fire, and clothes. B. What more? P. Meat,
 clothes, and fire.
 Is this too little? Would you more than live?
 Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
 Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
 Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
 What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs?
 To Chartres, vigour? *Japhet, nose and ears?*'

which last clause, the poet appends the following
 e:—'Japhet Crook, *alias* Sir Peter Stranger, was
 ished with the loss of those parts for having forged
 conveyance of an estate to himself, upon which he took
 several thousand pounds. He was at the same time
 d in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a
 l, by which he possessed another considerable estate,
 wrong of the brother of the deceased. By these means,
 was worth a great sum, which, in reward for the small
 s of his ears, he enjoyed in person till his death, and
 etly left to his executor.'

Such was the history of the individual who appears to
 re given the hint for Dousterswivel. We shall only
 l, that whether Crook or Stranger was the real name
 the adventurer; the latter was that by which he went
 Eskdale, and was transmitted, accordingly, to an illegi-
 ate daughter—Nelly Stranger—whom he left in that
 ntry, and who lived to a considerable age.

Not far from the same district, the novelist appears
 have been supplied with the ground-story of the tale of
 y *Mannerling*. A Dumfriesshire gentleman, whom we
 ll call Cavers of Gatehill, was married for many years
 a Galloway lady, a relation to a celebrated northern
 ress, without her having had any children, till at
 gth, during a long stay which he was compelled to
 ke in England, she had a child, who, he was but too
 ll assured, was not his own, and whose birth the lady
 not long survive. By the terms of his marriage-
 tract, this child, whose illegitimacy he could not now

prove, was the heiress of his estate—a circumstance repugnant in the highest degree to his feelings, and which he was resolved to use every means in his power to avert. In the hope of keeping the child ignorant of its own destinies, and blinding the world at large to its fate, he placed it under the charge of a poor shepherd, dwelling in the hills of the English border, a few miles from Carlisle. Though he used every means of concealment, the child, as she grew up, was known, or supposed to be his, and a young man, of the name of Rugby, in time wrote to Mr Cavers, requesting his permission to marry her. To this letter Mr Cavers paid no attention, and the marriage accordingly proceeded. Rugby set up business as the keeper of a public-house in Carlisle, and had two children by his wife, a boy and a girl. Though no attention was paid to the family by Mr Cavers, his wife's relation, the celebrated peeress above mentioned, invariably called at the house in passing to or from England, and latterly took charge of the two children, the former of whom she sent out to India, while the latter, being most respectably educated and set forward in the world, was eventually married to a Welsh bishop.

In the course of a few years, Rugby fell into embarrassed circumstances, and could conceive no better plan of redeeming them, than selling to Mr Cavers, for a thousand pounds, the claim which he now knew his wife to have upon the estate of Gatehill. This paction was ratified in the most formal manner; but in the course of a few years more, Rugby became utterly ruined, and both he and his wife died; about the same time Mr Cavers died, and the estate passed quietly into the possession of a distant relation.

When advanced to about thirty or forty years of age, Henry Rugby returned from India, with a small fortune and an impaired constitution. He purchased a small place of residence in Devonshire, where he intended to spend the remainder of his days, without ever once thinking of his native place, which he had left too young to have any recollection of, or suspecting the hereditary

lands which he had upon an estate in the south of Scotland. Some time after, he happened, by mere chance, to pay a visit to an East Indian friend, residing in the north of England; and, being fond of shooting, was easily induced by that person to accompany him on a sporting excursion into Dumfriesshire. Fatigued one day with his amusement, he entered the cottage of an old man, and, while he refreshed himself with a drink of warm milk, asked many questions, such as are apt to occur to a stranger, respecting the places in the neighbourhood. He in particular asked the name and proprietor of a handsome seat on the face of a hill at no great distance, which the old woman replied, that that was Gatehill, and that it belonged to HENRY RUGBY, although another person was in possession of it. Struck by this information, he made further inquiries at Carlisle, and soon became acquainted with an attorney, who undertook to prosecute his claim before the Court of Session, where, after a tedious litigation, it was affirmed. The intelligence of his success was sent him by an express, and he immediately called together a few friends, to celebrate it by a feast; but, alas for the triumphs of mortals! being tempted to drink rather more than the delicate state of his health in general permitted, he was found dead next morning. The eventual fate of the case before the House of Lords, to which it was appealed, we have not ascertained; but we think there can be little doubt that, though different in many respects from the tale of *Guy Rannering*, there was enough of it to have suggested to the imagination of Sir Walter Scott the leading points of that admirable fiction.

The small Vale of Borthwick Water, which starts off from the strath of the Teviot a little above Hawick, contains a scene which cannot well be overlooked in an article bearing such a title as the present—namely, Harden Castle, the original, though now deserted seat of the family of *Scott of Harden*, from which, through the *Leburn branch*, Sir Walter Scott was descended. This much neglected alike by its proprietor and by tourist

is one of the most remarkable pieces of scenery which we, who have travelled over nearly the whole of Scotland, have yet seen within its shores. Conceive, first, the lonely pastoral beauty of the Vale of Borthwick; next, a minor vale receding from its northern side, full of old and emaciated, but still beautiful wood. Penetrating this recess for a little way, the traveller sees, perched upon a lofty height in front, and beaming perhaps in the sun, a house which, though not picturesque in its outline, derives that quality in a high degree from its situation and accompaniments. This is Harden House or Castle; but, though apparently near it, the wayfarer has yet to walk a long way around the height before he can wind his way into its immediate presence. When arrived at the platform whereon the house stands, he finds it degraded into a farmhouse; its court forming perhaps a temporary cattle-yard; every ornament disgraced; every memorial of former grandeur seen through a slough of plebeian utility and homeliness, or broken into ruin. A pavement of black and white diced marble is found in the vestibule, every square of which is bruised to pieces, and the whole strewn with the details of a dairy. The dining-room, a large apartment with a richly ornamented stucco roof, is now used as the farmer's kitchen. Other parts of the house, still bearing the arms and initials of Walter Scott, Earl of Tarras, forefather of the present Mr Scott of Harden, and of his second wife, Helen Hepburn, are sunk in a scarcely less proportion. This nobleman was at first married to Mary, Countess of Buccleuch, who died, however, without issue, leaving the succession open to her sister Anne, who became the wife of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, eldest natural son of Charles II. Through this family connection, the Earl of Tarras was induced to join in the conspiracy which usually bears the name of the Rye-house Plot, for which he was attainted, only saving his life by giving evidence against his more steadfast companion, Baillie of Jerviswood, the great-grandfather of another Scottish proprietor, who happens to be an immediate

neighbour of Harden. It may be asked, why Mr Scott did not inherit the title of his ancestor: the answer is, that it was only thought necessary to invest the husband of the Countess of Buccleuch with a title for his own life—which proves that the hereditary character of the peerage has not always been observed in our constitution. While all of this scene that springs from art is degraded and wretched, it is striking to see that its natural grandeur suffers no defalcation. The wide-sweeping hills stretch off grandly on all hands, and the celebrated *den*, from which the place has taken its name, still retains the features which have rendered it so remarkable a natural curiosity. This is a large abyss in the earth, as it may be called, immediately under the walls of the house, and altogether unpervaded by running water—the banks clothed with trees of all kinds, and one side opening to the vale, though the bottom is much beneath the level of the surrounding ground. Old Wat of Harden—such is the popular name of an aged marauder, celebrated in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*—used to keep the large herds which he had draughted out of the northern counties of England in this strange hollow; and it seems to have been admirably adapted for the purpose.

The house of Abbotsford, where Sir Walter Scott chiefly spent the last twenty years of his life, may be assumed as the centre of a great part of that region which we have styled *his*. This 'romance in stone and lime,' as some Frenchman termed it, is situated on the south bank of the Tweed, at that part of its course where the river bursts forth from the mountainous region of the forest, into the more open country of Roxburghshire; two or three miles above the abbey of Melrose, and six-and-thirty from Edinburgh. Though upon a small scale, the Gothic battlements and turrets have a good effect, and would have a still better, if the *site of the house* were not somewhat straitened by the *bank rising above it*, and by the too close neighbourhood of the public road. Descriptions of the house, with its

armoury, its library, its curiosities, and other particular features, have been given in so many different publications, that even a work circulating thirty thousand copies can hardly hope to find a reader to whom a new one would not be a bore. We shall, therefore, spare it. The house, if it be properly preserved, will certainly be perused by future generations as only a different kind of emanation of the genius of this wonderful man—though, preserve it as you will, it will probably be, of all his works, the soonest to perish.

All around Abbotsford, and what gave it a great part of its value in his eyes, are the scenes commemorated in Border history, and tradition, and song. The property itself comprises the spot on which the last feudal battle was fought in this part of the country. The abbey of Melrose and Dryburgh, the latter of which now contains the revered dust of the minstrel; the Eldon Hills, renowned in the annals of superstition; Selkirk, whose brave burghers won glory in the field where so much was lost by others—namely, at Flodden; Ettrick Forest, with its lone and storied dales; and Yarrow, whose stream and ‘dowie dens’ are not to be surveyed without involuntary poetry—are all in the near neighbourhood of the spot. The love, the deep, heartfelt love, which Scott bore to the land which contains these places, was such as no stranger can appreciate. It was a passion absorbing many others which might have been expected to hold sway over him, and it survived to the last. We can, indeed, form no idea in connection with the decease of this great man, so very painful and so truly touching, as that of his parting with these fondly-appreciated scenes. The sense that his eye must soon close for ever upon the hallowed region, which, from his earliest boyhood, he had surveyed with so many ardent feelings, was perhaps, to himself, a thought more deeply melancholy than almost any other which beset him during the rapidly closing evening of life.

There is a romantic point in the life of Sir Walter Scott, which has never yet been made known, even by

to the public. This was his marriage—an event was attended by circumstances entirely out of a life, and in themselves forming something like a

Owing to the distance of time, and the delicacy was observed respecting many of these circumstances, there are now very few persons in life who any knowledge upon the subject: the following is, therefore, which is derived almost directly from one of the individuals principally concerned, will be read with interest.

begin at the beginning:—When the Marquis of Downshire, about sixty years ago, was about to proceed on his travels, he begged some letters of introduction, from others, from the Reverend Mr Burd, Dean of Down, who had been his early friend. This gentleman communicated to his lordship one letter, recommending

the favourable notice of almost his only acquaintance, Monsieur Carpentier of Paris, an agent who held the lucrative office of provider of dresses to the royal family of France. The unhappiness of this new association was the elopement of the daughter of Carpentier, a very beautiful woman, in company with his lordship. The only step taken by the husband in this case was to transmit his two children, a boy and his frail wife, with a desire, signified or implied, that he would undertake the duty of bringing them up. The children, accordingly, lived for some years with their mother, under the general protection of Lord Downshire, until at length the lady died, and the young noble found himself burdened with a responsibility which he probably had not calculated upon at the time of his departure for Paris. However, he placed the girl in a French convent for her education, and soon after, by an exertion of patronage, had the boy sent out on a lucrative appointment to India, his name having been previously secured, on his naturalisation as a British subject, to the peerage. *It was a stipulation before the young man accepted of his appointment, that £200 of his annual income should fall regularly every year to his sister, of*

whose support Lord Downshire was thus cleared, thought he continued to consider himself as her guardian. Miss Carpenter in time returned to London, and was placed under the charge of a governess named Miss Nicholson, who, however, could not prevent her from forming an attachment to a youthful admirer, whose addresses were not agreeable to the marquis. His lordship, having learned that a change of scene was necessary, wrote hastily to Mr Burd, requesting him to seek for a cottage in his own neighbourhood among the Cumberland lakes, fit for the reception of two young ladies who could spend L.200 a year. Mr Burd, having made the desired inquiries, wrote to inform his lordship, that there was such a place near his own house, but that it would require a certain time to put it into repair. He heard no more of the matter till, a few days after, as he and Mrs Burd were on the point of setting out for Gilsland Wells, on account of the delicate health of the latter individual, they were surprised by the arrival of two young ladies at their door in a postchaise, being the persons alluded to by the marquis. His lordship had found it convenient to send them off to the care of Mr Burd, even at the hazard of the house not being ready for their reception. This was at the end of the month of August, or beginning of September, 1797. The dilemma occasioned by the unexpected arrival of the young ladies was of a very distressing kind, and Mrs Burd was afraid that it would, for one thing, put a stop to her intended expedition to Gilsland. Her husband, however, finally determined that their journey thither should still hold good, and that, to place his guests above inconvenience, they should join the party proceeding to the Spa.

Having duly arrived at Gilsland, which is situated near the borders of Scotland, they took up their residence at the inn, where, according to the custom of such places, they were placed, as the latest guests, at the bottom of the table. It chanced that a young Scotch gentleman had arrived, the same afternoon, though only as a passing

traveller, and he, being also placed at the bottom of the table, came into close contact with the party of Mr Burd. Enough of conversation took place during dinner to let the latter individuals understand that the gentleman was a Scotchman, and this was in itself the cause of the acquaintance being protracted. Mrs Burd was intimate with a Scotch military gentleman, a Major Riddell, whose regiment was then in Scotland; and as there had been a collision between the military and the people at Tranent, on account of the militia act, she was anxious to know if her friend had been among those present, or if he had received any hurt. After dinner, therefore, as they were rising from table, Mrs Burd requested her husband to ask the Scotch gentleman if he knew anything of the late riots, and particularly if a Major Riddell had been concerned in suppressing them. On these questions being put, it was found that the stranger knew Major Riddell intimately, and he was able to assure them, in very courteous terms, that his friend was quite well. From a desire to prolong the conversation on this point, the Burds invited their informant to drink tea with them in their own room, to which he very readily consented, notwithstanding that he had previously ordered his horse to be brought to the door in order to proceed upon his journey. At tea, their common acquaintance with Major Riddell furnished much pleasant conversation, and the parties became so agreeable to each other, that, in a subsequent walk to the Wells, the stranger still accompanied Mr Burd's party. He had now ordered his horse back to the stable, and talked no more of continuing his journey. It may be easily imagined that a desire of discussing the major was not now the sole bond of union between the parties. Mr Scott—for so he gave his name—had been impressed, during the earlier part of the evening, with the elegant and fascinating appearance of Miss Carpenter, and it was on her account that he was lingering at Gilsland. Of this young lady, it will be observed, he could have previously known nothing: she was hardly known even to the respectable persons under whose protection she

appeared to be living. She was simply a lovely woman, and a young poet was struck with her charms.

Next day, Mr Scott was still found at the Wells—and the next—and the next ; in short, every day for a fortnight. He was as much in the company of Mr Burd and his family as the equivocal foundation of their acquaintance would allow ; and by affecting an intention of speedily visiting the Lakes, he even contrived to obtain an invitation to the dean's country-house in that part of England. In the course of this fortnight, the impression made upon his heart by the young Frenchwoman was gradually deepened ; and it is not improbable, notwithstanding the girlish love affair in which Miss Carpenter had been recently engaged, that the effect was already in some degree reciprocal. He only tore himself away, in consequence of a call to attend certain imperative matters of business at Edinburgh.

It was not long ere he made his appearance at Mr Burd's house, where, though the dean had only contemplated a passing visit, as from a tourist, he contrived to enjoy another fortnight of Miss Carpenter's society. In order to give a plausible appearance to his intercourse with the young lady, he was perpetually talking to her in French, for the ostensible purpose of perfecting his pronunciation of that language under the instructions of one to whom it was a vernacular. Though delighted with the lively conversation of the young Scotchman, Mr and Mrs Burd could not now help feeling uneasy about his proceedings, being apprehensive as to the construction which Lord Downshire would put upon them, as well as upon their own conduct in admitting a person of whom they knew so little, to the acquaintance of his ward. Miss Nicholson's sentiments were, if possible, of a still more painful kind, as, indeed, her responsibility was more onerous and delicate. In this dilemma, it was resolved by Mrs Burd to write to a friend in Edinburgh, in order to learn something of the character and status of their guest. The answer returned was to the effect, that Mr Scott was a respectable

ing man, and rising at the bar. It chanced at the same time that one of Mr Scott's female friends, who not, however, entertain this respectful notion of hearing of some love adventure in which he had been entangled at Gilsland, wrote to this very Mrs L, with whom she was acquainted, inquiring if she had heard of such a thing, and 'what kind of a young man was it who was going to take Watty Scott?' The lady soon after found means to conciliate Lord Downshire to his views in reference to Miss Carpenter; and a marriage took place at Carlisle within four months of the first acquaintance of the parties.

This match, made up under such extraordinary circumstances, was a happy one; a kind and gentle lady resided in the bosoms of both parties, and they lived accordingly in the utmost peace and amity. The pious but unostentatious beneficence of Lady Scott will long be remembered in the rural circle where she lived; and though her foreign education gave a touch of oddity to her manners, she formed an excellent addition to the household of her illustrious husband, an equally excellent mother to his children. One of the last acts of Sir Walter Scott, before the illness which carried her to the tomb, was to discharge an aged and valued servant who had forgot himself one day so far as to speak disrespectfully to his mistress. He lamented the necessity of parting with such a servant, one who had been so long with him; but he could not overlook an insult to one whom he held so dear.

LINKS IN NATURE.

NATURE, in her creative powers, seems ever to keep in the most perfect order of arrangement; and we observe, not only in her noblest, but in her lowest and most inanimate works, a similar system of goodness and wisdom displayed. Into whatever department of

animal organisation we pursue our investigation equally impressed with the conviction, that there prevails any confusion. We find every class distinct in form and character, in a lesser degree, from those of other classes; at the same time we cannot help remarking that, everywhere in the comprehension of our visual organs, there presents signs of resemblance among all the orders of beings; and so close are these resemblance instances, that naturalists have found great difficulty in assigning the proper order or place in the creation to those animals which are so peculiarly characterised.

The signs of resemblance among animals are as links in creation, and, as such, are worthy of notice. In examining these links, it would appear as if nature has pursued a great and universal plan in producing a system of animal organisation, rising from the most simple to the most complex. It has been this principle been, that some writers have not hesitated to allege that man, who occupies the highest place in creation, has sprung from the lowest atom, through a series of progressions, has at length arrived at the position he now is. But this is a mere idle fancy. By the laws of nature, there can be no advancement of animals out of their order and species. Each has its place, and there it and its descendants remain ever. The dog which lives in the present day is not advanced in the scale than its predecessors a thousand years ago. Man is the only animal who is capable of advancement in intelligence; and by the use of which intelligence, his form may be cultivated and improved, but certainly not altered. There prevails a remarkable resemblance in some descriptions of the orang-ut, in form and internal organisation; and some fanciful persons have imagined an inferior race of the monkey to be its ancestry. The apparent a

The orang-outang is simply a following out of the principle of universal resemblances. The orang-outang may be called the link betwixt the human and brute form; at betwixt that animal and the human being there is a great and impassable gulf. The most degraded of the savage tribes of mankind may be raised, by education and habits of civilisation, to take a station among the highest ranks in society; but monkeys, in all their varieties, must for ever retain their place among the most nauseous and intractable of the brute creation.

We may find, by pursuing this mode of inquiry, that the links which connect all classes of the animal creation in one continued chain, are equally evident. The brute creation is connected with that of birds and fishes, and the latter with that of reptiles. The siren, first placed by Linnæus as an amphibious animal, was afterwards declared to be a fish, and approaching the nature of an eel. The weasel, in some of its species, approaches the monkey and squirrel tribes; and the flying-squirrel, the flying-lizard, and flying-fish, approach the bird creation. The strich is allowed to be the principal link which connects the quadruped species with that of birds. In its general appearance, as well as in the structure of the stomach, it has a near resemblance to the camel; in its voice, instead of a whistle, it has a grunt like that of a hog; in its disposition, it is as easily tamed as a horse, and has, like him, been employed as a racer, though in its speed it far outstrips the swiftest race-horse in the world. At the factory of Podor, on the river Senegal, two striches were carefully broken in, the strongest of which, though young, would run swifter with two negroes on his back, than a racer of the best breed. Not less remarkable is the character of the bat, which may be said to be both a bird and a beast. This animal is furnished with thin membranes stretched over its fore-laws, and extending between these and two hinder extremities, by which means it possesses the faculty of flying like the birds; its body resembles the mouse, and, like that animal, it suckles its young; during the

winter season, it remains in a torpid state, coiled up and suspended by the hind-claws to rafters or roofs of barns or cottages. The duck-bill of New South Wales unites the three different classes of quadrupeds, birds, and that order of amphibials which connects the quadrupeds with that of the fishes. Its feet, which are four, are those of a quadruped, but each is webbed like a water-fowl's; and instead of a snout, it has the precise bill of a shoveller, or any other broad-billed water-bird. The whole body is covered with long fur, exactly resembling an otter; yet it lives like a lizard, chiefly in water, digs and burrows under the banks of rivers, and feeds on aquatic plants and aquatic animals. The seal or sea-calf may be said to be a connecting link between the quadrupeds and fishes, it being a mammalian animal, and can live either in the water or on the land. The sea-horse of the polar regions may also be similarly denominated; for he lives sometimes on the water and sometimes on the ice; is web-footed, to assist him in swimming; and has two enormous tusks, bending down from the upper jaw, which, together with his claws, enable him to climb the icy beach, when he chooses to leave the watery element to visit the earth, where he seems to enjoy himself fully with as much ease as in the other.

When we return to the consideration of the bird species, we find, as among the mammalian tribes, a vast superiority manifested by some when compared with others of the same order; and the different shades of form and instinct which distinguish them, will be found to blend together with the same uniformity as is the case with the others. It would be vain, with such limited space, to attempt even to give an outline of a subject so diffuse, and we must therefore restrict ourselves to the mere links which connect the different classes.

The penguin may be regarded as the principal link between birds and fishes; it approaches the fishes in conformation as well as in disposition and habits;

seldom leaves the water; and while other aquatic birds only skim the surface of that element, it follows its prey to the greatest depths. The flying-fish furnishes another specimen of the connection; it is furnished with long pectoral fins, by which it is enabled to rise from out the water, and fly for a time in the air. Whenever the fins become dry, the animal is obliged to dip again into the water to replenish the moisture, when it can again resume its flight; its head is scaly, but it is without teeth.

When the innumerable tribes of ocean come before our notice, we again find the different degrees of form, instinct, and capabilities, which have arrested our attention on the solid parts of the earth. Along a multitude of strange forms, with stranger habits, we have to pass, until we find the animal and vegetable kingdoms combined in the person of the hydra or polype. This creature is said to grow in some parts of the ocean to an immense size. In the Straits of Messina, and in the English Channel, it has been found with arms ten feet in length: if dissected in halves, each half, by its own formation and instinctive efforts, will produce the half that is deficient; and in this manner, an individual of the tribe may be multiplied into countless numbers. It seems quite insensible to pain, and appears to be in as perfect health and contentment when turned inside out, as when in its natural state. The fresh-water polype is possessed of the same powers of reproduction, and it propagates by shooting out living young ones, like buds. Towards winter, these animals lay eggs, which are hatched by the warmth of spring, and thus provide for a continuance of the species in case of accidents during the cold season.

We must now return to the link which connects the bird species with the winged tribes of insects; and the beautiful and brilliantly plumaged humming-bird presenting itself, the change is almost imperceptibly effected. *The humming-bird, the least of the feathered tribe, feeds like some insects, on the sweets of the flowers alone*

and, like the bee and the butterfly, it collects the nectar on the wing: its beak is pointed like a needle; its legs like that of many insects, can be thrown out as it wishes; its claws are not thicker than a common pin, its mouth is about an inch deep, its egg is about the size of a pea, its body is adorned with feathers of the richest colors and covered with a down that makes it resemble a flower: when taken, it expires instantly, and on account of its extreme beauty, it is worn by the ladies as an earring. From the humming-bird, to look downwards along the winged insects, to that species mingles with the inferior orders of the class—the worms. The transformation of the silkworm caterpillar, and other insects, is one of the many wonders of the natural world. The insect, after being hatched, remains in the form of a crawling grub, and feeds exclusively on the plant, where, by the admirable foresight of the parent insect, the egg had been deposited. Here, by the influence of the sun, it had been quickened into life. Others, the May-fly for instance, fix themselves in the interior of some herby substance, which is deposited in sand at the bottom of pools, where they hatch and a maggot produced; and this, in a short time, being elevated by the warmth of spring to the surface of the water, it bursts forth a beautiful winged insect. The caterpillar and silk-worm for a short time, assume a state of torpidity, in which they remain for a certain number of days, and then come forth in a covering of their own spinning; they then come forth a moth or butterfly, endowed with wings and other organs suitable for their new state of existence.

The order of worms presents an infinite variety of form from the lowest order of animated creatures, to be traced to the almost invisible animalcula, which is only discernible by the powerful aid of the microscope; and we can also follow the same tribe, to where they form coral, madrepores, and millepores, the link between the mineral kingdom. Coral is externally a rock and internally a rock; while madrepores and

have a stony covering, and contain the animal section of their nature within; the calcareous secretions of both instantly become rocks the moment the animals die. These secretions form immense ridges of rocks, which, in the Indian seas, are known to extend to 500, and even to 700 miles in length, with a depth irregular and uncertain. Captain Flinders sailed in the Gulf of Carpentaria by the side of reefs of this description for 500 miles; and, more recently, Captain King, 700 miles, by rocks which were forming and evidently increasing.

THE COALSTOUN PEAR.

ONE of the most remarkable curiosities connected with ancient superstitious belief, now to be found in Scotland, is what is commonly known by the name of the *Coalstoun Pear*; an object whose history has attracted no small degree of interest, though little is popularly known regarding it.

At a short distance from the house of Lethington, in Haddingtonshire, stands the mansion-house of Coalstoun, the seat of the ancient family of Broun of Coalstoun, which is now represented by Sir Richard Broun, Bart., while the estate has come by a series of heirs of line into the possession of the present Countess of Dalhousie. This place is chiefly worthy of attention here, on account of a strange heir-loom, with which the welfare of the family was formerly supposed to be connected. One of the Barons of Coalstoun, about three hundred years ago, married Jean Hay, daughter of John, third Lord Yester, with whom he obtained a dowry, not consisting of such base materials as houses or land, but neither more nor less than a pear. "Sure such a pear was never seen," however, as this of Coalstoun, which a remote ancestor of the young lady, famed for his necromantic power, was supposed to have invested with some

enchantment that rendered it perfectly invaluable. Lord Yester, in giving away his daughter along with the pear, informed his son-in-law, that, good as the lass might be, her dowry was much better, because, while she could only have value in her own generation, the pear, so long as it was continued in his family, would be attended with unfailling prosperity, and thus might cause the family to flourish to the end of time. Accordingly, the pear was preserved as a sacred palladium, both by the laird who first obtained it, and by all his descendants; till one of their ladies, taking a longing for the forbidden fruit while pregnant, inflicted upon it a deadly bite; in consequence of which, it is said, several of the best farms on the estate very speedily came to the market. The pear is said to have become stone-hard immediately after the lady bit it; and in this condition, continues the popular story, it remains till this day, with the marks of Lady Broun's teeth indelibly imprinted on it. Whether it be really thus fortified against all further attacks of the kind or not, it is certain that it is now disposed in some secure part of the house [or, as we have been lately informed, in a chest, the key of which is kept secure by the Earl of Dalhousie], so as to be out of all danger whatsoever. The *Coalstoun Pear*, without regard to the superstition attached to it, must be considered a very great curiosity in its way, having, in all probability, existed five hundred years; a greater age than, perhaps, has ever been reached by any other such production of nature.

STORY OF A VAGABOND;

OR, SCENES IN JAMAICA.

sun had not yet risen. It was the short gray twilight which, in the tropics, intervenes between the darkness of night and the perfect effulgence of day. A land-breeze was blowing delightfully fresh and cool ; and it came, in fitful gusts, up the precipitous gullies, going through the tall and willow-like clumps of trees that surrounded our dwelling, and swaying to and fro the gossamer mosquito-net that encircled my bed, ; free ingress through the open *jealousies* * of my chamber, I felt a sensation almost of chilliness, which cooled with all the zest of the thirst-parched traveller when his lip first touches the cool waters of the fountain in a sandy desert. The situation of the property on which I resided was a most picturesque, and to me, in many respects, a most frightful one. It was a narrow valley, shooting out from, and at right angles with, the eastern ridge of the Blue Mountains, and inaccessible on every side but by roads, as near as might be, perpendicular. On our right flowed the Yallah's River, down to the channel of which, although one could almost pitch a horse into it, it was yet a good hour and a half's ride ; the winding along the face of the bank somewhat in the form of a corkscrew, or rather after the fashion of those figures described by shower-drops on a glazed window on a rainy day. The *history* of the above river may give readers to tropical climes some general idea of the violent elemental convulsions which at times overtake the island.

The gentleman whose guest I was informed me previous to 1815, it was a mere brook, which he could

like Venetian blinds, but upon a larger scale. They are like the window-frame instead of glass, and can be opened to pleasure.

year, a hurricane of wind and rain occurred which ruin and desolation over the island, and occasio loss of hundreds of lives. His house, being situa sheltered spot, was safe from the fury of the wind soon saw grounds for apprehension from a foe terrific and resistless. *The brook began to rise*; those who have personally witnessed such a sc have any correct idea of the impetuous veloc which the rains sweep down the sides of the mc often stripping the entire soil from the coffee-plant their devastating career. As the Yallah's Bo swollen to a mighty torrent, began to approach th and offices, the negroes, who firmly believed that less than a second deluge was at hand, crowd tears and lamentations, round their master, be him to beg of 'de big Spirit no to drown poor nig till him learn to b'ave himself like good Christia promising 'neber to tief, nor tell lie, nor need f (the whip) no mo, but do as Massa Busher bid th be good nigger eber after for no time at all.' Th soon reached the threshold, when my friend, se peril every moment increasing, locked the doors c houses. and scrambled a considerable way un th

nights, subsisting upon what wild roots and fruits could collect, during which time the tempest raged unceasing fury. The wind, my friend told me, red frequently to blow from all points of the as at once, and often to descend, as it were, adicularly from the cloudy firmament ; at which the trees were smitten or bent to the earth, and the hes riven from their trunks, after a fearful manner. ort, the whole elemental system was completely anised, and nature seemed about to resolve itself its original chaos. At last the fearful visitation d away ; and as the waters subsided still faster they rose, my friend watched eagerly and anxiously ie first glimpse of his late comfortable dwelling ; ie torrent decreased and decreased until the brook k into its former insignificant dimensions—but not e of house, offices, or property was to be seen ! ad been swept down to the ocean by the over- ning torrent, leaving only a wide channel - course, below the original elevation of the stream to a which there were no means of ascertaining—all ormer local landmarks having disappeared, and the character of the scenery indeed changed. At the where I crossed the stream, in order to reach my 's present abode—which he had luckily saved y enough to purchase—the channel was upwards of irds wide.

the other side of my friend's residence, ran another n, called the Mullet Burn, from its abounding with ilicious fish of that name — something akin to, but richer than, our burn-trout, and caught in a similar er, with the rod and common fly. Although almost y perpendicular in descent, the bank on this side ot nearly so profound in depth as on the other. row of the promontory or peak on which the house tuated, commanded a view of such magnificence as v to baffle the power of language to describe. How ave I stood there alone, gazing down on that r and seldom witnessed spectacle—a thunder-

storm beneath my feet ! The lightning, broad, blue, and fierce, darting hither and thither through the gloom-shrouded vale below, with a rapidity and waywardness which baffled the quickest eye-glance to follow its motions, followed on the instant by the thunder itself, not, as in our northern clime, rolling in a long and continuous roar, but expending itself in a series of explosions, like the rapid discharge of a park of artillery, augmented by the repetition of a thousand echoes, until the entire aerial space seems filled with the 'strife of sound,' and the senses reel beneath the shock of the awful elemental conflict. Through an opening in the mountains towards the south-east, our house commanded an extensive view of the Caribbean Sea, by which we could distinctly discern all vessels passing to and from Europe, North America, &c. by the windward passage, the examining the size and character of which, through a telescope, frequently constituted our sole occupation for the day. And this brings me back to the original purpose of my present narrative.

It was, as I have said, still gray dawn. The chirp of the house-lizard—something like the cry of our cricket—sounded loud and incessant, and the fire-flies, with their beautiful phosphorescent forms, ever and anon darted, like shooting-stars, athwart my still dark apartment, when suddenly my attention was roused by the hoarse baying of the watch-dogs challenging the approach of some stranger, and immediately thereafter heard two voices talking loud and somewhat angrily, which I soon distinguished to be those of an Englishman and the negro watchman* for the night. The former seemed to be ordering, and the latter remonstrating in his own way; but was soon silenced. Presently, Philidore, the negro, passed by my window to that of his master—the door of whose apartment was directly opposite to mine, on the other side of the spacious hall—muttering and swearing:

* The negroes take this duty by turns, marching all night round the premises well armed.

to himself, in high wrath and broken English : ‘ Massa break Phil’s head for waken him before shell-blow now.* What de debil make him de captain, dat he trabel as early? and him eye ’tare taring in him head, as if he seen one duffy!’†

With these ejaculations, he proceeded to his unwilling task of awakening his master, in, as I well recollect, the following fashion :—‘ Massa—massa. (A gentle shake of the window, and a pause.) Massa—Massa Busher! (Louder—another pause.) Massa Busher! you no hear now! (Losing patience, and shaking the window violently.) He hear no mo than if him head one pumpkin! Him augh, augh—(imitating the sound of snoring)—like one great tronk nigger!’ Here he applied himself to the window again with such increased energy, that he at last succeeded in his purpose; and I heard my friend demanding, in great ire, what the black rascal meant by disturbing him so early!

‘ It no black rascal dat ’turb you, massa! it be de brown rascal.’

‘ How, sir!’

‘ Dat is, massa, de person dat call himself Brown!’

‘ Who is he? or what does he want?’

‘ He no tell dat, massa; but he want de doctor.’‡

‘ Well, go round to the hall, and get it for him.’

‘ But he want more than dat, massa,’ persisted Philidore; ‘ he want de mule to carry him over de pass, and nigger to go wid him.’

‘ The devil pass him!’ ejaculated my worthy host, getting out of bed, with woful reluctance, to perform the imperative duties of Jamaica hospitality.

I now heard my host leave his room, and admit his early visitant into the front-hall, at the other side of the house, which was too distant for me to hear a word of

* The horn that is blown to assemble the negroes to, and dismiss them from, labour.

† A ghost.

‡ A dram, or, as our break-of-day tipplers at home would term, ‘ their morning.’

what passed between them. Soon afterwards, they both went out ; and as the sun was now hot, and high above the horizon, I arose, although it was scarcely five o'clock. My host returned at seven to breakfast ; and, whilst discussing our plentiful meal of boiled yams, roasted plantains—which taste exactly, when young, like new-baked barley-scones—salt pork and fish, eggs and fresh roasted coffee, seasoned with goats' milk and sugar as black as treacle, I adverted to the untimely visit he had received that morning.

'Poor wretch !' he replied, in a tone of commiseration, 'he is one of the most miserable beings ever cursed with the burden of existence ! And yet the scoundrel scarcely merits pity. He is one of those cold-hearted, cool-headed, calculating sensualists, whose whole thoughts are engrossed with the consideration of *self*, and the gratification of their animal passions. Handsome, pre-eminently handsome, in features and person, and with a singular plausibility of tongue and manner, he won a strong regard towards himself on his first arrival in the island about eight months since, not only amongst the female, but male coteries, to which he gained admittance. His red coat, besides, was a general introduction.'

'He belongs to the army, then ? What regiment !'

'He *was* a lieutenant in the —, now lying at Up-park Camp.'

'And what rank does he hold now ?'

'That of a vagabond,' answered my host, in a mingled tone of pity and bitterness.

I begged him to explain, my curiosity being aroused by the odd sort of *vice* he had mentioned.

'It is not more than eight months ago,' pursued my friend, complying with my request, 'since this man arrived at Kingston, and joined his regiment with a lieutenant's commission. Since his disgrace, some strange rumours have gone abroad respecting the reason of his leaving England. It is said that he was married, and has a wife—whom he deserted a few weeks after their union—still living there.'

illy shuddering came over me.

'What is his name?' I asked with much trepidation. 'Brown,' was the reply. I felt indescribably relieved. 'Whether married or not,' continued my friend, 'he hath begun to enact the modern Don Juan in town and the neighbourhood, and soon became famous for the gross viciousness of his conduct. How means, Heaven alone knows, but it is a singular and holy fact, that women often prefer professed rogues to men of amiable disposition and good moral

And so it unfortunately happened, in regard to Jane, with the daughter of a late old and valued friend of mine, residing with her uncle, a wealthy merchant in Kingston. Despite all the remonstrances and watchfulness of her uncle and relatives, to whom her licentious conduct was well known, and who perceived truly the motives of his attentions to her, he succeeded in gaining her affections under promise of marriage. It was evident the scoundrel calculated upon his punishment being removed to a distant station ; but fate decreed otherwise, and the case of the poor girl was no

disclosed, than her only brother hastened from the Town, to demand reparation. Brown, I believe, had fulfilled his promise, but for one circumstance,

however, to his selfish and unprincipled nature, ill-sufficient. She was penniless, and her uncle would not bestow a dollar on the man who had abused his hospitality. Upon his refusal to make amends for his treachery, there was, of course, only another alternative. The brother and he met in the field of honour, as called, and the former was shot through the heart at the first fire ! The cool baseness of the whole transaction, however, was so notorious, that he was not only sent to prison by his brother officers, and excluded from all respectable society, but upon a memorial of the facts presented home to the commander-in-chief, the next

brought his unconditional dismissal from the service, touched in the severest terms of reprehension and dishonour. Not having money enough to leave the

appearance this morning was truly frightful, and
thing he called for was a dram. I suppose he had
lying in the bush all night.'

Some passages in my friend's short narrative
recalled some painful reminiscences to my mind
banish these, I strolled away down to a neighbourly
property, situated on the Mullet Burn, to while a
forenoon over a game at chess with the kind
proprietor. The first object that attracted my
on entering his house was the figure of a man
on the sofa, with a cloak thrown over him.

'I am glad you are come,' cried my host, shaking
hand cordially; 'I have been pestered all the
with a fellow here,' pointing to the sofa, 'who knows
nothing but call for rum, rum, every minute, till
made himself beastly drunk. I wish I was quit of

It was the outcast Brown. We sat down to
nevertheless, and when I left to return to my
house to dinner, the wretched being was still in the
sleep of intoxication.

It was between five and six o'clock on the
morning, that my host and myself were standing
top of the bank above the Mullet Burn, chatting
various matters. It was a beautiful morning. The

running up towards us, his large eyes starting from sockets, and bellowing and gesticulating like a
‘Agh! agh! what me see now? De duffy dat! It be worse than de debil himself! Agh! see!’

‘is wrong now, sir?’ shouted mine host.

‘massa—you come dis way, massa,’ panted out the negro—‘me feared to tell what I see, massa! man lie down dere in de gully, massa, wid him across, massa, like one pumpkin! Tead—tead and de john-crow, too!’

‘Oms Heaven!’ exclaimed my friend, shuddering, ‘e been murder going on?’

to the negro to follow him, he hastened down

I remained where I was, my situation enabling all that passed below. The negro, I observed, towards the house where I had been visiting the day, and presently the proprietor, attended by four negroes, hastened towards the spot where was standing. After a few minutes’ delay, I lift the body of a man, and bear it down to the feet of the former. In a short while my friend up the bank, and detailed to me the horrid dead man was the outcast Brown, and he had perished by his own hand. Immediate notice was despatched to the coroner of the who speedily attended; and as white men were scarce thereabouts, I was, most unwillingly, into service as a juryman, to examine the body. He was lying upon a bench in an outhouse. He had in a worn-out military blue frock-coat, torn to shreds. The soles were worn off his boots, through which his naked feet protruded; he had no linen upon him, in short, he looked the very picture of poverty and wretchedness. He was laid so that the horrid wound in his throat, which almost severed his head from his body, was fully displayed, and in his right hand he held a gore-clotted clasp-knife, grasped with the fingers of death. The jurors scrutinised the

mangled corpse (for the john or carrion crows had been tugging and tearing at the gullet), and I was myself compelled to go through the revolting duty. An undefinable feeling of recognition thrilled through me as I accidentally scanned the lower features of the face, which were beautifully moulded. I instinctively raised the head with my left hand to take a minuter inspection, and, oh! what a mortal sickness came over my heart, as I gazed in speechless horror, on that countenance, every lineament of which was burnt into my soul as if with living fire! It was *he*—the beloved companion of my youth—my first, my only friend! It was *he*—the heartless villain! whose remorseless treachery had broken the heart of my gray-headed father, and driven my orphan sister, whom he had wedded and abandoned, into irretrievable insanity! It was *he*! whom I had pursued for years—years which seemed ages—through every nook of Europe, tracking him with the steady and untiring determination of the sleuth-hound, thirsting, thirsting for vengeance; until it had pleased God to recall me to a better mind, and I resigned him to the chastisement of his Maker! Fearfully, indeed, had it at length overtaken him. His own hand had become the avenger of the crimes he had perpetrated. And, mysterious Providence! where? Even before the eyes of him whom he had most foully and deeply wronged, and in a far, distant nook of the earth, whither I had flown, expressly to forget, amid strange scenes and new occupations, the fatal consequences of his baseness! Yes! there he lay before me—the false friend, the seducer—the murderer—the SUICIDE! It was a fearful—a humiliating—a pitiable spectacle. And a strange change came over me, as I gazed and gazed on that once beloved face, unconscious—utterly unconscious—of the wondering group around me—and, for a time, all my injuries and sufferings were forgotten. My fancy was away back among the long happy years of blissful *boyhood*. My heart melted within me, and the blessed *tear-drops* were fast welling forth from my *o'erburdened brain*—but, in a moment, they rushed back to their source,

and every fibre, vein, and muscle of my body, seemed each to become instantaneously possessed with a separate devil, as my eye fell upon a token which I knew right well. It was merely a paltry peach-coloured ribbon, to be sure; but, oh! what associations did it not conjure up! and how did these contrast with the spectacle that was now before me! I snatched at it, spotted and bedabbled as it all was with his guilty blood, and tore it from his neck with the fury and strength of a maniac, bringing along with it the small ivory locket which I guessed truly was still appended to it. It was the image of my sister, whose faultless features I had thus, in our days of bliss and innocence, attempted, with my own hands, to depict; intended, and with my own sanction given, as intended to—whom?—the abandoned of God and man, who now lay before me reeking in his self-shed gore—her betrayer—her worse than murderer! I dashed it to the earth, in utter frenzy, and crushed it with my heel into a hundred atoms. With a humane delicacy, which was rather uncommon, no one questioned me as to the cause of my strange agitation. After all was concluded, I walked home with my friend, who was rejoiced to observe my composed demeanour, and hopeful that no bad consequences would ensue from the agitating scene through which I had passed. My reason had indeed been strained almost to cracking. But luckily I was in kind and considerate hands. By medical advice, a passage was taken for me in a merchant-ship for Britain, of my going aboard which I have not the slightest recollection. Many weeks, indeed, elapsed ere my reflecting faculties awoke from their torpidity; nor was it until we were tumbling about among the bracing breezes of the north, off the banks of Newfoundland, that I regained the full and healthy use of my reason.

TO MUSIC,

TO BECALM HIS FEVER.

CHARM me to sleep, and melt me so
 With thy delicious numbers,
 That, being ravished, hence I go
 Away in easy slumbers.
 Oh, make me weep
 My pains asleep,
 And give me such repose,
 That I, poor I,
 May think thereby
 I live, and die, 'midst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
 Or like those maiden showers,
 Which, at the peep of day, do strew
 A baptism o'er the flowers.
 Melt, melt my pains
 With thy soft strains,
 That, ease unto me given,
 With full delight
 I leave this light,
 And take my flight for heaven.

HERRICK, II

THE CAPERCAILZIE.

THOSE who have dipped into our old native history may recollect mention being occasionally made of a called the *capercaillie*, which usually was conspicuous the extensive though rude entertainments of our ancestors but is now personally unknown amongst us. It

Now that this bird—the *Tetrao urogallus* of the wood-grouse of Pennant—which is still the continent of Europe and in America, is most magnificent of the tribe to which it must have been a truly worthy tenant of old primeval forests which once overspread

The male is nearly three feet in length, and weight of about fifteen pounds; black, brown, white, are his predominating colours; and look of his bill, the strength of his limbs, and deportment, he might rather be supposed to prey than even the chief of the grouse family. The numbers of the capercaillie naturally

Scotland with the woods that gave them it is now about eighty years since the last individual of the species ever seen in the country in the neighbourhood of Inverness. They are plentiful in the forests of Northern Europe, parts of Northern Asia, where they feed on the berries and cones of the pine, the catkins of the juniper which form the undergrowth; and in Germany, where they are exceedingly shy; and in Norway and Sweden, they are an excellent hunter who has in a whole day killed thirty. It is indeed only at the period of the autumn when the male bird comes from his retirement to the females around him, that he is easily shot. Nevertheless, in Sweden they are sometimes domesticated in aviaries, and feed tamely from the hand; and will even breed in confinement, though it is said that in this state they still retain so much of their wildness as to fly at and peck strangers.

Norwegian naturalists used to hunt the capercaillie in autumn, in company with a cocker-dog, and by whose assistance he would flush them, and cause them to perch in the trees. As Brunette had the eye of an eagle and the scent of an antelope, she was not long in following them, however, those birds were in the pines

in the first instance; but as my dog was possessed of an extraordinarily fine sense of smelling, she would often wind, or, in other words, scent them from a long distance. When she found the capercailzie, she would station herself under the tree where they were sitting, and by keeping up an incessant barking, direct my steps towards the spot. I now advanced with silence and caution; and as it frequently happened that the attention of the bird was much taken up with observing the dog, I was enabled to approach until it was within the range of my rifle, or even of my common gun. In the forest, the capercailzie does not always present an easy mark; for dipping down from the pines nearly to the ground, as is frequently the case, they are often almost out of distance before one can properly take aim.'

Towards the commencement, and during the continuance of winter, the capercailzies are generally in packs; these, which are usually of cocks—the hens keeping apart—do not separate until the approach of spring. These packs, which are sometimes said to contain fifty or a hundred birds, usually hold to the sides of the numerous lakes and morasses with which the northern forests abound; and to stalk the same in the winter-time, with a good rifle, is no ignoble amusement.

Among other expedients resorted to in the northern forests for the destruction of the capercailzie, is the following:—During the autumnal months, after flushing and dispersing the brood, people place themselves in ambush, and imitate the cry of the old or young birds, as circumstances may require. By thus attracting them to the spot, they are often enabled to shoot the whole brood in succession. The manner in which this is practised may be better understood from what Mr Greiff says on the subject:—

'After the brood has been dispersed, and you see the growth they have acquired, the dogs are to be bound up, and a hut formed precisely on the spot where the birds were driven from, in which you place yourself to call; and you adapt your call according to the greater or

size of your young birds. When they are as large as a hen, you ought not to begin to call until an hour after they have been flushed; should you wish to take them alive, the common net is placed round him who is flushed. Towards the quarter the hen flies, there are seldom found any of the young birds, for she tries by her calling to draw the dogs after her, and from her young.

As long as you wish to shoot, you must not go out of your hut to collect the birds you have shot. When a hen answers the call, or lows like a cow, she has probably got a young one with her or the calling is incorrect or else she has been frightened, and will not then return to her place. A young hen answers more readily to the call than an old one.

Lloyd, in his amusing work, the *Field Sports of the North of Europe*, describes a still more remarkable mode of hunting the capercaillie — namely, by torch-light, which he says is chiefly practised in the southern provinces of Sweden. 'In Smaland and Ostergothland,' says he, 'it is effected in the following manner:—Towards the fall, people watch the last flight of the capercaillie as they go to roost. The direction they have taken into the forest is then carefully marked, by means of a stake or tree, or by one which is felled especially for the purpose. After dark, two men start in pursuit of the birds; one of them is provided with a gun, the other with a long pole, to either end of which a flambeau is attached. The man with the flambeau now goes in advance, the other remaining at the prostrate tree, to keep it and the lights in an exact line with each other; by this contrivance, they cannot well go astray in the forest. Thus they proceed, occasionally halting, and taking a fresh mark, until they come near to the spot where they may have reason to suppose the birds are roosting. They now carefully examine the trees; and when they discover the objects of their pursuit, which are said to remain gazing at the fire blazing beneath, they hoot them at their leisure. Should there be several capercaillies in the same tree, however, it is always

necessary to shoot those in the lower branches in the first instance; for unless one of these birds fall on its companions, it is said the rest will never move, and, in consequence, the whole of them may be readily killed.'

An attempt is now in the course of being made, to restore to the pine-forests of Aberdeenshire a bird which once formed the object of a stately sport among our national nobility, and adorned the grandest of their feasts. In the year 1828, a male and female were imported for this purpose from Sweden by the Earl of Fife; but as the hen died before landing, the experiment was on that occasion frustrated. Another pair was brought over in 1829, and placed in a proper aviary at Mar Lodge, where an incubation took place, but without producing a live bird. Another incubation of the same hen in 1830 was equally unsuccessful; and it was not till 1831, and till particular pains had been taken for the preservation and proper hatching of the eggs, by the seclusion of the female, that a brood was obtained. According to the latest intelligence from the scene of this experiment, it is designed, as soon as various healthy broods have been reared in confinement, to liberate a few in the old pine-woods of Braemar, and thus eventually to stock with the finest of feathered game the noblest of Scottish forests.*

KNIFE-EATERS.

EVERY one knows that the itinerant jugglers who profess to swallow knives, never perform that feat in reality, but deceive the eyes of their visitors by dexterity of hand and skilful choice of position. There are, however, several authentic cases of knife-swallowing on record;

* The materials of the above article were furnished to us by the fourth volume of Mr Lizar's beautiful work, the *Kabarett Library*, which contains a print of the capercallie.

the deplorable consequences that have uniformly attended, are alone sufficient to expose the chicanery of the rascals. The most remarkable case of this kind, perhaps, ever occurred, is that of John Cummings, who lived at various times within a few years upwards of a hundred years. The following particulars respecting Cummings's insane feats are abridged from a communication by Dr Marcet to the *Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine*.

In the month of June 1799, John Cummings, an American sailor, about twenty-three years of age, being on board his ship on the coast of France, and having gone on shore with some of his shipmates, about two miles from the town of Havre de Grace, he and his party directed their course towards a tent which they saw in a field, crowded with a great number of people round it. Being told that a play was acting there, they entered, and found in the tent a Frenchman, who was entertaining the audience by attempting to swallow clasp-knives. Having returned on board, and one of the party having related to the ship's company the story of the knives, Cummings, after talking freely, boasted that he could swallow knives as easily as the Frenchman. He was taken at his word, and engaged to do it. Thus pressed, and though, as he himself acknowledged in his narrative, 'not particularly desirous to take the job in hand, he did not like to go back on his word, and having a good supply of grog on board,' he took his own pocket-knife, and on trying to swallow it, 'it slipped down his throat with great ease, by the assistance of some drink, and the weight of his life,' it was conveyed into his stomach. The spectators, however, were not satisfied with one experiment, and asked the operator 'whether he could swallow more;' his answer was, 'All the knives on board the ship!' upon which three knives were immediately produced, which he swallowed in the same way as the former; and 'by the old attempt of a drunken man' (to use his own expressions), 'the company was well entertained for the evening.' In the course of the two ensuing days, he was

relieved of three of the four knives ; but the fourth, as far as he was aware, remained in his stomach, though he never felt any inconvenience from it. After this great performance, he thought no more of swallowing knives for the space of six years.

In the month of March 1805, being then at Boston in America, he was one day tempted, while drinking with a party of sailors, to boast of his former exploits, adding, that he was the same man still, and ready to repeat his performance; upon which a small knife was produced, which he instantly swallowed. In the course of that evening he swallowed five more. The next morning crowds of visitors came to see him ; and in the course of that day he was induced to swallow eight knives more, making in all fourteen.

This time, however, he paid dearly for his frolic ; for he was seized the next morning with constant vomiting, and pain at his stomach, which made it necessary to carry him to Charleston Hospital, where, betwixt that period and the 28th of the following month, he was again so fortunate as to be relieved of his burden.

The next day he sailed for France, on board a brig, with which he parted there, and embarked on board another vessel to return to America. But during her passage, the vessel, which was probably carrying on some illicit traffic, was taken by his majesty's ship the *Isis*, of fifty guns, and sent to St John's, Newfoundland, where she was condemned, while he himself was pressed, and sent to England on board the *Isis*. One day, while at Spithead, where the ship lay some time, having got intoxicated, and having renewed the topic of his former follies, he was challenged to repeat the experiment, and again ' to be worse than his word.' This took place on the 4th of December 1805, at seven o'clock of that night he swallowed five knives, his company having expressed their desire to see him repeat the performance, he was at his usual readiness, and was assisted by the encouragement

good grog,' he swallowed that day, as he distinctly collects, nine clasp-knives, some of which were very large; and he was afterwards assured, by the spectators, that he had swallowed four more, which, however, he declares he knew nothing about, being no doubt at this period of the business too much intoxicated to have any recollection of what was passing. This, however, is the last performance we have to record; it made a total of at least thirty-five knives, swallowed at different times, and we shall see that it was this last attempt which ultimately put an end to his existence.

On the following day, 6th of December, feeling much indisposed, he applied to the surgeon of the ship, Dr Lara, who, by a strict inquiry, satisfied himself of the truth of the above statement, and as the patient himself thankfully observes, administered some medicines, and paid great attention to his case, but no relief was obtained. At last, about three months afterwards, having taken a quantity of oil, he felt the knives, as he expressed it, 'dropping down his bowels;' after which, though he does not mention their being actually discharged, he became easier, and continued so till the 4th of June following (1806), when he vomited one side of the handle of a knife, which was recognised by one of the crew to whom it had belonged. In the month of November of the same year, he passed several fragments of knives, and some more in February 1807. In June of the same year, he was discharged from his ship as incurable; immediately after which he came to London, where he became a patient of Dr Babington, in Guy's Hospital. He was discharged after a few days, his story appearing altogether incredible, but was re-admitted by the same physician, in the month of August, his health during this period having evidently become much worse. It was probably at this time that the unfortunate sufferer wrote his narrative, which terminates at his second admission into the hospital. It appears, however, by the hospital records, that on the 28th of October, he was discharged in an improved state; and he did not appear again at the hospital till September

1808—that is, after an interval of nearly a year since his former application. He now became a patient of Dr Curry, under whose care he remained, gradually and miserably sinking under his sufferings, till March 1809, when he expired in a state of extreme emaciation.

In a later number of the same scientific journal in which the preceding account appeared, another case of knife-swallowing was related by Dr Barnes, a respectable physician of Carlisle, under whose eye the circumstances occurred:—William Dempster, a juggler, twenty-eight years of age, of a high complexion and sanguine temperament, came to Carlisle in November 1823, with the intention of exhibiting some tricks by sleight of hand; and on the evening of the 17th of the same month, when in a small inn in Botchergate, with a number of people about him, whom he was amusing, by pretending to swallow a table-knife, and in the act of putting the knife into his throat, he thought some person near him was about to touch his elbow, which agitated and confused him so much, that the knife slipped from his fingers, and passed down the gullet into the stomach. Immediately after the accident, he became dreadfully alarmed, was in great mental agony, and apprehended instantaneous death. The knife, when given to him, measured nine inches in length, and had a bone handle, which went first down into the stomach: the blade, which was not very sharp, was one inch in breadth. Medical assistance was soon procured, and several attempts were made to extract the knife; first, with the fingers alone, then with a pair of short-curved forceps, and afterwards by a pair of very long forceps, made for the occasion, but without success. The knife, indeed, could not be reached by any of these means, and nothing resembling it could be felt externally on the region of the stomach. His mind continued much depressed, though he had very little pain or uneasiness. He was encouraged by the medical attendants, and *directed* to be removed as quietly as possible to his lodgings, and to take nothing that night except a little cold water. He had some sleep, and next morning said

felt occasionally pain in his stomach ; twelve ounces of food were taken from his arm, and some medicine given him. He afterwards complained of pain in the left shoulder, shooting across the chest to the stomach, and a blood-letting was repeated. A hard substance, which is believed to be the handle of the knife, could now be felt very distinctly, by pressing the fingers very gently on the umbilicus ; slight pressure gave him considerable pain. Although his suffering was much less than could have been expected, his health became gradually impaired, and his strength reduced. He was able to walk about a little in the day, and could sleep in the night on his back, but could not lie on either side. He took some diluted sulphuric acid for two or three weeks, which was discontinued, as he thought it increased the pain in his stomach. His bowels were kept open ; the evacuations were of a dark ferruginous colour, which probably arose from the composition of the knife ; the pulse was very little affected, being generally between seventy and eighty in minute. His diet consisted of soup, gruel, and tea, taken in small quantities. When the stomach was empty of food, the handle of the knife could be distinctly felt, extending from above downwards, by placing the hand very lightly on the abdomen, a little above the umbilicus ; at a single cup of tea, or a little food of any kind, dissolved the stomach so much, that it entirely disappeared. He was frequently squeamish and sick at his stomach, and sometimes felt a severe twisting pain in that organ.

The case being a remarkable one, and of very rare occurrence, the patient was visited by a great number of medical men. All the professional men in Carlisle were consulted respecting him ; and that nothing might be omitted that could benefit this unfortunate man, his case was stated to Sir Astley Cooper of London, Mr George Hall of Edinburgh, and a few others. As the great weight of the knife would prevent the possibility of its passing the pylorus, or making the turns of the intestines, it seemed improbable that the patient would live so long for it to be dissolved in the stomach,

various means were suggested to extract it; for although Dempster had survived the first shock of swallowing the knife, and there was no risk of speedy destruction of life, the action of the gastric juice, or of any medicine that could be given, it was supposed, would be so slow, particularly upon the blade of the knife, that it was deemed advisable to extract it, if possible.

Such a plan of treatment is that which was proposed by the surgeons of the Carlisle Dispensary, and was also recommended and sanctioned by one of the first surgeons in Europe: it was, that an incision should be made into the patient's stomach, and the knife extracted. The last report of the Carlisle Dispensary contains the following observations concerning Dempster:—'The surgeons of the dispensary were unanimously agreed as to the best mode of treating this extraordinary case: they were of opinion, that nothing but an operation could save the patient's life, but he could not be persuaded to submit to it.' He remained in Carlisle until the 28th of December, when he left it, with the intention of proceeding to his friends at Hammersmith, in the neighbourhood of London. It is proper to remark, that his journey was neither recommended nor sanctioned by the medical officers of the dispensary; it was contrary to their advice; they apprehended dangerous and fatal consequences from it, and anxiously wished him to continue in Carlisle. What they apprehended did in reality happen. This unfortunate man was prevented from pursuing his journey further than Middlewick, in Cheshire, where he died on the 16th of January; inflammation and gangrene of the stomach having been produced by the irritation of the knife and the jolting of the conveyance in his journey. As Dempster died at a considerable distance from Carlisle, no authentic account of the dissection has been published.

A case very similar to the above occurred in Prussia in 1635, of which a very interesting account was written in Latin, by Dr Daniel Beckher of Dantzic, and published at Leyden in 1636. An incision was made into the

ch, and the knife extracted. Previous to the operation, the patient was to make use of a balsamic oil, Spanish balsam, which they supposed would ease the pains of the stomach, and facilitate the healing of the wound. At the fourteenth day after the operation, the wound had healed, and the patient was restored to the best of health.

These cases may be warnings to jugglers how unsafe it is even to pretend to such a power as that of swallowing a sword, since poor Dempster, in the midst of his imposture, was made the unwilling verifier of his own promises. They may at the same time tend to suppress that unwholesome and unnatural craving which the public has for spectacles of this nature, by shewing that there is either be in every instance deception, or else that a miserable creature whose performances they look upon as sacrificing health, and even life, to pander to a vicious appetite. There are many sights presented to the eye in the same way, but of a very different character, some of them being not only entertaining but instructive.

To these no possible objection can exist. All of them, on the contrary, where a claim is laid to the performance of unnatural feats, like knife-swallowing, ought to be scouted as impostures, or shunned as repugnant to the common feelings of humanity.

STORY OF KINMONT WILLIE.

An incident took place in the beginning of the year 1596, which had almost renewed the long-discontinued wars on the Border. Excepting by the rash enterprises of the Border, these disorderly districts had remained undisturbed by any violence worthy of note since the battle of Redswair. On the fall of Bothwell, 1567, his son, Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, had obtained the ancient office of keeper of Liddesdale, and warden of the forest.

the Scottish Borders upon that unsettled frontier. According to the custom of the marches, Buccleuch's deputy held a day of truce for meeting with the deputy of the Lord Scroope, governor of Carlisle Castle, and keeper of the west marches upon the English side. The meeting was, as usual, attended on both sides by the most warlike of the Borderers, upon faith of the usual truce, which allowed twenty-four hours to come and go from such meetings, without any individual being, during that short space, liable to challenge on account of offences given to either kingdom. Among others who attended was Buccleuch's deputy, one Armstrong, commonly called Kinmont Willie, remarkable for his exploits as a depredator upon England. After the business of the meeting had been peaceably transacted, the parties separated. But the English being upon their return homeward at the south side of the river Liddle, which is in that place the boundary of the kingdoms, beheld this Kinmont Willie riding upon the Scottish bank of the river, alone and in absolute security. They were unable to resist the tempting opportunity of seizing a man who had done them much injury; and without regarding the sanctity of the truce, a strong party crossed the river into Scotland, chased Kinmont Willie for more than a mile, and by dint of numbers, made him at length their prisoner. He was carried to the castle of Carlisle, and brought before Lord Scroope, where he boasted proudly of the breach of the immunities of the day of truce in his person, and demanded his liberty, as unlawfully taken from him. The English warden paid little attention to his threats, as indeed the ascendancy of Elizabeth in James's counsels made her officers infringe the rights of Scottish subjects with little ceremony; and on the score of his liberty, he assured Kinmont Willie, scornfully, that he should take a formal farewell of him before he left Carlisle Castle.

The Lord of Buccleuch was by no means of a humour to submit to an infraction of the national rights, and a personal insult to himself. On this occasion, he acted with equal prudence and spirit.

The Scottish warden first made a regular application to Lord Scroope for delivery of the prisoner, and redress of the wrong sustained in his capture. To this, no satisfactory answer was returned. Buccleuch next applied to Bowes, the English ambassador, who interfered so far as to advise Lord Scroope to surrender the prisoner without bringing the matter to further question. Time was given to advertise Elizabeth; but she, being in this as in other cases disposed to bear the matter out by her great superiority of power, returned no satisfactory answer. The intercourse between the wardens became then of a more personal character, and Buccleuch sent a challenge to Lord Scroope, as having offered him a personal affront in the discharge of his office. Scroope returned for answer, that the commands of the queen engaged him in more important matters than the chastisement of the Scottish warden, and left him not at liberty to accept his challenge. Being thus refused alike public and private satisfaction, Buccleuch resolved to resort to measures of extremity, and obtain by means of his own force that redress which was otherwise denied him. Being the chief of a numerous clan, he had no difficulty in assembling 300 chosen horsemen at a place upon the Esk, the nearest point to the castle of Carlisle upon the Scottish marches, and not above ten or twelve miles distant from that fortress. The hour of rendezvous was after sunset; and the night, dark and misty, concealed their march through the English frontier. They arrived without being perceived under the castle of Carlisle, where the Scottish warden, taking post opposite to the northern gate of the town, ordered a party of fifty of his followers to dismount, and attempt to scale the walls of the castle with ladders, which had been provided for the purpose. The ladders being found too short, the assailants attacked a small postern-gate with iron instruments and mining tools, which they had also in readiness: the door breaking down; the Scots forced their way into the castle, repulsing and bearing down such of the English guards as pressed forward to the defence of the place. The alarm was now

given. The beacon on the castle was lighted, the drums beat, and the bell of the cathedral church and watch-bell of the mote-hall were rung, as in cases of utmost alarm. To this din the Scots without the castle added their wild shouts; and the sound of their trumpets increased the confusion, of which none of the sleepers so unseasonably awakened could conceive the cause. In the meanwhile, the assailants of the castle had delivered their countryman, Will of Kinmont. In passing through the court-yard, he failed not to call out a lusty good-night at Lord Scroope's window, and another under that of Salkeld, the constable of the castle. The assailants then made their retreat, abstaining strictly—for such was their charge—from taking any booty, or doing any violence which was not absolutely necessary for executing the purpose for which they came. Some prisoners were taken, and brought before Buccleuch, who dismissed them courteously, charging the most considerable among them with a message to the constable of the castle, whom, he said, he accounted a more honourable man than Lord Scroope, who had declined his challenge; telling him, what had been done was acted by the command of him, the Lord of Liddesdale; and that if, as a man of honour, he sought a gallant revenge, he had only to come forth and encounter with those who were willing to maintain what they had dared to do. He then retreated into Scotland, with his banner displayed and his trumpets sounding, and reached his domains with the delivered man in perfect safety. How different the state of things now on the Borders—peaceful intercommunication among the inhabitants, and railway trains passing to and from Carlisle several times a day; the very castle that contained Kinmont Willie being now in a decayed state, and of far less importance than the adjoining railway station!

REMARKABLE BLIND MEN.

THERE are various instances of men in a state of blindness acquiring a high degree of scholarship and general information respecting the external world. Among the most remarkable of these instances, may be mentioned that of Brindley, the celebrated planner of canals; Huber, a naturalist; and Saunderson, an eminent mathematician. The two latter cases present some deeply interesting particulars.

Francis Huber was born at Geneva, in Switzerland, in 1750, of a highly respectable family. He enjoyed the faculty of seeing, until he was approaching manhood. An imprudent eagerness in studying by day and reading at night, unfortunately impaired his sight. When he was fifteen years of age, the physicians advised entire freedom from all literary occupation. For this purpose, he went to reside in a village near Paris, where he followed the plough, and was for the time a real farmer. Here he acquired a great fondness for rural life, and became strongly attached to the kind and worthy peasants among whom he resided. His health was restored, but with the prospect of approaching blindness. He had, however, sufficiently good eyes to see and become attached to Maria Aimée Lullin, a young lady who had been his companion at a dancing-school. They loved, as warm young hearts will love, and dreamed of no possibility of separation. M. Lullin regarded the increasing probability of Huber's blindness as a sufficient reason for breaking up the connection; but the more this misfortune became certain, the more Maria determined not to abandon her lover. She made no resistance to the will of her father, but quietly waited until she had attained a lawful age to act for herself.

Poor Huber, fearful of losing his precious prize, tried to conceal from the world, and even from himself, the

an entire deprivation of sight was his inevitable lot; but total darkness came upon him, and he could no longer deny that the case was hopeless. The affliction was made doubly keen by fears that Maria would desert him; but he might have trusted the strength of a woman's heart. As soon as Miss Lullin was twenty-five years old, she led to the altar the blind object of her youthful affections. The generous girl had loved him in his brilliant days of youth and gaiety, and she would not forsake him when a thick veil fell for ever between him and the glories of the external world. There is something exceedingly beautiful and affecting in this union. Those who witnessed it, at once felt a strong internal conviction that a blessing would rest on that gentle and heroic wife.

Mrs Huber had no reason to regret the disinterested step she had taken. The abilities of her husband overcame the impediments occasioned by loss of vision. Being of an active and inquiring turn of mind, and fond of scientific research, he directed his attention to the natural history of the bee—an insect which had been frequently made the object of study, but of which much still remained to be known correctly. In pursuing his investigations into the nature and habits of bees, Huber derived considerable assistance from his wife, who watched the insects in their movements, and reported to her husband what she observed. He was likewise aided, in a more special manner, by a philosophic assistant, Francis Barneus, who himself appears to have entered with enthusiasm into the pursuit, and to have conducted the experiments with the most patient assiduity and courage—qualities indispensable in those who have to work among this irritable order of insects. Huber likewise possessed the eminent advantage of being directed in his researches by one of the first philosophers of the day, M. Bonnet. How he was able to support the expense of his experiments, we are not informed; but we are led to believe that he possessed a sufficient patrimony to place him in rather easy circumstances. Time to be

as nothing, and he possessed an inexhaustible stock of patience. In order to have a complete command of the whole operations of a hive, he contrived and had made a house of a peculiar construction. It was a glass brick, which he called a *leaf* or *book hive*, as it resembled the leaves of a book when open and standing on its end. Each leaf was a frame of a foot square, and about an inch and a half thick, with a pane of glass on each side; between the two panes the bees built their combs, and all their motions were observable through the glass. The leaves were joined together at one side with hinges, and thus the hive resembled a book, which could be shut or opened at pleasure. The bees, it may be remarked, did not seem disinclined to work under this kind of scrutiny. We are told they were a little shy after the first establishment of a colony; but their owner found that after the lapse of about three days, when the community was fairly settled, the bees submitted patiently to his daily inspections.

To enter into a description of Huber's discoveries relative to bees, would be quite useless here, for it would be little else than a history of the character and habits of these valuable insects. The result of his researches was thrown by him into the form of letters to his friend Bonnet, and have been published in both the French and English languages.

The circumstance of Huber having possessed his sight till he was fifteen years of age, is calculated considerably to lessen our surprise at the success which attended his labours in the pursuit which his genius led him to follow. He had seen with his eyes the fields, the flowers, the animals which engaged his thoughts; therefore he was placed in a more favourable condition than those whose assisted imaginations are left to form conceptions of the appearance of the external world. His blindness, nevertheless, added considerably to his celebrity; for men naturally admire intellectual strength overcoming physical obstructions. The musical talents which in youth had made him a favourite guest, now enlivened his

domestic fireside. He enjoyed exercise in the open air; and when his beloved wife was unable to accompany him, he took a solitary ramble, guided by threads, which he had caused to be stretched in the neighbouring walks. He was amiable and benevolent, and all who approached him were inspired with love and respect. Even great success came to him unattended by its usual evils; for the most envious did not venture to detract from the merits of a kind-hearted man, suffering under one of the greatest of human deprivations.

Notwithstanding the loss of his eyes, Huber's countenance was the very sun-dial of his soul—expressing every ray of thought and every shade of feeling. During forty years of happy union, Mrs Huber proved herself worthy of such a husband's attachment. He was the object of her kindest and most unremitting attention. She read to him, she wrote for him, she walked with him, she watched his bees for him; in a word, her eyes and her heart were wholly devoted to his service. Huber's affection for her was only equalled by his respect. He used to say: 'While she lived, I was not sensible of the misfortune of being blind.' His children, inspired by their mother's example, attended upon him with the most devoted affection. His son, Pierre Huber, was a valuable assistant and beloved companion. He made a set of raised types, with which his father could amuse himself, by printing letters to his friends.

After the death of his wife, Huber lived with a married daughter at Lausanne. Loving and beloved, he closed his calm and useful life at the age of eighty-one, leaving behind him a son who acquired considerable reputation for his writings on the character and habits of ants.

We now turn to another remarkable case, the successful pursuit of scholarship under the deprivation of sight, the materials of which are gathered chiefly from a memoir in the 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge.'

Nicholas Saunderson was born at the village of Thurston, in Yorkshire, in 1682. He was only a year old when he was deprived, by small-pox, not only of his

it, but even of his eyes themselves, which were de-
 yed by abscess. Yet it was probably to this apparent
 fortune that Saunderson chiefly owed both a good
 cation, and the leisure he enjoyed, from his earliest
 ra, for the cultivation of his mind and the acquisition
 knowledge. He was sent when very young to the free
 school at Penniston, in the neighbourhood of his native
 ce; and here, notwithstanding the mighty disadvantage
 ler which it would seem that he must have contended
 h his school-fellows, he soon distinguished himself by
 proficiency in Greek and Latin. It is to be regretted
 t we have no account of the mode of teaching that
 adopted by his master in so singular a case, or the
 inner in which the poor boy contrived to pursue his
 lies in the absence of that sovereign organ to which
 mind is wont to be chiefly indebted for knowledge.
 ne one must have read the lesson to him, till his
 mory, strengthened by the habit and the necessity of
 rtion, had obtained complete possession of it, and the
 id, as it were, had made a book for itself, which it
 ld read without the assistance of the eye. At all
 nts, it is certain that the progress he made in this part
 his education, was such as is not often equalled, even
 those to whom Nature has given all the ordinary
 ans of study; for he acquired so great a familiarity
 h the Greek language, as to be in the habit of having
 works written in it read to him, and following the
 aning of the author as if the composition had been in
 glish; while he showed his perfect mastery over the
 in, on many occasions in the course of his life, by both
 tating and speaking it with the utmost fluency and
 mand of expression.

launderson's acquirements were due in a great degree
 his power of memory; but as this power was in reality
 esult of cultivation, the wonder is not materially less-
 ed. As is very properly observed by the writer of
 underson's memoir, the faculty of memory, like all other
 mpishments, may be invigorated by exertion to a
 ee of which its ordinary efficiency seems to give no

promise. In blind men, this faculty is almost always powerful. Not having the same opportunities which others enjoy, of frequent or long-continued observation in regard to things with which they wish to make themselves acquainted, or of repeated reference to sources of information respecting them—their knowledge coming to them mostly in words, and not through the medium of the eye, which in general can both gather what it may desire to learn more deliberately, and recur at any time for what may have been forgotten to some permanent and ready remembrancer—they are obliged to acquire habits of more alert and watchful attention, than those who are beset by so many temptations to an indolent and relaxed use of their faculties, as well as to give many matters in charge to their memory, which it is not commonly thought worth while to put it to the trouble of treasuring up. Their reward for all this is an added vigour of that mental power, proportioned to the labour they give it to perform. But any one of us might improve his memory to the same extent by a voluntary perseverance in something like the same method of discipline in regard to it, to which a blind man is obliged to resort. The memory is not one of the highest faculties of the mind, but it is yet a necessary instrument and auxiliary, both in the acquisition and application of knowledge. The training, too, it may be observed, which is best adapted to augment its strength, is exactly that which, instead of being hurtful to any of our other faculties, must be beneficial to them all.

On being brought home from school, young Saunderson was taught arithmetic by his father, and soon evinced as remarkable an aptitude for this new study as he had done for that of the ancient languages. A gentleman residing in the neighbourhood of his native village, gave him his first lessons in geometry; and he received additional instruction from other individuals, to whose notice his unfortunate situation and rare talents introduced him. *But he soon got beyond all his masters, and left the most learned of them without anything more to teach him.*

He then pursued his studies for some time by himself, needing no other assistance than a good author, and some one to read to him.

Saunderson was still without a profession, or any apparent resource by which he might support himself through life, although he had already reached his twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth year. His own wish was to go to the university; but the circumstances of his father, who held a place in the Excise, did not enable him to gratify this ambition. At last, however, it was resolved that he should proceed to Cambridge, not in the character of a student, but to open classes for teaching mathematics and natural philosophy. Accordingly, in the year 1707, he made his appearance in that university, under the protection of a friend, one of the fellows of Christ's College. That society, with great liberality, immediately allotted him a chamber, admitted him to the use of their library, and gave him every other accommodation they could for the prosecution of his studies. It is to be recorded, likewise, to the honour of the eccentric Whiston, who then held the Lucasian professorship of mathematics in the university—a chair in which he had succeeded Sir Isaac Newton, having been appointed at the express recommendation of that great man—that, on Saunderson opening classes to teach the same branches of science upon which he had been in the habit of reading lectures, he not only shewed no jealousy of one whom a less generous mind might not unnaturally have regarded as a rival and intruder, but exerted himself, in every way in his power, to promote his success. Saunderson commenced his prelections with Newton's Optics—a strange subject to be ventured upon by a person who had been blind almost from his birth. The disadvantage, however, under which Saunderson here laboured, was merely that he did not know experimentally the peculiar nature of the sensations communicated by the organ of vision. There was nothing in this to prevent him from apprehending perfectly the laws of light; that it moves in straight lines; that it falls upon

surfaces, and is reflected from them, at equal angles; that it is refracted, or has its course changed, on passing from one medium into another of different density; that rays of different colours are so refracted in different degrees; and the consequences to which these primary laws necessarily lead. He was not, it is true, able to see the rays, or, rather, to experience the sensation which they produce by falling upon the eye; but, knowing their direction, he could conceive them, or represent them, by other lines, palpable to the sense of touch, which he did possess. This latter was the way he generally took to make himself acquainted with any geometrical figure: he had a board, with a great number of holes in it, at small and regular distances from each other; and on this he easily formed any diagram he wished to have before him, by merely fixing a few pins in the proper places, and extending a piece of twine over them to represent the lines. In this manner, we are told, he formed his figures more readily than another could with a pen and ink. On the same board he performed his calculations, by means of a very ingenious method of notation which he had contrived. The holes were separated into sets of nine, each set forming a square, having a hole at each corner, another at the middle point of each side, and one in the centre. It is obvious that in such a figure, one pin placed at the centre might be made to stand in any one of eight different positions with reference to another pin placed on the boundary-line of the square; and each of these positions might represent, either to the eye or the touch, a particular number, thus affording signs for eight of the digits. Saunderson used to employ a pin with a larger head for the central hole; so that even when it stood alone, it formed a symbol easily distinguishable from any other. Lastly, by using two large-headed pins in one of the positions, instead of one with a large and another with a small head as usual, he formed a tenth mark, and so obtained representatives for the nine digits and the cipher—all the elementary characters required, as every one knows, in the common system of notation

hen, were evidently the means of performing any
on in arithmetic.

remarkable man was also wont to perform many
erations, both in arithmetic and algebra, solely by
erful and admirably disciplined memory. And his
fter having once got possession of even a very
ated geometrical figure, would, without the aid of
pable symbols, easily retain a perfect conception
is parts, and reason upon it, or follow any demon-
of which it might be the subject, as accurately
had it all the while under his eye. It occasion-
st him some effort, it was remarked, to imprint
is mind, in the first instance, a figure unusually
e; but when this was once done, all his difficulties
ver. He seems, indeed, to have made use of
representations chiefly in explaining the theo-
science to his pupils. In the print prefixed to
gebra, he is represented discoursing upon the
phical and astronomical circles of the globe, by
istance of an armillary sphere constructed of

His explanations were always remarkable for
simplicity and clearness; qualities which they
, however, not from any tedious or unnecessary
ness by which they were characterised, but from
ll and judgment with which he gave prominence
really important points of his subject, and directed
ention of his hearers to the particulars most
ed in its elucidation.

erson's ability and success as a teacher continued
mented that crowded attendance of pupils, which,
irst instance, he had owed perhaps principally to
re curiosity of the public. Every succeeding
ity examination afforded additional evidence of
eefit derived from his prelections. His merits,
iently, were not long in being appreciated both at
dge and among scientific men in general. He
d the acquaintance of Sir Isaac Newton, his
ion for whom was repaid by that illustrious philo-
with so much regard, that when Whiston was

expelled from his self with all his influence for Saunderson. On this occasion the Crown in no colleges applied to the Crown in no mandate for conferring upon him the degree of Arts, as a necessary preliminary to his election to their professorship. From this time, Saunderson gave himself up almost entirely to his pupils. Of his future history we need only relate, that he married in 1728 and was created Doctor of Laws in 1728, on a visit George II. to the university, on which occasion delivered a Latin oration of distinguished eloquence. He died in 1739, in the fifty-seventh year of his leaving a son and daughter.

PEGGY DICKSON:

A STORY OF HUMBLE LIFE.

longer a person lives, and the more
the more reason will he
of the misery which
caused by impru-
cularly.

nged for the folly of their conduct, they tell you *ordained* that they shall marry this man, who-
s, and that they cannot get past it; all which is
upid as if they were voluntarily to rush into the
then pretend that it was the will of Heaven that
uld be burned. Women in this rank of life, as
many in a higher sphere, are much too ready in
to the stuff poured into their ears by those who
them with a view to marriage. Their easiness
core appears in some measure to arise out of a
at unless they now take advantage of the offer

for their acceptance, they may never have
opportunity of being a wife. They cannot be
in too strong terms of the danger of such an
etter, a thousand times better, that they remain
l their lives, fulfilling the kindly duties of
s, sisters, and aunts, to those who may have
their friendly offices, or even supporting them-
some line of industry, no matter how humble,
ering into the solemn and binding contract to
for life with a person who will render them
or who does not possess that character for
s, that integrity of principle, which can alone
y human being respected and loved.

ung and susceptible female imagination can
be miseries of an ill-assorted marriage, either
or in degree. Of one thing they are never
at a very considerable proportion of men take
no thought how they may best support their
l families. How a family is to be clothed, fed,
nd educated, does not enter into the calculation
ten who marry. They imprudently rush into
y, regardless of the results which will in all like-
llow such a step; and the unhappy woman who
their wife, in a short time awakens to the sorry
she has got a husband who, provided he has his
fications satisfied, is very regardless either of her
r that of her children. That this is the truth
ect to a vast number of marriages in the

humbler ranks of society in towns, I know from evidence pressed on my observation on all sides. Out of some twenty or thirty marriages of female servants which I chance to have heard of, I could with difficulty point out one that has been happy. In most of these instances, the women were either absolutely deserted by their husbands, or, what was infinitely worse, they had to labour to support them in idleness and prodigality. In some few instances, the husbands luckily died, greatly to the relief of their wives, who were thenceforward at liberty to enter into domestic service, which they gladly and thankfully did. There is probably not a mistress of a respectable household who could not produce a dozen instances of the same kind. Every one could mention how they are besieged by old servants with troops of children in a state of destitution; all which misery is produced by these unfortunate women having entered into marriage with wretches who have ruined and deserted them. Can there be any comparison drawn betwixt the comfort of remaining single, in an honourable though humble employment, and the discomfort and degradation of marriages leading to such deplorable consequences?

The following simple unvarnished story, with which I recently became acquainted, presents a tolerably correct specimen of the suffering endured by women in a humble rank of life who are unhappily led into marriages without due consideration. Margaret Dickson—or, as she was more commonly and familiarly called, Peggy—was brought up to execute the work of a domestic servant from about her twelfth year, when she had the misfortune to lose both her parents, and in the course of time she went through a number of respectable places. She was an active and good-looking girl, possessing excellent principles, and generally liked by her employers: in more than one of her situations she might have lived for any length of time in a state of comfort and comparative happiness, being kindly treated, and her wages the highest that were paid. But like many others in her

class, and according to her own words, 'she did not know when she was well off.' She never liked to stay long in any place; fidgetted about from term to term, always seeking better situations, or leaving those she was in from the most trifling excuses. In one house, she was not allowed to let a number of acquaintances call upon her; in another, she was scolded for spending time in her own amusement when sent on errands; and in a third, she was only allowed to have every alternate Sunday evening, not the whole day, to herself. These, and the like of these, she considered sufficient reasons to shift her situation, with a view to bettering her condition. Peggy's fate verified the old proverb, that 'an unhappy fish often gets an unhappy bait.' By one of these luckless removes, she got into a situation where she had the liberty of going out every alternate Sunday from morning till night: this seemed to her a most delightful arrangement, for it permitted her to carry on a more extensive system of gossiping with persons in her own rank of life, at houses where servants are in the habit of meeting each other, to talk over their own affairs and those of the families with which they are connected; by which practice, a steady-flowing under-stream of scandal is kept up through society. Whatever may have been the pleasure derived at the time from these gossipings, they paved the way to a very serious disaster, which was neither more nor less than Peggy's marriage with a workman in the town, Peter Yellowlees by name. This would have been a commendable and prudent enough step, had she taken a little care to ascertain beforehand that her proposed husband was a man of steady industrious habits and sound moral principles. But this never entered into her mind: she persuaded herself, that it was her *fate* to marry the person who thus addressed her, and, as a matter of course, neither sought advice nor made any kind of investigation whatever.

Behold Peggy Dickson now transformed into Mrs Yellowlees, and her residence in a gentleman's family exchanged for a house of her own, consisting of a single

apartment in an attic storey in one of the tenth-rate back streets! Peggy was, however, a girl of some taste and tidiness; and although her domicile was humble, she did everything in her power to make it agreeable and acceptable to her husband. To the small stock of furniture she made some useful additions; and both by her exertions and her good-will, promised to make really an excellent housewife with the limited means at her command. But most unfortunately she had married a person who in no respect appreciated her efforts. Her husband was a man not decidedly bad; he would do nothing that would bring him within the scope of judicial punishment. But a man may be an utter wretch, and yet avoid the chance of coming under the hands of even the police. Peter was one of this description. He was addicted to indulge with companions in taprooms, and to loiter away his time with associates at the corners of the streets, or in any way that did not involve anything like steady labour. In short, he was an idle, dissolute person, who married Peggy for what he considered a tolerably large fortune—something that would minister to his abominable gratifications. Peggy's tocher was, alas! but a small affair to have tempted any one to destroy her comfort for life. It consisted of about twelve pounds sterling, saved from her half-yearly wages, besides a blue painted trunk containing a tolerable wardrobe, not to speak of a pea-green silk bonnet with a veil, worth five-and-twenty or thirty shillings. All this appeared an inexhaustible mine of wealth to Peter, who was not long in developing his real character.

For two or three weeks, all went smoothly on, and he attended pretty regularly to his employment; but towards the end of the fourth week, his propensities could no longer be restrained. On the pretence of purchasing some articles necessary for their personal comfort, he wheedled Peggy out of the remains of her little savings. He went forth with some seven or eight pounds in his pocket—more riches than he had ever before had in his possession at one time—and did not make his appearance

fortnight. This was a dreadful blow to Peggy's notions of happiness in wedded life. It opened her to the horrors of the condition she had brought herself into; but it is somehow difficult for a woman all her life to give up her attachment to the object who has kindled her affections. A good and discreet wife will not give up her attachment to a man who has subjected her to a lengthened repetition of contumelies and ill-

usage before she can think seriously of parting from a man and whom she has vowed to love, cherish, and obey, even if he may be his errors, however great may be his faults. The idea always predominates in her mind that her sufferings are but temporary; that he will repent of his wrongs, and again be the worthy being which she once imagined him to be in her imagination. This is a delusion upon which she is rarely realised. Very few husbands are altogether reclaimed, or become better than they have been. Such at least was the case in the present instance.

Peggy's silent tears and bosom heaving with anguish, her pitying and beseeching looks, or her few words of remonstrance, were alike disregarded. In a

short space of time, her husband abandoned all regular employment, abstracting from her little household any valuable article he could carry off from time to time, to deposit at the nearest pawnbroker's for an insignificant sum, and which he squandered on liquor in the company of his reckless associates. In the meantime, he remained upon the humble dwelling, and Peggy only saved herself from starvation by making her necessities known to some of the families whom she had previously served, who commiserated her deplorable fate. At length, in the midst of her distresses, she brought an infant into the world, to share in her sufferings, and to call upon her to exert additional exertions for the family's support. For the kindness of a lady who had known her in former days, she must now inevitably have sunk under calamities: this benevolent individual, however, assisted herself so far as to procure some employment for her, for which she expressed her thankfulness in a few words of untutored eloquence. Poor Peggy, however

still clung to her home, miserable and desolate as it was, and still, in the warmth and sincerity of her unfortunately placed affections, continued to hope that her heartless husband would see the folly and wickedness of his ways, and would return to her and her child a penitent and reclaimed man. Vain hope! Idle anticipation!

One evening, as she was sitting by her little carefully economised fire nursing her little one—on whom, to add to her misery, the hand of sickness was pressing heavily—sometimes reflecting on the painful contrast which her present and former condition presented, sometimes brooding over disappointed prospects and vanished dreams of happiness, mingled—for when will hope desert us?—with visions of future felicity, grounded on a fond anticipation of her husband's amendment; one evening, as we said, while thus employed, she was startled by a loud and boisterous knocking at the door. Her heart leaped from its place with terror, and in an instant her face grew deadly pale. She knew who it was that knocked—she knew it was her husband; but this, instead of allaying, only served to increase her fears; for she knew also, from the rudeness with which the wretched man assailed the door, that he was in that state when neither reason nor sympathy can reach the brutalised heart; she knew that he was intoxicated. The unhappy woman, however, obeyed the ruffian's summons. She opened the door, and Peter staggered into the middle of the apartment. Partly through fear, and partly from a feeling of affection for the lost man, which even his infamous conduct towards her could not entirely subdue, Peggy addressed him in the language of kindness, and endeavoured to soothe and allay the sullen and ferocious spirit which she saw gleaming in his reeling eye; for he was not in the last helpless stage of drunkenness, but just so far as to give energy and remorselessness to the demon spirit which the liquor he had swallowed had raised within him. 'Peter,' she said kindly, and making a feeble attempt

poke, 'Peter, you're all wet, my man :
 ear the fire,' and she placed a chair for
 and, while she supported her child with
 . I'll put on some more coal,' she went
 you dry clothes, and get some supper
 for I'm sure you must be hungry. Poor
 very unwell, Peter,' she added.

whether he's well or ill,' roared out the
 sh; 'nor do I want clothes from you, nor a
 I want money,' he shouted out at the top
 and money I must have !'

eter !' replied his terrified wife in a gentle
 know I have no money. There's not a
 the house, nor has there been for many a

ough you have no money, you have a shawl,
 can soon turn into money.' Saying this, he
 went to a chest of drawers, and endeavoured
 , that in which he knew the article he wanted
 ited; but the drawer was locked. This, how-
 but a trifling obstacle. He seized a poker,
 n the polished mahogany front of the drawer,
 instant had his prey secured beneath his jacket,
 , the act of leaving the house with it when his
 te wife, having laid her sick child down on the
 moment, flew towards him, flung her arm
 neck, burst into a flood of tears, and imploringl
 him to think of her and her infant's condition
 o leave the house, or deprive her of the onl
 piece of decent apparel that was left to h
 was the reply of the monster to this affecti
 His only reply was a violent blow on the bre
 he stretched his unfortunate wife senseless
 Having performed this dastardly and villair
 shed out of the house, hastened to one of th
 : abominations, a pawnbroker's shop, and
 the taproom, to rejoin the abandoned asso
 had left there, until, as he himself s
 e the wind.'

Leaving the heartless ruffian in the midst of the fierce debauch which the basely acquired means he now possessed enabled him to resume, we return to his miserable wife. Extended on the floor by the hand that ought to have protected her, the unhappy woman lay for a considerable time without either sense or motion, until recalled to consciousness by the piercing cries of her helpless infant, who lay struggling on the bed where she had placed him. But the consequences of the cowardly blow did not terminate with the restoration of her faculties. On the day following, she became alarmed by the acutely painful sensations she felt in the breast on which the ruffian's blow had alighted. This pain gradually increased from day to day, until at length it became so serious, and exhibited symptoms so alarming, that the unfortunate woman, urged by her neighbours, submitted her case to a surgeon at one of those friendly medical dispensaries which are established in different parts of the town. But it was too late, not, however, to save her life, but to save her from mutilation; for a dangerous cancer was already at work on her frame. Unwilling to expose her husband, she had delayed too long. Cancer had taken place, and had already made fearful progress in her breast.

The surgeon who attended her recommended her instant removal to the infirmary, whither she accordingly went; and in two or three days after she entered that beneficent institution, the unfortunate woman, as the only means of saving her life, was subjected to the appalling operation of having her breast amputated. In six weeks afterwards, Peggy, with a dreadfully shattered constitution and emaciated form, left the infirmary, and returned to her own cold and desolate home, now ten times more desolate than it was before; for the callous brute, to whom, in an evil hour, she had united her destiny, instead of soothing her bed of affliction, had availed himself of her absence to strip the house of every article of the smallest value it contained, and, with the money thus raised, had continued in an unintermittent

course of dissipation during the whole time of his wife's confinement in the infirmary. During all that time, too, he had never once visited her, or ever once inquired after either her or his child. His days, and the greater part of his nights likewise, he spent in public-houses, and only visited his home to commit some new act of obbery.

On Peggy's leaving the infirmary, her first care was to visit the kind neighbour who had taken charge of her child during her confinement; and it was some alleviation to her misery to find, as she now did, that her little innocent had been carefully tended, and was at that moment in excellent health. But the unfortunate woman was not yet aware of the state of utter desolation to which her home had been reduced by her worthless husband; when, therefore, she saw its bare walls, its naked apartments and comfortless hearth, her heart sank within her, and she wept bitterly. It was now that she felt the full extent of her misery, and saw, with unprejudiced eyes, the melancholy and striking contrast between her present and former condition. She could no longer conceal from herself the appalling fact, that she was now fast verging towards the last stage of destitution, and was absolutely without a morsel of bread. Even hope threatened to desert her, and leave her a prey to a distracted mind and broken spirit. Poor Peggy, however, determined to make yet another effort for the sake of her child, and on this account to endeavour to fight her way a little further through the world. With this view, she sought for, and at length, though not without great difficulty, succeeded in obtaining employment as a washer-woman. But here a serious obstacle presented itself. How was she to dispose of her child? She could not both work and nurse; yet work she must, or both must inevitably starve.

From this painful predicament she extricated herself by determining on putting the child out to nurse, and devoting to its maintenance whatever portion of her little hard-earned gains that duty should demand. Poor Peggy.

however, did not come to the resolution which stern necessity imposed upon her, of parting with her infant, without feeling all that a tender and affectionate mother must always feel in taking such a heart-rending step. It is true, that she knew she could see her child at any time; for she resolved that, wheresoever she placed it, it should be near her; but then she foresaw, also, that she must necessarily be often many hours absent from it, and a mother's fears pictured to her a thousand accidents which might befall the infant when she was not near to save or protect it. It was, however, impossible for her to do otherwise with the child than put it out to nurse, and she accordingly began to look out for a suitable person for that duty, and such a one, at least she thought so, she at length found; but she did not resign her infant to the charge of this person without having previously made the most minute and strict inquiries regarding her character, and being perfectly satisfied, or at anyrate so far satisfied as the testimony of those who knew the woman could make her; but, as the sequel will show, she was, after all, cruelly deceived, and so probably were those who had spoken to her good name. Having made arrangements with this woman regarding her child, and having put the latter under her care, Peggy commenced the laborious life to which she was now doomed; for her husband appeared to have wholly deserted her, as he had never looked once near the house after he had completed its spoliation.

For about twelve months after this, nothing occurred in Peggy's obscure and humble life worth recording. She toiled early and late with unwearying assiduity to support herself and her child, and felt a degree of happiness which she had not hoped ever again to enjoy, from the consciousness of being in the discharge of a sacred duty, and from a belief that her infant was sharing in the benefits of her exertions, by receiving all those attentions which the dearly-won earnings she appropriated to its maintenance were meant to procure for it. But at the end of the period above named, a circumstance occurs:

It shewed how basely and wickedly she was deceived in the latter particular. One day, when washing in a woman's house where she was frequently employed, and, in the temporary absence of the household servant, happened to answer a knock at the door, when a poor woman, with a child in her arms, wrapped closely in a wretched cloak which she wore, presented herself and solicited charity. Peggy, half intuitively, and half moved by her own parental feelings, gently removed the child to have a peep of the mendicant's child; but what to her amazement, her horror, on discovering that the child was her own! She uttered a scream of mingled surprise and terror, distractedly tore her infant from the wretch and possession of it, and pressed it to her bosom with energy and vehemence that seemed to indicate a fear of being again taken from her. The mendicant in the time endeavoured to make her escape, but was seized and conveyed to the police-office under a charge of child-stealing. From the examination which followed, however, it appeared that the child had not been stolen, borrowed, or rather hired at so much per day by the poor woman in whose possession it was found, from some still more infamous person to whose care it had been committed by its mother; and it further appeared, that the wretch had been long in the practice of *letting out* Peggy's child in the way just mentioned, which, we need not add, is a method frequently adopted for exciting sympathy and imposing upon the humane. Peggy of course spent some time in seeking out another guardian for her child and was at length fortunate enough to find one on whom she could place full reliance. With this person the child remained a twelvemonth, at the end of which period Peggy succeeded, though not without great difficulty and much pleading, in procuring her little boy admitted into an orphans' hospital.

During all this time, her worthless husband never once came near her, or took the smallest interest either in her own fate or that of her child. She, indeed, for a long time did not know even where he was or what he was

about, but at length heard that he was working in a quarry in the neighbourhood; and she was soon made aware of his vicinity, by his frequently coming to her, in a state of intoxication, to demand money of her, and she was often compelled to give it to him, to prevent him affronting her, or probably depriving her of her employment by his obstreperous conduct. Such torments, however, cannot last for ever. Peter was at length found to be somehow implicated in a drunken scuffle at Cramond, in which one of the parties was deprived of or lost a few shillings. Whether Peter was guilty or not in this affair is of little consequence. He was seized by a sheriff's officer, and removed to the county jail at Edinburgh. Up to this point of Peter's career, he had been simply a worthless wretch, and perhaps not past being reclaimed; but being now lodged in one common receptacle with twenty villains more or less criminal, for a period of about three months previous to trial, he embraced the opportunity of becoming a thoroughly confirmed black-guard. A notorious swindler, who happened to be confined in the same ward, acted as instructor in crime to the party, and Peter was a most apt scholar. On his trial, he was not convicted, and was therefore set at liberty; but his excellent schooling in jail soon led him into a desperate affair of housebreaking, for which he was in due time tried, and despatched to Botany Bay.

In the midst of these troubles and trials, something like better fortune smiled on poor Peggy. A respectable elderly gentleman, a bachelor, to whom she had been warmly recommended by one of the ladies who were in the habit of employing her, took her into his service, and here for two years she found a peaceful and comfortable home, but at the end of this period the old gentleman died, and Peggy was again thrown upon the world, friendless and houseless; and to add to her misfortune, the changes which even a very short period rarely fails to bring about, had during the two years of her service effected such alterations in the families by which she was formerly employed, that they were no longer open

to her. The unfortunate woman was now, therefore, even worse off than she had been at any period of her miserable life since she married, and would have utterly starved, if she had not obtained some trifling employment in the way of washing shop floors, three of which she cleaned out at sixpence a week each, and a writer's office at a shilling, and this was all she had now to live upon.

Inadequate as these means were, Peggy was now thankful of them. Half-a-crown, however, was but a miserable sum to live upon for an entire week, to clothe her, feed her, and pay house-rent. It could procure her none of those comforts to which she had been accustomed when in service, and it was a sum on which she would not then have placed much value; but times were changed with her, and poignantly did she feel this, and bitterly did she regret the unhappy step which had at once carried her from a comfortable and happy position, and plunged her into that misery with which she was now struggling. As she thought of these things, poor Peggy's heart sank within her, and she began to despair of ever again enjoying happiness in this world. Reflections such as these preyed so much on the unfortunate woman's mind, as nearly to unfit her for the little work she had to do, and threatened to extend her on a bed of sickness; and added to all this, what a change had taken place in her personal appearance! Her once trig and well-shaped form was now thin and emaciated; her dress, though still clean and tidy, bore but too evident indications of the extreme poverty which had overtaken her; and her once ruddy and cheerful countenance was pale, haggard, and deeply marked with the grave melancholy lines of thought. No one, in short, could now have known the once pretty Peggy; the little, lively, handsome servant-girl. But although poor Peggy had now begun to despair of ever being better, Providence had not deserted her.

On passing through the market-place of the city on a day when it is frequented by people from the country, Peggy was suddenly accosted by a decent elderly man in such a dress as is generally worn by the smaller ord

of farmers. This person was Peggy's uncle. He was in easy circumstances, but having been highly displeased with his niece's marriage—against which he had remonstrated in vain—in consequence of his having heard very unfavourable but too well-founded reports regarding the character and habits of her husband, he had withdrawn his countenance from her; and she, aware of this, had never once thought of seeking his assistance in her distress. Although of a somewhat stern temper, Peggy's uncle was yet a worthy and kind-hearted man, and his unfortunate niece's sadly altered appearance, which his keen eye at once detected on thus accidentally meeting her, instantly excited his sympathy, and banished all his resentment, and determined him in the step he now took. 'How are ye, Peggy?' said the old man, taking her by the hand, and looking earnestly but kindly in her pale emaciated face. 'Dear me, lassie,' he went on, 'what's the matter wi' ye? Ye're sairly changed sin' I saw ye last: ye're no like the same woman. Are ye weel eneuch?' Peggy made no reply, but burst into tears. 'Come awa, lassie,' said her uncle; 'this is no a place for giein' vent to feelings o' that kind. Come in by here, and tak some kind o' refreshment, and we'll speak owre things at leisure, and awa frae the public ee.' Saying this, he led Peggy into an adjoining public-house, and there learned the whole story of her wedded life.

The old man's feelings gave way before the recital of the humble but affecting tale; a tear started into his eye; he took Peggy by the hand, and told her that his house was open to her whenever she chose to enter it; and added, that he thought, under all the circumstances, the sooner she did this the better. In short, before the uncle and niece parted, it was fixed that Peggy should on the very next day repair to Braefoot, her uncle's farm, which she accordingly did; and as he was a widower, and without any daughters of his own, she soon shewed herself to be worthy of all the kindness shewn her by her relative, by the activity she displayed in the superintendence of his dairy and household affairs, of which she

obtained the sole and uncontrolled management; and thus once more found herself in the enjoyment of comfort, and of, at least, comparative happiness.

With a due consideration for her maternal feelings, as well as for 'the credit of the family,' Peggy's uncle speedily removed her child from the charitable institution in which he had been placed, and brought him home to his own house, greatly to the delight both of mother and son. Only one cankering care now preyed on Peggy's mind, and that arose from the possibility of her husband returning to his native country to blight her prospect of future quietude. Even from this unlikely occurrence, however, she was at length happily relieved, by intelligence of Peter's death. For repeated misdemeanours in the family of a respectable settler near the town of Sydney, he underwent summary transportation to the penal settlement at Macquarrie's Harbour. Here, among a gang of desperate felons, loaded with chains, and labouring ten hours a day to the knees in water, he was not long in sinking under the effects of a broken moral and physical constitution. The report of her husband's unhappy death was not unfelt or unwept by our humble heroine, but the load of uncasiness which was now removed from her mind soon led her to be grateful for the relief; and she was with little difficulty brought to agree with her uncle and the sympathising neighbours around, that her loss was, on the whole, 'a light dispensation.'

Such is the story of Peggy Dickson; but let it be recollected by those of her class who may read it, that while all of them are liable to the miseries which she endured, by entering into a rash and inconsiderate marriage, few have such an uncle to rescue them from the last consequences of that unhappy step, as she had the good-fortune to be blessed with.

PHILOSOPHIC PUZZLES.

PHILOSOPHIC PUZZLES.

THE advances made by science since the revival of letters and arts, are universally acknowledged to be very considerable. Every new generation ushers into existence some superlative genius, who, by his industry and talents, adds an important truth to the sum of human knowledge. Each civilised nation is also seen to be emulating its neighbour in the eager race of improvement; and thus we find that many anxious and active minds are constantly at work in the grand endeavour to explore mysteries in nature hitherto shrouded in darkness. Nevertheless, summing up all that has been made known, heaping together all the profound learning of ancient and modern times, it is astonishing how little yet actually known, how much still remains to be discovered. Let us, for curiosity, try to reckon up a few things of which even the most learned of the earth have acquired no accurate knowledge, or, at the best, have been only able to form a dim conjectural opinion.

There is nothing which has puzzled philosophers more than the principle of life. They can make nothing of it. How it is infused into the physical animal fabric; how it operates in connection with the mental faculties; how it is sometimes suspended, and again revives in the human mind—is all a mystery. By some, it is concluded that it depends on a system of nerves shooting out from the brain; but this explanation will not serve, because it is not found to be quite strong in animals which have no brain nor nerves, neither vertebræ nor muscles. It is certain, that the principle of life is precisely the same in all kinds of animals, at least differing only in degree. It is evidently the same kind of life which animates the human being and the brute, and in both instances it is equally incomprehensible to reason. It is conceivable, that the principle of life has in one

to do with the faculties of the mind and the instinctive feelings; yet that the one cannot exist without the other, is equally obvious—there must be life in the first place, otherwise the animal frame is an insensate mass. Seeing the wonderful influence which the galvanic battery exerts upon the muscles of a dead body, it has been presumed that the living principle is in some manner dependent on electric matter; but this is but a feeble conjecture, and cannot be said to throw any light on the subject, for the galvanic battery acts only mechanically; and when its influence is withdrawn, the action of the muscles ceases.

The mode in which life is communicated to dormant inert substances, is fully more mysterious with regard to the vivification of oviparous animals, than in any other instance. The egg of the bird or the insect is not connected with the body of the parent at the time that the living principle is communicated. The minute eggs of insects will remain a very long space of time in an inert state, and will endure the influence of the hardest frost, yet be not destroyed. No sooner, however, is a certain heat applied, than living creatures are hatched. There is, however, something still more curious about the vivification of the eggs of insects. When certain substances reach a state of decay, myriads of animals make their appearance therein, as if they had been created out of the rotting matter. If we take a piece of solid fresh timber, in which there is not the smallest appearance of animal life of any description, and place it in a situation where it cannot be reached by the outer air, it is well known that by the influence of external moisture alone, it will become affected with dry rot, or, in other words, it will be reduced to powder by insects feeding on its substance. How these insects found their way into the heart of the plank, or how insects of the same species should have deposited eggs in such a secluded situation as the core of a tree, are mysteries which science is altogether unable to explain.

Not less inexplicable is the germinating principle of plants. Seeds are sown; they rot; they sprout; the

spring into life, and shoot luxuriantly forth; but all this is beyond our comprehension. We can tell nothing of it, except that all seeds act upon something like undeviating principles. The laws of nature are inexorable, and act with the same vigour where the grain to be produced may never be seen by man, as where it is to be regularly reaped. We can explain the mode of growth in plants, describe their physiological structure, and we have ascertained the gases of which they are chiefly composed; but the mystery of their existence is still hidden from us. All the wisdom and skill of mankind combined could not give life to a dead plant with its physiology entire, and least of all, could they vivify the buds of a fictitious flower.

The ignorance of the learned has in no case been so conspicuous as in their efforts to explore the operation of the reason or understanding in the human being. It is known that the reasoning faculties are somehow dependent on the constitution of the brain; but the manner in which the process of reasoning is carried on, is a perplexing riddle; and it is the more perplexing, from the prevalent idea that it is susceptible of being discovered. Philosophers have been engaged upon this mystery upwards of two thousand years. Millions of thoughts and words have been expended on the inquiry; innumerable works, shewing a wonderful depth of research and ingenuity of conjecture, have been written and issued with the purpose of clearing up the extraordinary obscurity; every university in the world possesses a professor, who is appointed to teach youth the most correct opinions on the subject; yet, after all this, nothing, absolutely nothing, is known in regard to it. How the brain reasons, is still as great a mystery to mankind as it was when the philosophers of Greece began their investigations. It is really quite laughable to reflect on the preposterous and hopeless efforts which have been made by philosophic writers to sift out the hidden mysteries of the mind—to describe that which can be neither known nor described. One would almost think

that they had gone deranged in their inquiries. Nothing has been too ridiculous for them to assert. Hobbes, a man of the most profound reflection, demonstrated that there was no difference between right and wrong; David Hume made out that belief was imaginary—that is to say, he came to a belief that there can be no belief; Descartes, Malebranche, and Locke, proved that mind was matter, or, in other terms, that when we lose our consciousness of existence, we no longer preserve our identity. This is a slight sample of the results ‘established’ by the most learned inquirers into the nature of the human understanding, which still remains, and is likely ever to remain, an inexplicable mystery. Philosophers themselves are, it would appear, beginning to be at length impressed with a conviction, that all that has yet been done on this subject is valueless. Professor Dugald Stewart, one of the Scotch philosophers, who died in 1828, has admitted that ‘diversity of doctrine has increased from age to age, with the number of masters, and with the progress of knowledge; and Europe, which at present possesses libraries filled with philosophical works, and which reckons up almost as many philosophers as writers, poor in the midst of so much riches, and uncertain, with the aid of all its guides, which road it should follow—Europe, the centre and focus of all the lights of the world, has yet its *philosophy only in expectation!*’ How humiliating to the human intellect is this melancholy confession!

Passing from these philosophical mysteries, we are arrested by the remarkable circumstance of there being black and white races of men. Upon this subject, there has likewise been a good deal of discussion, though without producing a settlement of the question. The shortest way of accounting for the dark colour of the skin among negroes, is by charging it upon heat of climate, and other external causes. Strong reasons, however, are advanced in opposition to this theory. First, all are not of the same dark hue under a tropical sun: some nations are pure black; others, under the same parallel of latitude, have only a tinge of brown. Second

the heat of climate does not seem to make any permanent difference of colour on races within the memory or records of man. The unmixed descendants of negroes are not white, though they be born and live in temperate climes ; and it is as well known, that white European races do not become black by a permanent residence in hot regions. True, they generally acquire a sallow complexion, as they are individually exposed to the sun's rays ; but this hue never affects their offspring. In short, it is found from observation, that external agencies, whether physical or moral, will not account for the bodily and mental differences which characterise the several tribes of mankind ; and thus human reason is baffled in the inquiry.

The different hues of mankind are not more incomprehensible to the man of science, than the existence of tribes of human beings in islands and places in the most remote quarters of the globe. Savage races of men have been found by navigators living upon islands in the Pacific Ocean, at least 1500 miles from any other habitable spot ; they likewise found that they possessed no tradition of their settlement, and that they were entirely unacquainted with the art of sailing in vessels on the sea. How and when these islands had been peopled, forms one of the unexplained things which have deeply interested inquiring minds. A similar obscurity hangs over the original settlement of America ; and such is the extreme difficulty which scientific inquirers have in attempting to account for so perplexing a mystery, that they have occasionally been driven to the hazardous conclusion, that the American continent and its islands were originally joined to the Old World, and that, by a grand convulsion of nature, they were rifted from it, carrying with them a portion of the ancient tribes of mankind and other animal races.

Akin in many respects to this mystery, is the surprising fact, that volcanic islands springing up in the midst of extensive seas, far from all other land, become in time covered with vegetation. The Isle de Bourbon, situated

ndian Ocean, 300 miles from Madagascar, is the remarkable instance. It is evidently of comparatively recent origin, and yet it is covered in almost all with good mould, and produces very luxuriant crops. Some are of opinion, that the seeds of plants have been carried thither by sea-currents from other countries; some, that they have been carried in the currents of air, and deposited with rain; others, that they have been carried by birds. But all the efforts in the mystery fall greatly short of what is required by the caution of science.

It is ascertained by scientific investigations, that the various colours of flowers, if not colours in every stage of their natural development, originate in the rays of light. But this, in reality, is a mystery as great as that just alluded to. The rays of light, when analysed, no doubt consist of seven primitive colours; still, this analysis does not explain how the rays act upon bodies so as to fix upon them the colours they are to possess. Whence and wherefore, likewise, the apparently capricious variegation of bodies with various colours? How do the rays of light paint a tulip in a thousand varying tints, even before its leaves are exposed to the sun? Whence the brilliant and various plumage of birds—whence the brilliant dyes and brilliant golden hues of fish in the rivers—whence the splendid colours of shells? It is impossible to say how all this should be. We look on in mute surprise. Mankind, in their ignorance, have presumed to declare, that all the most beautiful beauties of nature were designed for their gratification—an absurdity almost too gross to deserve mention; for it is notorious, that some of the most beautiful objects are naturally beyond the reach of human beings, and can only be obtained with very great labour and danger. Thus, the most beautiful shells are found at the bottom of the sea; the most beautiful flowers are found in regions least suitable for human habitation; and some of the most beautiful of

animated creatures—the diamond beetle, for instance—are so minute, so secluded from vulgar gaze, as to require powerful magnifying-glasses to bring them within the scope of our senses. All these natural embellishments of inanimate and animate objects, have therefore obviously been afforded for the gratification of creatures whose faculties are far inferior to those of man; and let us not envy nor rob them of their enjoyment. Let us repel the inglorious idea, that

‘Many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.’

No flower has its beauties or sweetness wasted. Even in the solitude of the desert, the modest daisy or hare-bell is giving nourishment and pleasure to myriads of God's creatures, and therefore in every respect fulfilling the purposes of a wise Creator.

To come, again, to phenomena connected with the geography of our planet—no one has yet been able to explain how the ocean comes to be salt. Some are of opinion, that the sea is impregnated with saline particles from rocks of salt at its bottom; but nobody has ever proved that these rocks exist in such abundance as to impregnate the whole ocean, or have so much as pointed out where they are precisely situated. Neither has any one ascertained the depth of the ocean. Measurements by means of lines have been made at different places; but no line can be made to sink much deeper than two miles and a half, and so the actual depth of the ocean is still one of the mysteries which physical science has to explore. The tides of the ocean form certainly one of the most remarkable of natural phenomena. They are usually attributed to the influence of the moon, in consequence of their greatest rise and fall taking place at certain states of the moon's phase, and very elaborate and ingenious theories have thereupon been propounded: yet, conceding that it is the moon which causes the flowing and ebbing of the tides, how that luminary exercises its influence on the waters of the ocean is a complete mystery. No

y that ever we have seen in any way explains this wonderful phenomenon; and it is probable, that it never will be brought to the test of mathematical demonstration. The depth of the ocean has not been more anxiously required into than the height of the atmosphere. The air which we breathe is known to reach only to a certain height above the surface of the earth. As people ascend mountains, or are wafted aloft in balloons, they notice that the air becomes thinner, and less suitable for being taken into the lungs; but it has never been ascertained at what height the common atmosphere ceases, nor what species of air is beyond.

JOSEPHINE:

THE STORY OF THE OLD SHOES, AND OTHER MATTERS.

AFTER the divorce of the amiable Josephine from her second husband, Napoleon, she retired to Malmaison, a pleasant country residence not far distant from Paris. Here, though retaining the title of empress, she lived in comparative seclusion till the period of her death in 1814. Some time before her lamented decease, she was visited by two young ladies of her acquaintance, whose interview with her is thus described by one of the party, in the *Memoirs of Josephine*:—‘It happened to us to request of the empress to shew us her diamonds, which were locked up in a concealed cellar. She yielded with the most willing compliance to the wishes of such giddy girls as we were, ordered an immense table to be brought into the saloon, upon which several of her maids-in-waiting laid a countless number of caskets of every form and shape. They were spread upon that spacious table, which was absolutely covered with them. On the opening of the caskets, we were perfectly dazzled with the brilliancy, the size, and the quantity of jewels composing

the different sets. The most remarkable after these which consisted of white diamonds, were in the shape of pears, formed of pearls, perfectly regular, and of the finest colour; opals, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, were encircled with large diamonds, which were, nevertheless, considered as mere mountings, and never taken into account in the estimation made of these jewels. They formed altogether a collection which I believe to be unique in Europe, since they consisted of the most valuable objects of that description that could be found in the towns conquered by our armies. Napoleon was never under the necessity of seizing upon objects, which there was always evinced the utmost anxiety to offer to his wife: the garlands and bouquets formed of such a countless number of precious stones had the effect of verifying the truth of the descriptions hitherto so fanciful, which are to be met with in the fairy tales. None but those who have seen this splendid collection can form an adequate idea of it.

‘The empress seldom wore any other than fancy-jewels; the sight, therefore, of this exhibition of cashes, excited the wonder of most of the beholders. Her majesty greatly enjoyed our silent admiration. After having permitted us to touch and examine everything at our leisure—“I had no other motive,” she kindly said to us, “in ordering my jewels to be opened before you, than to spoil your fancy for such ornaments. After having seen such splendid sets, you never can feel a wish for inferior ones; the less so, when you reflect how unhappy I have been, although with so rare a collection at my command. During the first dawn of my extraordinary elevation, I delighted in these trifles, many of which were presented to me in Italy. I grew by degrees so tired of them, that I no longer wear any, except when I am in some respects compelled to do so by my new rank in the world: a thousand accidents may, besides, contribute to deprive me of those brilliant though useless objects. Do I not possess the pendants of Queen Maria Antoinette? and yet am I quite sure of retaining them!

o, ladies, and do not envy a splendour which
nstitute happiness. I shall not fail to surprise
[relate, that I felt more pleasure at receiving
of shoes, than at being presented with all
ds which are now spread before you." We
elp smiling at this observation, persuaded as
at Josephine was not in earnest; but she re-
assertions in so serious a manner, that we felt
curiosity to hear the story of this wonderful
.

at it, ladies," said her majesty: "it is strictly
e present, which of all others has afforded me
ure, is a pair of old shoes of the coarsest
u will readily believe it when you shall have
story. I had set sail with my daughter Hor-

Martinique, in the West Indies, on board a
ch we received such marked attentions, that
delibly impressed on my memory. Being
rom my first husband, my pecuniary resources
ry flourishing; the expense of my return to
ich the state of my affairs rendered necessary,
drained me of everything; and I found great
making the purchases which were indispen-
isite for the voyage. Hortense, who was a
ly child, sang negro songs, and performed
ces with admirable accuracy; she was the
the sailors, and in return for their fondness,
de them her favourite company. I no sooner
than she slipped upon deck, and rehearsed her
e exercises to the renewed delight and admira-
on board. An old mate was particularly fond
l whenever he found a moment's leisure from
cupations, he devoted it to his little friend,
so exceedingly attached to him. My daughter's
soon worn out with her constant dancing and
Knowing, as she did, that I had no other pair
! fearing lest I should prevent her going upon
ould discover the plight of those she was fast
y, she concealed the trifling accident from

my knowledge. I saw her once returning with bleeding feet, and asked her, in the utmost alarm, if she had hurt herself. 'No, mamma.' 'But your feet are bleeding.' 'It really is nothing.' I insisted upon ascertaining what ailed her, and discovered that her shoes were all in tatters, and that her flesh was dreadfully torn by a nail.

"We had as yet only performed half the voyage; a long time would necessarily elapse before I could procure a fresh pair of shoes; and I was mortified at the bare anticipation of the distress my poor Hortense would now feel at being compelled to remain confined in my wretched little cabin, and of the injury her health might experience from the want of exercise. At the moment when I was wrapped up in sorrow, and giving free vent to my tears, our friend the mate made his appearance, and inquired with his honest bluntness what was the cause of our whimperings. Hortense replied in a sobbing voice, that she could no longer go upon deck, because she had torn her shoes, and I had no others to give her. 'Is that all? I have an old pair in my trunk; let me go for them. You, madame, will cut them up, and I shall sew them over again to the best of my power. Everything on board ship should be turned to account. This is not the place for being too nice or particular. We have our most important wants gratified when we have the needful.' He did not wait for our reply, but went in quest of his old shoes, which he brought to us with an air of exultation, and offered them to Hortense, who received the gift with every demonstration of delight. We set to work with the greatest alacrity; and my daughter was enabled, towards the close of day, to enjoy the pleasure of again amusing the ship's company. I repeat, that no present was ever received by me with more sincere gratitude. I greatly reproached myself for having neglected to make inquiries after the worthy seaman, who was only known on board by the name of James. I should have felt a sincere satisfaction in rendering him some service, since it was afterwards in my power to do so."—Hortense afterwards became the

uis Bonaparte, King of Holland, and mother of
t President of France, Prince Louis Napoleon.
r circumstances in which Josephine had thus
ed, by her sudden removal or flight from
s, after the breaking out of the rebellion in
l, were less distressing than her subsequent
on her arrival in France. Her husband, M.
arnais, who had figured as one of the early
aders in the French revolutionary movements,
d, condemned, and brought to the guillotine;
narrowly escaped the same fate only by the
Robespierre, whereupon she was released from
at. The letter written by M. de Beauharnais
ne on the night before his execution, is a most
ocument. The following is a translation :—

‘CONCIERGERIE.—Night of the 7th Thermidor, year 2.

yet a few minutes to devote to affection, tears,
t, and then I must wholly give myself up to
of my fate, and to thoughts of immortality.
I receive this letter, my dear Josephine, your
will have ceased to live, and will be tasting true
in the bosom of his Creator. Do not weep for
wicked and senseless beings who survive him
worthy of your tears, for they are doing mischief
y can never repair. But let us not cloud the
oments by any thoughts of their guilt; I wish,
ntrary, to brighten them by the reflection, that
oyed the affections of a lovely woman, and that
would have been an uninterrupted course of
but for errors which I was too late to acknow-
atone for. This thought wrings tears from my
gh your generous heart pardons me. But this
e to revive the recollections of my errors and
ngs. I owe thanks to Providence, who will
u.

Providence now disposes of me before my time.
other blessing for which I am grateful. Can
man live happy when he sees the whole wor

a prey to the wicked ! I should rejoice in being taken away, were it not for the thought of leaving those I love behind me. But if the thoughts of the dying are presentiments, something in my heart tells me that these horrible butcheries are drawing to a close ; that executioners will, in their turn, become victims ; that the arts and sciences will again flourish in France ; that wise and moderate laws will take the place of cruel sacrifices ; and that you will at length enjoy the happiness which you have always deserved. Our children will discharge the debt for their father. . . .

‘I resume these incoherent and almost illegible lines, which were interrupted by the entrance of my jailers. I have just submitted to a cruel ceremony, which, under any other circumstances, I would have resisted, at the sacrifice of my life. Yet why should we rebel against necessity ?—reason tells us to make the best of it we can. My hair has been cut off. I had some idea of buying a part of it, in order to leave to my wife and children an unequivocal pledge of my last recollection of them. Alas ! my heart breaks at the very thought, and my tears bedew the paper on which I am writing. Adieu, all that I love ! Think of me, and do not forget that to die the victim of tyrants and the martyr of liberty, sheds lustre on the scaffold.’

THE DARIEN EXPEDITION.

THE Isthmus of Darien, a spot full of sad recollections to the minds of Scotsmen, is the well-known neck of land joining the two continents of America to each other, and separating the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. It was in the situation of this Isthmus that Columbus, in his latter voyages, ardently expected to find a passage leading into the Southern Seas, and, consequently, opening a new and expeditious road to the commerce of the East. The great inroad made on the continents of the New World in this

quarter, by the waters of the Mexican Gulf, favoured much this hope of the immortal navigator ; and though it terminated in disappointment, the very expectation exalts our idea of his foresight and genius ; seeing that, as his biographer observes, ‘ if he was disappointed in finding a strait through the Isthmus of Darien, it was because nature herself had been disappointed, for she appears to have attempted to make one, and to have attempted it in vain.’ On the world, in general, the non-existence of a strait through the Isthmus has been attended with important consequences, as, had it existed, all those attempts to discover a passage to the Eastern Indies in other directions, on which the nations of Western Europe have expended so much labour, time, and cost, would never have been entered into. Darien would have been the road to the commerce of Asia, with all her rich and spicy isles.

The narrow neck of land, which was the only barrier in the way of this great result, at last attracted the eye of a daring and enterprising man, who conceived that the obstacle in question might be overcome, and that the Isthmus of Darien might still be, what nature had so nearly made it—the key to the commerce of the world. This man was William Paterson. He was a Scotchman by birth, and was educated for the church ; but being of an adventurous disposition, and eager to see new countries, he made his profession the instrument of indulging this propensity, and spent many years in the West Indies, ostensibly with the view of converting the natives of the islands to the Christian faith. It is supposed, however, that his real occupation in these regions was of a very different character, and that he actually united himself with the bucaners who then infested the Spanish Main. That the information which induced him ultimately to engage in the scheme which we are about to describe, was chiefly derived from these roving plunderers, is at least certain, though there is no ground but conjecture for the assertion, *that this knowledge was acquired by associating with them in lawless rapine.* However this might be, *Paterson, at this period of his life, made himself thoroughly*

acquainted with the natural character and capabilities of the Darien Isthmus. He satisfied himself that there was a tract of land upon it, over which neither the Spaniards, who possessed the adjoining territory, nor any other European nation, had ever obtained any right, a tribe of natives having been always its independent masters. This tract lay between Puerto Bello and Cartagena, and at the mouth of the river Darien, about fifty leagues from each of the places mentioned, had an excellent natural harbor, capable of receiving the largest fleets, and strongly defended, by its position, either from storms or enemies. Such was the character of the coast on the Atlantic side, while on the Pacific lay several natural harbours, equally capacious and secure. The country between the seas at this point was composed of high ground, which rendered the climate temperate even in those hot latitudes, and the soil was of a rich black mould, several feet deep, and producing spontaneously every kind of tropical fruit. The ridge, moreover, was so adapted for the construction of roads, that beasts of burden and even carriages might have travelled easily from sea to sea in one day.

Such were the observations stored up in the mind of William Paterson, in his early years, respecting the Isthmus of Darien. Gold was likewise perceived by him in some parts of the country, and many other circumstances were noted down in his memory, all tending to establish the probable success of a settlement in the spot. With the two Americas close at hand, penetrable to their very centres by means of their immense rivers—with the whole range of the rich West Indian islands within almost a day's sail—with the broad Pacific on one side, opening upon all the wealth of the East, and on the other the Atlantic, incessantly traversed by the fleets of the Old World—certainly, as an able author observes, 'Darien seemed to be pointed out, by the finger of nature, as a common centre to connect together the trade and intercourse of the universe.'

Though it is probable that the project for establishing a colony with these magnificent views was early matured

mind of Paterson, yet his obscurity and want of
and friends deferred for a time its promulgation
world. His mind, however, was not so entirely
sed in his favourite scheme, that he could not direct
other enterprises. About the year 1694, we find him
London, actively employed in modelling a plan for the
blishment of the Bank of England; and to him this
at institution, now the most important of the kind in
world, chiefly owes its successful origin. For some
a, he was a director of the bank, and received the
sideration to which his merits entitled him. But those
had made use of his abilities in the time of need,
rwards neglected him, and the friendless Scot was
igned out of the post, and even the honours he had
ed.

After receiving discouraging answers from the few
sons in London to whom he communicated his scheme
colonising Darien, Paterson went over to the continent,
made offer of his project to the Dutch, the Ham-
gers, and the elector of Brandenburg. The two
ner heard him with cold indifference; and the elector,
r bestowing some countenance upon him, ultimately
drew it, in consequence of false reports and some
rt enemies.

On his return to London, Paterson became acquainted
with the celebrated Fletcher of Saltoun, who fell eagerly
the scheme for a settlement of Darien. Fletcher
eved that he saw in it the means of raising Scotland to
rank of a high commercial nation; and, accordingly,
carried the projector down to that country, having
ailed upon him to give the Scotch the advantage of
offer. Having recently obtained a settlement of the
gious questions which for a century had absorbed the
onal energies, the people of Scotland were now dis-
ed to turn their attention to commerce, in which
ost every other nation of Europe was their superior.
Marquis of Tweeddale, then minister for Scotland, and
Stair and Mr Johnston, secretaries of state, warmly
nised the scheme, and, in June 1695, procured

a statute from parliament, and afterwards a cl from the crown in terms of that statute, for creati trading company to Africa and the New World; power to plant colonies and build forts, with cons the inhabitants, in any places not possessed by European nations.'

Here was the first great step gained, and Pa immediately threw his project boldly upon the opening at the same time subscriptions for a com 'The frenzy,' says Sir John Dalrymple, 'of the nation to sign the Solemn League and Covenant, exceeded the rapidity with which they ran to sub to the Darien Company. The nobility, the gentr merchants, the people, the royal burghs without exception of one, and most of the other public subscribed. Young women threw their little fo into the stock; widows sold their jointures to g command of money for the same purpose. Almost instant, L.400,000 was subscribed in Scotland, altho is now known that there was not at that time L.800,000 of cash in the kingdom.' Nor was the s of the subscriptions confined to Scotland. In nine L.300,000 was subscribed in England; and the and Hamburgers, who had contemned the scheme proposed by an unknown individual, contributed L.200,000. The conduct of Paterson in the midst of success was noble and honourable. In the o articles of the company, it had been stipulated th should be rewarded with two per cent. on the stoc three per cent. on the profits. On seeing the vast the sums subscribed, however, he came forward, and a discharge of his claims to the company.

In the December of the same year, these flat prospects were clouded by the first of those rev which rendered this magnificent plan eventually the heaviest calamities that ever befell a nation. East India Company, alarmed at the sudden rise of seemed likely to prove a formidable rival, assemb numerous friends, and entered upon active me

oppress the new company. An address against it was sent up to King William from the English House of Commons, which wrought so strongly upon the monarch, that he not only withdrew at once his favour from the company to which he had so lately granted a charter, but became its bitterest enemy. He dismissed the Scottish ministers, who had, to use his own words, advised him so, and directed his resident at Hamburg to memorialise the merchants of that city, to the effect that he disowned the Darien Company, and warned them against it. The senate of the city answered the king spiritedly, 'that they were free to trade with whom they pleased, and marvelled especially that he should endeavour to prevent their intercourse with a body of his own subjects, to which, by solemn act, he had so lately given large privileges.' But the king's influence in the end prevailed, and Hamburg withdrew her subscriptions. The Dutch and English subscribers did the same, and the Scots were left to pursue their object alone. This they did vigorously; they built six ships on the continent, and engaged as colonists 1200 men, many of them members of the best families of Scotland. The parliament of the nation, besides, continued to support the scheme.

On the 26th day of July 1698, the colonists set sail from the harbour of Leith, bearing with them the prayers, the hopes, and, alas! great part of the wealth of Scotland. Strong in body, and hardy in habits, the crews of the Darien ships accomplished their voyage in two months, with the loss of only fifteen men. Anxious that their character and purposes should not be misunderstood, they purchased from the natives, immediately on landing, the tract of country which their leader had fixed upon, and sent messages of amity to every Spanish governor in the neighbouring countries. Their buildings were then commenced, and to the station they gave the name of New St Andrew, while the beloved name of Caledonia was assigned to the country itself. Defences were also erected, and mounted with fifty pieces of cannon. The public act of the colony was also issued, and it was

one worthy of the liberal mind of the projector, Paterson. It was a declaration of freedom of trade and religion to all nations.

The colony thus located fell rapidly into decay. Trusting to the support of the British settlements in the Mexican Gulf, the Scots had brought out an insufficient stock of provisions with them ; and on making application, they found that orders had been sent from England to the governors of the West Indian and American colonies, to hold no correspondence, much less to give any assistance, to the colonists of Darien. Those who extenuate King William's conduct in issuing these cruel orders, say that Spain had protested against the colony, on the ground that the land belonged to the Spanish monarch. True it is, that such a protest was made, but the *date of the orders* is prior to that of the protest. Indeed, it is probable that the orders, by shewing King William's disfavour, were the cause of the Spanish claim being made. The truth is, that William's whole reign evinced, if not a dislike to Scotland, at least a disposition to regard it as a paltry, and to him inimical, appendage of England. The alarm of the English and Dutch India Companies, loudly expressed and unweariedly acted upon, was the real cause of the king's conduct, if worse motives had not their influence.

The natives, during the eight months that the first Darien colony existed, were more kind to the settlers than their civilised brethren and countrymen. The poor Indians hunted and fished for the new-comers, and gave every assistance in their power. But at the end of the time mentioned, having received no news from Scotland, every one of the colonists almost had either died or quitted the settlement.

Meanwhile, the Scottish nation, ignorant of the state of matters abroad, though aware of the Spanish protest, sent out another band of 1300 men to the assistance of the settlement. The second expedition had a most unfortunate passage: one ship was lost, and great numbers of the men died on shipboard in the other vessels. The survivors arrived, one after another, in a

straggling manner, and, instead of finding comfort and plenty, were shocked to behold a miserable famished remnant of their predecessors at Darien. The fear of the Spaniards was now added to their other distresses; and the arrival, three months after the landing of the second band of settlers, of Captain Campbell with a shipful of men from his own estate in the Highlands, confirmed these boding anticipations. He brought intelligence to New St Andrew that a Spanish force of 1500 men lay encamped at a place called Subucantec, waiting for the arrival of eleven ships of war, in order to attack and destroy the new colony. The Scots had still enough of spirit remaining, amid their disasters, to attempt a vigorous plan of resistance. Captain Campbell, with a force of only 200 men, marched upon Subucantec, stormed the enemy's camp by night, and scattered them after a terrible slaughter. But on his return to New St Andrew, the gallant Highlander found the Spanish ships before the harbour, and their troops landed. He threw his small force into the place, and made a brave defence for the space of six weeks. At the end of this time, the colonists were obliged to capitulate. The conditions, however, were most favourable; they obtained not only the common honours of war, but security also for the property of the Company. Captain Campbell, whose exclusion at his own desire from the capitulation was the chief cause of these favourable terms, contrived to escape from his enemies, and returned in safety to Scotland, where the home Company paid him the honours he so well merited.

The Spaniards, enemies as they were, seem to have felt pity for the wretched remnant of the colony of Darien. They assisted the settlers to embark in the ships that were left, and behaved generously to them in every respect. Indeed, every nation in Europe seems to have felt shame for the cruel desertion and persecution of the poor colonists. The leaky state of the ships forced them to touch at several places on their return home: by foreigners, they were kindly used; and at English stations

barbarously: one of the ships was even seized, and detained by an English governor. Of all the men who embarked in this great undertaking, about thirty only saw their native land again. Paterson was seized with fever on his return, and for a time was deprived of reason by the unhappy issue of his scheme. He recovered, however, the use of his faculties, and shewed that the spirit of enterprise in his breast was undying, by the memorials which he presented to the king and the government for the renewal of his stupendous project upon a wider and more stable basis. His representations were never attended to.

How deeply Scotland felt this great blow, may be conceived from the amount of her capital, and the number of her sons, destroyed by its failure. In one or other of these respects, almost every family participated more or less in the calamity. Added to the recollection of the Glencoe massacre, the Darien expedition excited a deep feeling of resentment in the breasts of the Scottish people against both the English and their sovereign, which two succeeding ages did not see entirely obliterated. It may safely be assumed, that, if the cause of the Stuarts had afterwards any favour among the Lowland Scotch, it was owing almost solely to the memory of these two atrocious transactions. Nevertheless, good may be said to have flowed from the calamity, for it was probably in consequence of the cruel selfishness of the English on the occasion of the expedition to Darien, that the Scotch, in 1703, assumed so determined an attitude of hostile threat against England, and wrung from her fears that equality of commercial rights, which could never have been obtained from her justice, and which, perfected by the Union, was the basis of all the prosperity now enjoyed by Scotland.

MADAME DE STAËL.

celebrated woman, whose maiden name was Anna Germaine Necker, was born in Switzerland, in the 1766, and was the daughter of the Genevese banker, Necker, a man of distinguished parts, and afterwards raised for the high position he occupied in France, elevated, on account of his financial ability, to the ministry of that department in 1777. During the greater part of the interval between his daughter's birth and that time, she resided in her native country; and having the good fortune to have a woman of talents for her mother, was early trained to studious and literary habits. The talents of this became strikingly conspicuous on the retirement of the family in Paris. M. Necker was then the most important person in the government of France, and this elevated position brought him into close connection with all the most noted characters of the day. In the society of literary personages, in particular, his talents and himself were strongly attached; and Marmontel, Voltaire, Thomas, and Grimm, with many other celebrated persons of the time, were the daily visitors and intimate friends of the family.

The talents of Mademoiselle Necker, diligently cultivated, as they were, from her very infancy, sprang rapidly to maturity in so congenial a soil as she was now introduced to. At the age of ten or eleven years, indeed, she was in a measure regarded as a prodigy, and but for the remarkable strength of mind which even then distinguished her, she might have been spoiled—the fate of precocious geniuses. About the time of life we have mentioned, her usual practice was to take her place in the drawing-room at her mother's knee. By and by, Marmontel, or some other wit, would drop in, and stepping up to the little lady's seat, would enter into animated conversation with her, as with a brother.

ster wit of full age. At table, she listened with delight to all that fell from the talented guests, and learned incredibly soon to bear a part in their discussions. To this early initiation, no doubt, her unequalled conversational powers in after-life were owing.

It is curious that her father, whom she loved and venerated almost to excess, had a dislike to female writers, and prohibited his wife from indulging in the use of her pen, for the seemingly petty reason, that it would distress him to disturb her on entering her chamber. Her filial affection, however, and obedience, great as they were, were totally unequal to the suppression of the passion for writing in his young daughter. Baron Grimm in his memoirs, mentions that Mademoiselle Necker, at the age of twelve years, amused herself by writing little comedies after the manner of M. de Saint Mark. The scenes of one of these dramas, he says, were so ably written and well connected together, that Marmontel, seeing it performed by the author and some of her young companions at Saint Owen, Necker's country-seat, was affected even to tears. From this open performance of her dramas, we may gather that the success of her heroine's compositions had, even thus early, overcome her father's objections. In her fifteenth year, she wrote an abstract of Montesquieu's *Spirit of the Laws*, which shews that at this time her avocations were not exclusively histrionic. Her first published works were three plays, *Sophia*, a comedy; and *Lady Jane Grey*, and *Montmorency*, tragedies. These were given to the world in 1747, in the same year she was married to the Baron of Holstein, ambassador from Sweden to France. This was not a marriage of affection; and Madame Necker has been blamed for hurrying her daughter into a union with a man much older than herself, and when her inclinations were known to be engaged to another. A desire to give her daughter a husband of the Protestant religion is assigned as the reason for Madame Necker's marriage. Madame de Staël—which contraction of name she bore through life—did not

ation by her dramas. Her *Letters upon Rousseau* had a different fate; they attracted notice at once, and are still popular with all who endeavour to fathom the extraordinary character who was their subject. Great events, however, in which, from her father's situation, she was necessarily deeply implicated, were now at hand. In 1787, the revolutionary ferment in France first assumed an open and formidable front. It was impossible that a mind like Madame de Staël's could have looked, so closely as she was enabled to do, upon the political affairs of that country, without forming strong opinions, and imbibing a deep interest. The period, too, was one in which many women of brilliant talents flourished in France, and exercised a powerful influence on its destinies; when they were consulted in the management of public affairs, and interfered, by speech and pen, in support of the doctrines to which they were attached. Of all her father's maxims of political economy, she was a strenuous and conscientious advocate. It may be conceived, then, with what concern, both in a public and private point of view, M. Necker's banishment, in 1787, affected her, and how joyously she shared in the triumph of his recall in the following year. The gratification was short-lived. Within a very little time, she saw her father again necessitated to withdraw from the helm of public affairs. After his departure, the revolutionary storm rapidly increased in violence, and Madame de Staël beheld with grief the monarchy tottering to its fall. With a degree of courage that redounds to her honour, she issued, in the very height of Robespierre's power, a powerful and eloquent defence of the queen, from whom, it should be remembered, she had always experienced aversion rather than favour. This publication probably would have sealed Madame de Staël's fate, had she not escaped the clutches of the assassins, almost accidentally, on the night of the 2d of September, up till which period she had lingered in Paris, unwilling to leave her friends in danger. She was for a period detained by the agents of the Jacobins, but made her way at last from the see

of bloodshed. Her father's house in Switzerland was the place of refuge which received her.

In 1795, the French Republic was recognised by Sweden, and Madame de Staël, in that year, left her retirement, and returned to Paris with her husband, who was again appointed ambassador. Our heroine had not spent her hours of retirement in idleness, as appeared by the publication, in 1796, of her work on the *Influence of the Passions on Individual and National Happiness*. Before this, however, she had recorded her views respecting the condition of France, in two political pamphlets upon peace, general and internal. A circumstance connected with the history of an eminent character shews the influence she had acquired over the leading men shortly after her return to Paris. Talleyrand came home in the end of 1795 from his American exile. By her influence with Barras, and his colleagues in the Directory, Madame de Staël procured for Talleyrand the appointment of foreign minister.

Madame de Staël's work on the *Passions* was peculiarly calculated to attract the admiration of a nation like the French. The views it contained were lively, striking, and enlightened, but it was deficient in the subdued, practical wisdom, and sustained depth of her later philosophical writings. As it was, it placed her on the very pinnacle of female Parisian society; an elevation which her powers of conversation, now progressing to maturity, enabled her with ease to maintain. In the year 1797, she saw, for the first time, the man whose enmity was destined to imbitter her future life. Bonaparte had then returned to Paris, after the conclusion of the peace of Campo-Formio. Madame de Staël, like others, was dazzled by the brilliancy of his reputation, and it is undeniable, that she at first courted his friendship. Her views in doing this were, to secure his aid, if possible, in establishing the independence of her native Switzerland. From the very outset, however, they found themselves unsuited to each other. Bonaparte has said, that she took a dislike to him on account of an answer made by him to

question of hers, as to 'what sort of woman deserved it—which was the most meritorious member of society?' 'The one who bears most children, madame,' was the reply. Madame de Staël denies that the conversation, as stated, ever took place; and that, even had it been so, she should not have taken offence.

The Baron de Staël died in 1798, leaving his widow two children, a son and daughter. He had been harsh in his habits; and having a mind incapable of appreciating the talents of his wife, their union altogether had been marked by mutual coldness, if not disagreement. At the time of his death, he was on his way, in company with Madame de Staël, to her father's house at Coppet, whither she hastened on hearing of the danger impending for Switzerland from the French armies. When Geneva was incorporated with France, she returned with equal haste to Paris, to cause Necker's name to be struck from the list of emigrants. Her father's future peace seemed in some measure assured; but he fell into an error the time afterwards, which was the ostensible cause of returning his daughter's happiness. Bonaparte, before his passage of the Great St Bernard, visited Coppet, and spoke with some freedom respecting his future views to the ex-minister of finance. Necker was injudicious enough, in a work issued in 1802, to tell the world that the First Consul intended to re-establish a monarchy in France. Napoleon had no wish to see his plans thus prematurely laid bare, and he sent a haughty message to Necker, not to meddle with public affairs. It is a point clearly ascertained, whether or not Bonaparte's anger in this transaction was the real cause of his violent conduct to Madame de Staël. The true reason, some have surmised, was his fear of her influence, and her clear and enlightened understanding, in thwarting his ambitious plans. Whatever may be the truth of the matter, at this same period he accused her of sending information to her father, injurious to the French government, and banished her from Paris. She went to her father at Coppet.

It may save future allusions to Bonaparte's reasons for his continued oppressions of Madame de Staël after this time, if we now shortly advert to his own explanation of the point. He averred at St Helena, that the lady, in season and out of season, in spite of all warnings of a gentle nature, made himself and his acts the subject of incessant sarcasm and unrelenting hostility; that she raised coterics and clubs against him; and, in short, that her interminable and injudicious babbling was dangerous to him, and caused all her own misfortunes. The observant reader will see that there are two sides of this matter, as of every other; and that what Napoleon termed babbling, might be but the free thoughts of a clear-headed and independent-minded woman.

Madame de Staël's literary fame, meanwhile, was widely increasing. In the very year of her banishment, two of her most celebrated works issued from the press at Paris—namely, her *Considerations on the Influence of Literature on Society*, and her romance of *Delphine*. The first of these publications is an attempt which might well have daunted the most masculine mind of this or any age; and the success with which it has been executed by a woman, confers immortal lustre on the sex. From the early days of learning and science in Greece, she has traced the progress and effects of literature through all times and countries, and has laid bare the causes of national peculiarities of taste and thought in a manner singularly luminous and comprehensive, and with a generalising spirit of philosophy equal at all times to the magnitude of the subject. The task required the learning of a Gibbon, and a Gibbon's research. Yet this work was not fully appreciated, till her novels brought its author into the notice of Europe. Of *Delphine*, the first of these, it is hard to say whether it has received most praise or censure. The story charmed every one, but it has been condemned as injurious in its moral tendency. The author, in a distinct essay, denied the justice of the accusation, and defended her work. Into this point we shall not enter, though we cannot help expressing

her opinion, that the censure was not altogether undeserved.

In 1803, Madame de Staël visited Germany, and had the misfortune to lose her beloved father before she could return to Coppet. At that place, she remained for the next two years, and in 1805 she published Necker's *Manuscript Remains*, with a Life prefixed to them. At this time, she appears to have been in a state of the most mental depression. Her father's death, and her exile from Paris, the place she loved above all others, weighed heavily upon her. She went to Italy, in hopes of dispelling her grief; and when there, an intimate friendship sprang up between her and the German scholar, A. W. Schlegel, who became the inmate of her family, and superintended her son's education. The fruit of her Italian tour was the celebrated novel of *Corinne, or Italy*. The heroine of this work, which it would be superfluous in us to praise here, is a picture, almost confessedly, of Madame de Staël herself, 'as she wished to be,' while the heroine of *Delphine* represents her 'as she was.' She resided chiefly, after the production of *Corinne* in 1807, at Coppet, yearning always for Paris and its society, and wandering sometimes on the verge of the proscribed circle, her banishment being only for forty leagues around the French capital. But she was soon to have the miseries of exile doubled on her.

She visited Germany a second time in 1810, for the purpose of collecting further materials for her great work on that country, which she had long projected. In the same year the work was prepared for publication. It was entitled *L'Allemagne, or Germany*, and consisted of the most intelligent exposition of the science, literature, arts, philosophy, and other characteristics of the Germans, the whole work being written with a high-toned feeling of independence, quite at variance with the deadening political influence of the French emperor. No sooner had the work been announced as being ready, than Napoleon, then all-powerful, ordered Savary, the politi-

minister, to seize the whole impression, which he immediately did. Not content with this, Bonaparte exiled the authoress from *France*, and ordered Schlegel to leave Coppet and return to Germany. Scarcely a shadow of excuse did the emperor deign to give for all this. Nor was this all. Madame Récamier, and M. de Montmorency, for merely visiting her, received sentence of banishment. Spies were set to observe her every motion, till at last Madame de Staël resolved upon flight. A new marriage with M. de Rocca, a retired French officer, resident at Geneva, gave her a protector and companion, and in the spring of 1812, she fled to Vienna. From this she went to Moscow; and when the French army arrived in that city, removed to St Petersburg, and in the autumn of the same year, to Stockholm. Here was published her work on *Suicide*; a production which, more than any other composition of hers, entitles us to form a high estimate of the author's moral and religious sentiments. In the beginning of the ensuing year, she passed over to England, and was entertained by the British in a very flattering manner. Her most intimate friend here was the late Sir James Mackintosh, a man possessed of a mind not dissimilar to her own. Her conversational talents were the parts of her character which attracted admiration in London, as they did everywhere else.

Madame de Staël published her *Ten Years of Exile* in 1814, and on returning to France, was received with honour by the allied princes. The return of her great enemy from Elba drove her again to Coppet, but on his second overthrow she went back, never again to leave it by the command of any ruler. Of her pleasure on this occasion, the reader can scarcely judge, for we have not dwelt on all the miseries of her exile. Her books were purposely published in a mutilated condition in her absence, and every annoyance given to her that could be invented. Napoleon, besides, not only disregarded all her requests, made by her son and others, for the repeal of her banishment, but kept from her, most ungenerously, the sum of two millions of francs, which

er was acknowledged to have left in the treasury, which Louis paid at once on his restoration.

ie only work of consequence, and by many critics eived to be her greatest, which she gave to the d after this period, was her *Reflections on the French lution*. We have said little respecting her *Germany*, we may give a summary of the merits of the latter ; which applies with all its force to her view of the lution. This summary is from an able paper in the *burgh Review*:—‘Thus terminates a work which, ariety of knowledge, flexibility of power, elevation ew, and comprehension of mind, is unequalled among works of women ; and which, in the union of the as of society and literature with the genius of philoso- is not surpassed by many among those of men.’

ie life of Madame de Staël was spent towards its close appiness and honour. Her daughter was united to distinguished statesman, the Duc de Broglie, and son exhibited in manhood such talents and virtues as l not but realise a mother’s fondest wishes. In the aning of 1817, the health of this able woman began ecline, amid projects for greater undertakings than she had achieved. But nature failed to supply her

the necessary power. On her sick-bed, she was , devout, and intellectual. To the last moment, she ned her tranquillity. One of her expressions to a d was: ‘I have been always the same, in mirth and y. I have loved God, my father, and liberty!’ On morning of July 14, 1817, the nurse asked her if she slept. ‘Soundly and sweetly,’ was the reply.

iese were the last words this gifted being was ever d to utter—her death taking place shortly after. Her ins were conveyed to the family vault at Coppet, to beside the bones of her father and mother.

THE EARTHQUAKES OF MISSOURI

THE alteration effected in the features of a country by means of natural phenomena, particularly earthquakes, has almost nowhere been so conspicuous in modern times as in the state of Missouri, in the western settlements of the North American Union. The district more particularly affected lies on the west side of the Mississippi river, above the mouth of the Ohio, and adjacent to the river Missouri, another of its large tributaries. This part of the western territories is famed for its produce of lead-ore, the smelting of which is a main source of wealth to the inhabitants, who are partly of French and partly of Spanish extraction. Possibly the metallic nature of the substrata may have been one of the influencing causes of the series of earthquakes which affected the country, and did so much damage to the settlements; but we give this merely as a stray conjecture, and will present the account of the circumstances attending the earthquakes, which has been given by Timothy Flint in his *Recollections of the Valley of the Mississippi*. Mr Flint's visit to the country was in 1819, or from six to eight years after the occurrence of the earthquakes.

‘ From all the accounts, corrected one by another, and compared with the very imperfect narratives which were published, I infer that the shock of these earthquakes in the immediate vicinity of the centre of their force, must have equalled, in their terrible heavings of the earth, anything of the kind that has been recorded. I do not believe that the public have ever yet had any adequate idea of the violence of the concussions. We are accustomed to measure this by the buildings overturned, and the mortality that results. Here the country was thinly settled. The houses, fortunately, were frail and of logs, the most difficult to overturn that could be constructed. Yet, as it was, whole tracts were plunged into the bed of

the river. The grave-yard at New Madrid, with all its sleeping tenants, was precipitated into the bend of the stream. Most of the houses were thrown down. Large lakes of twenty miles in extent were made in an hour. Other lakes were drained. The whole country, to the mouth of the Ohio in one direction, and to the St Francis in the other, including a front of 300 miles, was convulsed to such a degree as to create lakes and islands, the number of which is not yet known—to cover a tract of many miles in extent, near the Little Prairie, with water three or four feet deep; and when the water disappeared, a stratum of sand of the same thickness was left in its place. The trees split in the midst, lashed one with another, and are still visible over great tracts of country, inclining in every direction and in every angle to the earth and the horizon.

‘The inhabitants described the undulation of the earth as resembling waves, increasing in elevation as they advanced; and when they had attained a certain fearful height, the earth would burst, and vast volumes of water, and sand, and pit-coal, were discharged as high as the tops of the trees. I have seen a hundred of these chasms, which remained fearfully deep, although in a very tender alluvial soil, and after a lapse of seven years. Whole districts were covered with white sand, so as to become uninhabitable. The water at first covered the whole country, particularly at the Little Prairie; and it must have been indeed a scene of horror, in these deep forests and in the gloom of the darkest night, and by wading in the water to the middle, to fly from these concussions, which were occurring every few hours, with a noise equally terrible to the beasts and birds, as to men. The birds themselves lost all power and disposition to fly, and retreated to the bosoms of men, their fellow-sufferers in this general convulsion. A few persons sank in these chasms, and were providentially extricated. One person died of affright. One perished miserably on an island, which retained its original level in the midst of a wide lake created by the earthquake. A number perished

who sank with their boats in the river. A bursting of the earth, just below the village of New Madrid, arrested the mighty stream of the Mississippi in its course, and caused a reflux of its waves, by which in a little time a great number of boats were swept by the ascending current into the mouth of the Bayou, carried out and left upon the dry earth, when the accumulating waters of the river had again cleared their current.

‘There was a great number of severe shocks; but two series of concussions were particularly terrible—far more so than the rest. And they remark, that the shocks were clearly distinguishable into two classes—those in which the motion was horizontal, and those in which it was perpendicular. The latter were attended with the explosions, and the terrible mixture of noises, that preceded and accompanied the earthquakes, in a louder degree, but were by no means so desolating and destructive as the other. When they were felt, the houses crumbled, the trees waved together, the ground sank, and all the destructive phenomena were more conspicuous. In the interval of the earthquakes, there was one evening, and that a brilliant and cloudless one, in which the western sky was a continued glare of vivid flashes of lightning and of repeated peals of subterranean thunder, seeming to proceed, as the flashes did, from below the horizon.

‘One result from these terrific phenomena was very obvious. The people of New Madrid had been noted for their profligacy and impiety. In the midst of these scenes of terror, all, Catholics and Protestants, praying and profane, became of one religion, and partook of one feeling. Two hundred people, speaking English, French, and Spanish, crowded together, their visages pale, the mothers embracing their children. As soon as the omen that preceded the earthquakes became visible, as soon as the air became a little obscured, as though a sudden mist arose from the east, all in their different languages and forms, but all deeply in earnest, betook themselves to the voice of prayer. The cattle, as much terrified as the rational creation, crowded about the assemblage of men,

seemed to demand protection, or community of
r. One lady ran as far as her strength would
it, and then fell exhausted and fainting, from which
ever recovered. The general impulse, when the
s commenced, was to run; and yet, when they
at the severest point of their motion, the people
thrown on the ground at almost every step. A
ch gentleman told me, that, in escaping from his
the largest in the village, he found he had left an
behind, and he attempted to mount up the raised
a to recover the child, and was thrown down a
times in succession. The venerable lady in whose
we lodged, was extricated from the ruins of her
having lost everything that appertained to her
ishment which could be broken or destroyed. The
e at the Little Prairie, who suffered most, had their
ment—which consisted of a hundred families, and
was located in a wide and very deep and fertile
n—broken up. When I passed it, and stopped to
mplate the traces of the catastrophe which remained
seven years, the crevices where the earth had burst
sufficiently manifest, and the whole region was
ed with sand to the depth of two or three feet. The
ce was red with oxidized pyrites of iron, and the sand-
s, as they were called, were abundantly mixed with
ind of earth, and with pieces of pit-coal. But two
ies remained of the whole settlement. The object
s to have been in the first paroxysms of alarm to
e to the hills at the distance of twenty-five miles.
depth of the water that covered the surface soon
aded escape.

se people, without an exception, were unlettered
woodsmen, of the class least addicted to reasoning;
et it is remarkable how ingeniously and conclusively
reasoned from apprehension sharpened by fear.

remarked that the chasms in the earth were in
tion from south-west to north-east, and they were
extent to swallow up not only men, but houses,
n quick into the pit." And these chasms occurred

frequently within intervals of half a mile. They felled the tallest trees at right angles to the chasms, and stationed themselves upon them. By this invention, all were saved; for the chasms occurred more than once under these felled trees. Meantime, their cattle and their harvests, both here and at New Madrid, principally perished. The people no longer dared to dwell in houses. They passed this winter and the succeeding one in bark booths and camps, like those of the Indians, of so light a texture as not to expose the inhabitants to danger in case of their being thrown down. Such numbers of laden boats were wrecked above, and the lading driven by the eddy into the mouth of the Bayou, at the village, which makes the harbour, that the people were amply supplied with every article of provision. Flour, beef, pork, bacon, butter, cheese, apples—in short, everything that is carried down the river was in such abundance as scarcely to be matters of sale. Many boats that came safely into the Bayou were disposed of by their affrighted owners for a trifle; for the shocks still continued every day, and the owners, deeming the whole country below to be sunk, were glad to return to the upper country as fast as possible. In effect, a great many islands in the Mississippi were sunk, new ones raised, and the bed of the river very much changed in every respect.

‘After the earthquake had moderated in violence, the country exhibited a melancholy aspect of chasms of sand covering the earth, of trees thrown down, or lying at an angle of forty-five degrees, or split in the middle. The earthquakes still recurred at short intervals, so that the people had no confidence to rebuild good houses, or chimneys of brick. The Little Prairie settlement was broken up. The Great Prairie settlement, one of the most flourishing before on the west bank of the Mississippi, was much diminished. New Madrid again dwindled to insignificance and decay, the people trembling in their miserable hovels at the distant and melancholy rumbling of the approaching shocks. The general government passed an act, allowing the inhabitants of this country to

ate the same quantity of lands that they possessed in any part of the territory where the lands were not yet covered by any claim. These claims passed into the hands of speculators, and were never of any substantial benefit to the possessors. When I resided there, this district, formerly so level, rich, and beautiful, had the most melancholy of all aspects of decay, the tokens of former cultivation and habitation, which were now mementos of desolation and desertion. Large and beautiful orchards left unenclosed, houses uninhabited, deep chasms in the earth, obvious at frequent intervals—such was the face of the country, although the people had for years become so accustomed to frequent and small shocks, which did no essential injury, that the lands were gradually rising again in value, and New Madrid was slowly rebuilding, with frail buildings, adapted to the apprehensions of the people.’

FOUCHE AND THE FRENCH POLICE.

OF all the extraordinary men who were raked up from the obscurity of private life during the French Revolution, and amidst its storms carried to power and eminence, there is no one whose name is more notorious than that of ‘the crafty and sagacious’ Fouché. As the parent and organiser of that terrible engine of oppression, the political police and espionage or spy system, he exercised an influence in the different phases of that extraordinary drama, secondary only to that of its greatest hero, Napoleon Bonaparte, and ultimately subversive even of his throne and dynasty. With matchless art and cunning, he shared in the downfall of no friends or patrons: the Convention, the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, the Kingdom, were all swept away, but Fouché stood immovable, and in the last great shock surprised even *those best acquainted with him, by securing the smiles and confidence of the gaining party.*

It is perhaps a fortunate circumstance, that after his long career of intrigue was closed, and when he had withdrawn into what was to him a gloomy retirement, he took up his pen, and composed his own memoirs, which were published in Paris, in 1824, after his death. Without the avowals he himself volunteers of the policy he pursued through life, it would have been difficult to have placed implicit reliance on the relations respecting him made by many of his contemporaries, who were in most instances his enemies. But he has left a picture of himself so perfect in all its parts, and bearing, what may seem almost impossible, such marks of candour about it, that his foes could add little to its revealing details.

He tells us, that his father was a privateer, though his family was respectable. He himself was destined for the sea, but he had an inclination for teaching, and the Revolution found him a prefect in the college of Nantes, 'which shews at least,' says he, 'that I was neither very ignorant nor a fool.' That city sent him as a representative to the National Convention, from which he draws the very natural inference, that he possessed the confidence of its revolutionary inhabitants. He was a participator in the bloody acts of that assembly, including the execution of Louis XVI. and his queen; and in the provinces he exercised a mission wherewith he was intrusted to seize, to slay, and to confiscate, in a manner to gain the approbation of the Jacobins. At length, he drew the attention of Barras; and having gained his confidence, he was put in the way of making himself easy on the score of wealth, by government contracts, and timely speculations in the funds.

But although the possession of money was every way agreeable to the feelings of Fouché, it was not alone sufficient to satisfy the cravings of his restless spirit. A high political employment was the object of his ambition; and after a preliminary embassy to the Cisalpine Republic, he at last obtained his object by

ing nominated to the ministry of police under the rector, in August 1797. Previous to his appointment this department of the government, it had been held of little importance. 'The demagogues of the Convention,' says Scott, 'had little need of a regular system the kind. Every affiliated club of Jacobins supplied them with spies, and with instruments of their pleasure. The Directory stood in a different situation. They had a general party of their own, and maintained their authority by balancing the moderates and democrats against each other. They, therefore, were more dependent upon the police than their predecessors.'

Under Fouché, an immediate activity was imparted to the functions of minister of police, which for a time maintained the tottering authority of the Directory. Their enemies, the Royalists and the Jacobins, the extremes of two perfectly opposite parties, were placed under an active surveillance, and their most secret designs ascertained and frustrated. Spies and informers were disseminated amongst them, and arrests and banishments multiplied.

In a government where force and terror were the main ingredients of power, a secret and irresponsive tribunal, armed with unlimited authority, became its most dreaded and potent engine. But even when Fouché appeared pouring most sedulously for 'the five kings of the Luxembourg,' as the Directors were derisively styled, his deep and calculating mind foresaw how short would be their reign; and even at a distance his intrigues were commenced, to avoid the consequences of their overthrow. Whilst Bonaparte was yet in Egypt, he secured the good graces of Josephine, by largesses, which her expensive habits rendered peculiarly agreeable to her. By his emissaries, he was early informed of the projected return of the general from his unfortunate expedition to the East; and his influence was thrown into the scale, to forward his views on the supreme government of his country. The revolution of the 18th Brumaire, which transferred Napoleon to the Consulate, received a helping-hand from Fouché; and Bonaparte has himself confessed

in his Memoirs, dictated at St Helena, that without his assistance, it could not have been effected. He obtained the reward he contemplated; and whilst his patron Barras was ignominiously expelled from office, Fouché retained his portfolio of the police under the new administration.

The great object of the high police was to obtain information upon all matters connected with the safety of the person and government of the First Consul. Paris and all France were filled with the discontented, and plots were incessantly hatching to overthrow the existing order of things. The mind of Bonaparte was so ill at ease in his new supremacy, as to be never free from suspicions. He thought that even Fouché, with all his army of spies, was incapable of getting intelligence of every danger that threatened. He therefore instituted four distinct departments for the transacting of this branch of business. There was the police of the palace, under Duroc and his aids-de-camp; the police of the gendarmerie, under Savary; the police of the prefecture, under Dubois; and the ministry of the police, under Fouché. All of these had their separate establishments, their respective spies and informers, and their peculiar agents. Each of them made every day its particular report to the First Consul on what was doing, what was said, what was *thought*. This was what he called feeling the pulse of the republic. Under this system, the head of each department became eager to exceed his fellows in the multiplicity of the details he furnished to the anxious mind of the First Consul. It was necessary for them to make a report; and when nothing of consequence was ascertained, the most ridiculous fables were manufactured. The conversations of the dining-room, the salon, the café, the mess, the pot-house, the hovel, were all submitted to the scrutiny of Napoleon, who often flew into a rage at the nonsense that was brought before him. Yet the consequences of the duty imposed upon these ministers were deplorable. Doubts and suspicions were urged against individuals, if facts were not at hand

ntiate any specific charges; and the fortune and of every inhabitant were at the mercy of the raved of the human race.

minister of a military despot, Fouché wielded terrible engine for maintaining his power that known in modern times. Though he had ors in the art, none of them could be compared ncy and judgment to him. His spy-system l all classes of the community. Josephine, the Bonaparte, was in his pay at the rate of 1000 bout L.42) a day, and Bourrienne, his private , received 25,000 francs (L.1000) a month, for mation they communicated concerning the words ns of the First Consul himself. Bonaparte was y astonished at what to him seemed the preter- ucumen of his police minister, being perfectly ous that he was himself exposed to the system ed against others.

part of his memoirs, Fouché states that he un old maxim of the police—that three persons meet together and speak indiscreetly on public ithout its being known in a few hours to the He adds: 'It is certain that I had the address ling abroad the belief, that wherever four indi- ere together, one was certain to be in my pay.'

dreadful system does this admission unfold! t intimate relations of friendship and consan- vere insufficient to secure confidence. Social were at an end, when no one knew to whom venture to open his mouth. Even in the state- pies were introduced, suffering apparently under ances of tyranny, but in reality to gain the e of their fellow-prisoners, and then betray and them. Not only in the capital, but in every l village of France, was this dreadful system and the unwary, and in many instances the were made the victims of villains, who earned estable wages by inciting them to some foolish ion or inconsiderate toast. The princes of the

FOUCHE AND THE FRENCH

blood themselves, at that time exiles, were under-
age by Fouché; and three of the most distinguished
ancient nobility performed the part of spies on
'legitimate' monarch and his family.
The enormous expenses necessarily caused by the exten-
sive operations of Fouché in bribing spies, were sustained
from sources equally flagitious and hurtful to the com-
munity. His main resource was licences. One individual
alone, who took a lease of a gaming-house, paid 3000
francs a day to Fouché. Immense sums were also col-
lected from passports, for no one could stir a foot with-
out a passport; to obtain which, it was necessary to produce
various certificates—such as of birth, parentage, and good
behaviour, and to have the most minute details of
personal appearance inserted, so that no mistake
be made by the numerous agents through whose
hands the unlucky traveller had to pass. Add to all this
fines and gratuities paid to the police-office, the
and douceurs given to its managers, altogether forming
a fund more than sufficient for the purposes for
which it was required, and enabling Fouché, at the termination
of his functions, to deliver to Napoleon above
francs as a surplus.

In a government so suspicious and jealous as
not only was all freedom of thought, speech
denied to the people generally, but even the
groundwork and main stay of his sway, was
innumerable spies. The following is, perhaps,
the most vile transactions for which modern
have to blush in recording:—It appears that
individuals, the chief of whom was named
entered into a conspiracy against the Emperor
they had as an associate a man called
latter personage came to Bourrienne to
who, having communicated with the
instructed Harrel how he should encourage
to proceed in their design, so that a
conspiracy might be got up, and prevented
to execution. This was a

ble to Bonaparte, as it not only afforded the means of easing his interest amongst the soldiers and people, citing their indignation and sympathy, but also of the pretext for increased severity on the part of the police. He was, therefore, much rejoiced at so an opportunity of obtaining an undoubted plot, and, the joy of his heart, he told Bourrienne not to say a word to Fouché, to whom he would prove he knew more of police than he did. This injunction, of course, Bourrienne had secret reasons for disobeying, and much the annoyance of Napoleon, Fouché soon related to him all the particulars. However, Bourrienne still continued the negotiation with Harrel, though, from the delay that occurred, it seemed difficult to get the conspirators 'up to the sticking-point.' Napoleon and his secretary began to fear that the affair was about to blow off, when at length Harrel appeared, to inform them that he had got all the particulars arranged, *but that they had no money to buy arms*. In order that the assassins might not want such essential instruments in their designs on the life of the Consul, his private secretary furnished them with the necessary sums! The remainder of the disgraceful tale it is scarcely necessary to relate. The scene of operation was to be the Opera House; and on the appointed night, Napoleon entered his box with a calmness altogether inimitable, the miserable wretches concerned in the plot having been arrested a few moments before in the lobby. They were led off to prison, and thence to the guillotine; whilst Harrel was named commandant of the fortress of Vincennes, where he had afterwards the satisfaction of handing over the Duke d'Enghien to a more veritable scene of assassination.

When the murder of that unfortunate prince took place, Fouché was not in the ministry of police, otherwise his sagacious mind would probably have pointed out to Napoleon not only the wickedness, but, what was of more weight with him, the impolicy of the step. As it was, he declared his disapprobation, and in his auto-

ography has claimed for himself the authorship of those remarkable words which were repeated on the occasion: 'It is more than a crime; it is a political fault.' As he has in another place related an anecdote to prove his own ready-wittedness, it would be perhaps unfair not to give it, as he seems anxious to enter into a competition on this score with his rival in finesse and intrigue, the far-famed Talleyrand. At a council, Fouché was maintaining that a proposal made by Napoleon, then Emperor, was impossible. 'What!' exclaimed Bonaparte in a fury, 'a veteran of the revolution use a term so pusillanimous! You, sir, to maintain that a thing is impossible! You, who have seen Louis XVI. bow his neck to the executioner, who have seen an archduchess of Austria, a queen of France, mending her stockings, whilst she was preparing for the scaffold—you, in fine, who see yourself a minister, when I am emperor of the French, should never have on his tongue the word impossible!' To this vehement harangue Fouché replied, with an insinuating grace: 'I should have remembered that your majesty had taught us that the word *impossible* is not French.'

Upon the establishment of the Empire, Fouché had been again appointed minister of police, and, in common with many others of Napoleon's instruments, raised to nobility, under the title of Duke of Otranto. The same kind of intrigues, the same demoralising espionage, now characterised his administration. A daring manœuvre he attempted in 1810, to open a negotiation with England unknown to Napoleon, caused his abrupt dismissal from office; and after a sudden flight to Italy, he returned to his estate of Ferrières, where he continued in close seclusion under the watchful eye of his successor in the police administration—Savary, Duke of Rovigo. Here occurred what was to him rather an odd incident.

He addressed a memorial to Napoleon on the subject of the projected campaign in Russia, and waiting on the Emperor with it in person, he was surprised at his remark: 'Ah, I knew you were preparing a pap

me, Monsieur le Duc.' As Fouché had taken particular pains that no one should have an inkling of his attention, he was puzzled to know how Napoleon had heard of it. At length he recollected that a man had one day got admission into his cabinet, on pretence of speaking to him on behalf of a tenant, who must have seen the letters 'V. M. I. et R.' (the initial letters of the words *Votre Majesté Impériale et Royal*) in the writing on which he was engaged at the time. This was a spy of Savary, who thence concluded that Fouché was addressing the Emperor, and apprised him accordingly. The circumstance would not have been worth noticing, if Fouché had not expressed his rage at the circumstance of his being once in his life deceived. From the anger of Fouché, and the triumph of Savary also, it may be judged what contemptible and stupid details must have frequently engaged the attention of Napoleon and his mighty police ministers.

When the Duke of Otranto retired from office, he carried with him a colossal fortune, if we are to trust to the account of Savary, who was his bitter enemy. 'The income assigned to Fouché, as Duke of Otranto,' says he, 'amounted to a clear sum of 90,000 francs, besides the senatorship of Aix, in Provence, worth upwards of 30,000 more. He had, besides, a revenue of 200,000 francs, arising from savings in the nine years of his administration, during the whole course of which he was altogether in the receipt of an income of 900,000 francs (L.37,500 per annum), all derived from the Emperor's bounty.' Under these circumstances, it will not be denied that Fouché had taken care of himself.

The subject of this memoir was with Murat when he committed the unpardonable act of forsaking Napoleon in his adversity, and he boasts that he made Murat pay him moneys which he claimed from the Emperor. He was once more made minister of police by Napoleon on his return from Elba, in which position he maintained a treacherous correspondence with Louis XVIII., by

virtue of which he retained his post upon the second restoration. To his intrigues after the battle of Waterloo, may be in a great measure attributed the complete suppression of the Napoleon dynasty, and the capture of the fallen Emperor by the English fleet. Nothing could surpass the rage and astonishment of his former associates, when they found Fouché triumphantly riding out the storm, which had wrecked all of them. One of his colleagues, Carnot, wrote to him, to ask what place of residence was assigned him by the police of the king, in these words: 'Traitor! where do you order me to go?' To which Fouché briefly replied: 'Where you choose, imbecile!' With this insolent repartee, let us close our notice of the most skilful schemer who perhaps ever existed—Joseph Fouché.

OUR NEW ORGAN.

THE village of Westerwick is situated in the far north of England, and almost on the coast. The neighbouring country is not picturesque, being remarkable chiefly as a coal district. It is true, there are hills in the distance; but they are so distant, they look almost like clouds on the horizon. Immediately round the village, it is quite flat, with the exception of the little eminences which generally lead up to the mouths of the coal-pits. There is no luxuriant vegetation to compensate for the want of variety of surface, no shady foliage, no fertile fields, no green meadows, nothing but bleak, sandy moorlands—sometimes bare, sometimes turf, and sometimes, as they approach the sea, scantily covered with the stiff, rushy *beach-grass*; while mounds of ashes by day, and red *flames* by night, mark the coal-pits, and form the distinguishing feature of the country. But this bleak district has a beauty of its own in its coast scenery. From these *moors*, bold, rocky, rugged cliffs descend, sometimes

ruptly into the sea, sometimes on a hard, flat, yellow beach, on which the waves of the German Ocean roll in a miles and miles. Not above a quarter of a mile from the shore stands the village, which is straggling and dirty—the houses built of stone, and roofed with red tiles. The villagers and their families are chiefly colliers. At the end of the village there is a small new church without a chancel—too much in appearance like a town church to be interesting—surrounded by a new-made grave-yard, grassy, and neatly kept, but with none of those mouldering monuments, and solemn, shadowing yews which bestow a deep though mournful interest.

At the time of which I am speaking, the aristocracy of the village consisted of Mr Selby, a wealthy solicitor, who practised in the neighbourhood, and his family; Mr Moore, lessee of the coal-pits, and his daughter; the surgeon and his wife; and the clergyman and his sister; besides my sister and myself—two middle-aged spinsters, in easy, though not wealthy circumstances. The Moores and the Selbys had not been on speaking-terms for many years; the origin of the quarrel had been some trifling difference between Mr Moore and Mr Selby about a parish road. By degrees, the breach was widened, till it had become almost irreparable. Now, at the distance of ten years, there was apparently much less prospect of reconciliation than when the evil was new. Yet neither Mr Moore nor Mr Selby was a bad man. The former was warm-hearted and warm-tempered, equally vehement in his likings and dislikings, ready to forgive when forgiveness was asked, but determined not to be the first to sue for pardon. Mr Selby was a man of colder temperament, more just, but not so generous. He was high-principled, and his reputation as a lawyer was honourable to the extreme. He had been chiefly incensed against Mr Moore, because the latter had, in the heat of passion, said something which seemed to reflect upon his veracity and good faith in some way or other, and he insisted on his making an apology, to which Mr Moore had replied: That he had never in his life said anything which

required an apology, and that, therefore, he did not intend ever to make one, and he was not going to be domineered over by Mr Selby.' Mr Selby 'would not suffer himself to be insulted with impunity.' And thus for the present the affair ended. The quarrel had made them both unhappy, but neither of them would pronounce the few words which might have terminated it.

It may be imagined that this rupture did not tend to increase the cheerfulness of our little society at Westwick. There was always wanting now at our little meetings either the genial mirthfulness of Mr Moore, or the clear, good sense of Mr Selby, for they could not be invited together. The surgeon and his wife, and the clergyman and his sister, deplored with my sister and myself the estrangement which had taken place between our village magnates ; and many a time, to use a homely phrase, we laid our heads together, to devise a plan for a reconciliation ; but always in vain. As the young people of the two families grew up, it seemed even sadder. More especially, I pitied poor Ellen Moore. There was a large family of the Selbys, and they made a merry circle of young men and women among themselves ; but Ellen was quite solitary, as she had no mother, and during all the day, her father was engaged with his business. Often she would come down with her work, and spend the morning with my sister and myself ; or, when the health of the former would permit me to leave her—for my sister was a great invalid—I occasionally passed an hour with Ellen at Sea-view House, which was only about a quarter of a mile from the village.

Sea-view House was a very charming residence. It was situated at the top of a high cliff, but at some distance from the edge, the space being filled with a smooth, green lawn, from which a zig-zag path, cut in the rock, led to the smooth sands beneath. The house itself was large, cheerful, and luxuriously furnished, and commanded from almost every window a view of the rock-bound coast, with its innumerable creeks and headlands washed by the illimitable sea, which spread round and round, and away

to the far horizon. At the end of the house from the sea, were the garden and green-house ; and, an orchard. As I have said, I had often thought Ellen was dull ; but she never complained. At any time when she and I were sitting at work together in her chamber, from which, besides the sea-view, we had a glimpse of the public road, along which just then a party of the young Selbys on horseback were laughing and talking, she sighed gently. As I looked at her, she coloured, and then said with some hesitancy : ‘ I know it is wrong, dear Miss Madeline, to wish much to make me happy ; but I do feel dull sometimes.’

‘ I am more natural, my love,’ I replied. I continued : ‘ I cannot help thinking how I used to go to the Hall to play with the Selbys, and with Kitty and Julia, and Robert and I, used to go. When I was at school, I did not think often of those friends ; now I seem to be thinking of them always—I do so lonely sometimes. It is so different with the daresays, they never think of me, Miss Madeline.’ ‘ No,’ I said, ‘ Ellen, you wrong them. Kitty and Julia think of you ; and Robert, who I daresay you know well, returned from Newcastle, and became his father’s clerk. He was asking me very kindly about his old play-fellow yesterday. And even Mr Selby himself, the other day, what a sweet, lady-like girl Ellen was, and that you always used to be a pet of his.’ ‘ I like,’ I said, ‘ Ellen’s sweet face, which before had been so morose and pensive, broke into smiles.’

‘ She was a pretty girl, with a slight, flexible figure, a lively expression, and massive braids of glossy hair. Although she looked pleased, she did not, I noticed, continue the subject, but said after some time in silence : ‘ I have been wishing for a long time to have a new organ and choir in the church : these old fiddles, and that poor old John Morris’s singing, are dreadful.’

‘ It would indeed be delightful,’ I answered—for my

ears had suffered martyrdom for some years from the causes to which Ellen had alluded—‘but I fear there is little hope for us. An organ would be beyond our means, and who would play it, if we had one!’

‘Why, you and I, dear Miss Madeline; and perhaps Kitty Selby: she used to play nicely on the piano. And as to the cost, I was speaking to papa about it the other night, and he and I will give fifty pounds as our share; and if you and Mr Jones could help us to collect as much more, we could get a very nice little organ for a hundred pounds. And then we might teach some of the village children to sing.’

‘It would be charming, indeed, my dear Ellen,’ I said, ‘if it could be managed.’

‘Now don’t say *if*, Miss Madeline; it must and shall be managed.’

On my way home, I met Mr Moore, and spoke to him of his daughter’s suggestion. ‘Yes,’ he said, ‘was it not a capital idea of Ellen’s? I am so glad she thought of it instead of any of the Selbys; because in that case I could have had nothing to do with the business. It would have looked as if I had wished to truckle to these people.’

It was agreed by the rest of the village society, who were one and all charmed with the idea of the new organ, that I should break the matter to the Selbys. Accordingly, one fine summer evening I bent my steps in the direction of Westerwick Hall, or the Hall, as it was more commonly called. The golden rays of a summer sunset were streaming on the lawn, and the purple and crimson clouds were mirrored on the still surface of a small sheet of water which bathed the foot of the green slope. The Selbys were all assembled in front of the house, to enjoy the beauty of the summer evening, and welcomed me cordially. The moment seemed auspicious; and as soon as our mutual greetings were over, I entered on the subject of my mission, merely saying, however, with diplomatic caution: ‘It had been proposed.’

The notion was hailed with delight by all the part

last Mr Selby inquired: 'And is it to you, Miss adeline, we are indebted for this excellent suggestion?'

'No,' I answered intrepidly, but with some little misgiving: 'the credit is due to Miss Moore.'

'Miss Moore! I am glad it was *Miss* Moore. If it had been her father—— But, no; one ought not to allow one's private feelings to interfere with the public good. If a thing is right, it ought to be supported, no matter whence it emanates. Fifty pounds, you say, have already been subscribed; you may put my name down for twenty-five.'

I then, as I had been instructed, spoke of forming a choir, saying that Ellen Moore, relieved occasionally by myself, was to play the organ.

'Ellen Moore!' cried the girls in delight. 'Then we shall see dear Ellen Moore again.'

'Pretty Ellen Moore!' said Robert Selby. 'What a sweet-tempered little thing she used to be!'

'Yes,' I said, 'and still as sweet-tempered as ever. She was asking me all about her old playfellows the other day.'

'Poor thing!' said their father; 'she must lead rather a solitary life. I am sure, if she and my young people choose to be friendly, I have no objection, though her father is an insolent, obstinate madman. I do not confound the innocent with the guilty, *Miss Madeline*. Ellen is only the more to be pitied.'

I went home, charmed with the success of my commission, and not without a hope in my heart, that our new organ might in some way or other be productive of a yet more important harmony than that which was to supersede old John Morris and the fiddles. And now nothing was talked of and thought of at Westerwick but the new organ. Ellen Moore looked livelier than I had seen her for a long time. It struck me she was pleased and excited by the prospect of renewing her acquaintance with the Selbys. Mr Moore had given his consent they should meet, 'as the *Selbys* wished it: Ellen should not have made the advance.'

At last the organ arrived, and was put up in the church

'How do you do, Miss Moore? I'—— Then suddenly stopped, seeing how much Ellen was agitated, and how deadly pale she had become.

'Ellen is thinking of past times! Are you not, dear Ellen?' cried Kitty affectionately. And in a moment the girls were in each other's arms, and all three sobbing together. At last, Kitty was able to say: 'But here is another old friend of yours, Ellen, and he has not forgotten you, I know, any more than Julia and I have.'

Ellen, now colouring and smiling through her tears, held out her hand to Robert. I saw the young man's eyes sparkle with pleasure as she said: 'Robert, too!'

'Yes, Ellen, we have never forgotten you. We constantly spoke of you, and tried to hope you had not forgotten us.'

Then Ellen sat down between Robert and Kitty, and they talked together of old days and old scenes; and as they spoke, Ellen's winning smile and gentle gaiety returned, and Robert became more and more animated. Robert Selby was a pleasant, manly-looking young man, with an intelligent, happy face, which mirrored truthfully all his feelings. I could see at a glance that he was charmed with Ellen, and she, too, looked unusually happy in her gentler way. As I had early begun to anticipate, there was not so much said about the organ as the occasion might have seemed to demand. However, it was arranged we were to meet in the church three times a week to practise. Robert was to lead the choir, for he had a fine voice.

Weeks and months passed on—the church-music prospered. Ellen was a first-rate organist; and when she was prevented officiating, I supplied her place. Nothing could exceed the friendship of Ellen and the Selbys. I sometimes, indeed, suspected, that between some members of the party, a warmer sentiment than friendship might exist. I should have rejoiced at this, had my heart had no misgiving when I thought of Mr Moore and Mr Selby. I was confirmed in my suspicion one day, when,

guessed aright. With many tears, the poor girl told me she and Robert loved each other. 'But, papa—he will never consent! Oh, Miss Madeline, I could almost wish we had never met!'

I endeavoured to console her, but my hopes were not great. 'And Mr Selby?' I asked.

'Robert has spoken to his father, and he says, if papa gives his consent, he will not withhold his. Robert is to ask papa to-morrow, but I know it will be in vain.'

And in effect, as I feared, it was in vain. There was a terrible scene at Sea-view House. Mr Moore, in a violent passion, had said, that he would 'rather see his daughter beneath the waves of the German Ocean, than the wife of Mr Selby's son; and he was not going to permit himself to be flattered into a reconciliation now, when it was so palpably for their own interest the Selbys wished it. All intercourse between the families must cease at once, and for ever.' Robert, who had kept his temper for some time, could hold out no longer, and he and Mr Moore parted in mutual anger.

I did not see Ellen till some days after this catastrophe, and then she looked heart-broken. She tried to smile when she saw me, but the effort was too much for her, and she became hysterical. Poor Ellen! my heart was sad for her: she did not complain, but day by day, and week by week, her eye became dimmer and her step feebler. Her father, meanwhile, appeared to me to be in the state of one who was determined to be blind to what he did not wish to see. Nothing could exceed his devotion to his daughter: he seemed to endeavour to anticipate every desire; but that she was wasting away, body and spirit, he *would* not see. Meanwhile, Robert Selby, although forbidden by his father, had made several efforts to open a clandestine correspondence with Ellen. Only once she had replied to him, and then it was through me. 'Tell Robert,' she said, 'I shall never marry him or any one. I am my father's only child, he has always loved me dearly, and I cannot, I must not quit him. Married without his consent, I should be even w

wretched than I am ; it is therefore better we should meet no more. I shall never forget him, Miss Madeline ; but do not tell him that : he must cease to think of me.'

I delivered Ellen's message, and Robert declared vehemently, that to give up Ellen Moore was impossible. He would love her to the end of his life, and as long as life lasted ; and if she remained unmarried, he should still hope to win her.

And now winter and spring had passed away, and it was summer again. Again the summer blue of the sky was reflected in the sunny sea ; again the gay flowers blossomed bright in Ellen's parterres ; but the sweet girl herself drooped like a flower cut off in its early bloom from the sunshine and the dew. Often I noticed her father's eye turned anxiously upon her ; he, too, looked ill : it was evident that some care preyed upon his spirits. I now determined to speak to him myself upon the cause of Ellen's unhappiness. Accordingly, I chose an opportunity one morning when the latter had left us together alone. Mr Moore listened to me in excessive agitation, but without anger. When I had finished, he hid his face in his hands and groaned.

'It cannot be,' he said ; 'it cannot be. Now, at least, it is impossible. I thought it was only a girlish fancy—and so it is, I trust. I will take her away : she shall go to Italy—she used to wish to go there. Change of scene will soon make her forget. Miss Madeline, I tell you it is impossible.'

I was on the point of answering, when I was prevented by the return of Ellen, equipped in her walking-dress. She and her father accompanied me to the gate on my way home : they said they were going to walk on the sands.

'Have you time before the tide comes up?' I inquired.

'O yes—plenty ; it will not be high-water for an hour or two.'

I did not accompany the Moores on their walk ; but as I have often heard the particulars of it related, I know what passed almost as well as if I had been present.

OUR NEW SONG.

her having descended the rocks by the zig-sag path, had walked some distance very slowly along each, when Ellen was seized with a sudden faintness. For some time, her father watched anxiously over her, hoping it might go off; but instead of doing so, it seemed to increase. Whenever she attempted to walk, her strength and her senses seemed to fail her. Nearly an hour she remained in this state, her father not daring to leave her to seek assistance. It was while still bent over the drooping girl, he suddenly felt his feet wet; turning hastily round, he found he was standing in a pool newly formed by the advancing wave of the flowing tide. The full horror of his situation now broke upon him. Clapping his half-dead daughter in his arms, he staggered with her in the direction of the zig-sag path; but it was a spring-tide, and the dashing waves were hurrying forwards so rapidly, that he could not have reached time to save himself, even had he been alone. He might perhaps, have made, had he been unencumbered, a desperate attempt to climb the high, frowning cliffs; but Ellen, this was totally out of the question: all he could do, was to drag her upon a rock, and wait there in forlorn hope, that ere the tide reached them, some boat might descry them from the road above the high road, however, which was but little frequented.

Greater than the bitterness of death now to him was the session of the soul of Mr Moore. The raging sea, the insurmountable cliff—his daughter, his adored one, so soon to be lying cold beneath those bright waters! Then came almost maddening on his ears the speech he had made to Robert Selby: ‘Rat! I see her beneath the waves of the sea, than that Mr Selby’s son!’ This, then, was retribution!—In that awful moment, it appeared to the wretched man that his whole existence of agony seemed to be condensed into these few minutes; all things appeared to him in a new light—his conduct, his motives—it was now to see what they had really been, now the
late!

At last, above, or rather through the hollow roar of the sea, he fancied he heard the shriller sound of a human voice. He called loudly, with the energy of despair. Yes, there were certainly figures on the top of the cliff: then they seemed to disappear. His bewildered brain must have been playing him a trick. His heart sickened with despair. But no, one figure only had disappeared; and the other—yes, the other—was now actually descending the rock with the skill of an experienced cragsman! In a few minutes, Mr Moore stood face to face with his mortal enemy! but he forgot it now. 'Save Ellen!' he cried.

'My servant has gone to the village for ropes, and ladders, and other assistance: he will be back immediately. You are saved!'

And now they were all at Sea-view House. Ellen was lying on a sofa, half insensible; her father and the doctor were bending over her; Mr Selby and I stood at the foot of the couch.

'Only a temporary attack,' said the doctor, 'occasioned by great debility and mental distress—no disease.'

Her father lifted his eyes in heart-felt gratitude; as they fell, they met those of Mr Selby. 'You have saved her life,' cried Mr Moore, 'and mine. You have returned good for evil. Can you forgive all the unchristian bitterness of my heart against you?'

'Let us forget our sins against each other,' answered Mr Selby. 'Next to our sin against God, our greatest sin has been against *her*'—and the enemies clasped hands.

At this moment, Ellen looked towards them—an unspeakable smile lighted up her sweet, pale face.

It is a glorious August morning—the sun is shining in a cloudless sky; the sea is sparkling like a sapphire strewn with diamonds; the bells of Westerwick Church are ringing a merry peal; all the village are at church, for there is a wedding to-day in Westerwick. I play the organ, for Ellen Moore is differently engaged. She is the bride, and Robert Selby the bridegroom.

We have good music in the church now, and perfect harmony in Westerwick.

‘Who would have thought,’ said the clergyman’s sister as we gossiped that night over our tea, ‘that all this joy would have come out of our new organ!’

THE YOUNG BAUCOLO.

ON the morning of the 15th of March 1735, the greater part of the population of Marseille was seen streaming towards the harbour. A solemn and moving spectacle drew them together—the return of a body of monks to their native land, bringing back the Christian slaves whose freedom they had purchased from their African captors in Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, and Morocco. The vessel, with the fathers and the liberated prisoners on board, had cast anchor the evening before in the port of Marseille, and the news had spread like wild-fire throughout the town, wherein dwelt many who trusted to find again, among the number of those whose chains compassion had broken, long-lost relatives and friends.

The priests of the different churches, with their banners and consecrated vessels, the magistrates, the governor, bearing his wand of office, the bishop with his whole chapter, and the troops of the garrison, went in solemn procession towards the harbour, accompanied by an immense crowd. The ship, which lay in the roadstead, hoisted her national flags in token of joy, the artillery thundered from the fortress, and in the pauses of the general tumult might be distinguished the festive sound of bells from every church tower.

At length the priests and the redeemed captives were safely landed, and the crowd were at liberty to bestow their blessings and gratitude upon the former, and to seek among the latter the features of the long-regretted and dearly remembered. As for the captives themselves,

thin, pallid, and covered with rags, they seemed scarcely able to sustain the overwhelming joy of the moment. They wept, they laughed, they prostrated themselves upon the earth, frantically kissing the soil of that beautiful France which they had never hoped to behold again. At this affecting sight, tears of joy and pity moistened every cheek; and the mighty crowd, taking the liberators and the liberated along with them, hastened, as by one consent, to the cathedral, to offer up their praises and thanksgivings for the restoration of the emancipated slaves to their homes and families. Those of these poor victims who had no relations in Marseille, were hospitably received and cherished by the citizens, until they regained sufficient strength to return to their distant homes in the provinces.

The festivities were over, and the crowd beginning to disperse, when a stranger, whose appearance and accent betokened his Venetian extraction, approached one of the priests, and prayed a moment's audience.

'If I mistake not, reverend father,' said he, 'the number of the slaves whom you have rescued amounts to above two hundred. How many still languish in the chains of slavery?'

'Alas! monsieur,' returned the friar with a deep sigh, 'more than six hundred. Our funds only enabled us to buy the older Christian slaves; and we have left behind three of our brethren as pledges for three Italians, who, had they not been liberated, would have sunk under their miseries.'

'Three captive Italians!' eagerly exclaimed the stranger. 'From what part of Italy?'

The priest drew forth a parchment scroll, containing a list of names. 'There is first,' said he, 'Paolo Baucolo, seventy years of age, formerly tax-gatherer in Palermo. Taken prisoner at Syracuse in the year 1700.'

'Is it possible?' cried the stranger. 'Holy father, are you not deceiving yourself?'

'Read for yourself, monsieur.'

'Yes, yes—Paolo Baucolo! It is he! Tell me, father, where I shall find the old man?'

‘Paolo Baucolo,’ replied the priest, somewhat astonished at the excitement of the stranger, ‘is in the house of the governor of Marseille, whose doors are open to all who have no friends in the city, until he can further provide for them.’

‘A thousand thanks!’ exclaimed the stranger, pressing his lips to the friar’s hand. ‘But I must see you again. Where shall I find you?’

‘But a few steps from hence. Inquire at the monastery yonder for the Father Superior.’

It was dark, and the convent-bell had already summoned the brethren to vespers, when the porter apprised the Father Superior that two men wished to speak with him. He joined them in the parlour of the monastery, where all visitors were admitted. In the one, he recognised the stranger of the morning; and in the other, the old captive, Paolo Baucolo. The latter had exchanged the rags of his slavery for the rich velvet dress of a wealthy man. He warmly embraced the worthy friar, and once more expressed his grateful thanks.

‘Paolo Baucolo,’ returned the monk, ‘after your fearful and protracted sufferings, Providence has assigned to you a happy, and, if I may judge by your appearance, a prosperous old age. Return thanks to God, therefore; and forget not, amid your present blessings, those unfortunates who still sigh for their freedom and their fatherland.’

‘No, father,’ the stranger replied; ‘Paolo Baucolo will not forget that his former companions in suffering are still in misery, and he will do what he can to alleviate their grief and unloose their chains. To-day he acknowledges this obligation, and I, his son, am his surety.’

‘How, monsieur!’ exclaimed the monk: ‘you Baucolo’s son?’

‘Even so. My father was torn from his family while I yet lay in my cradle. Eight days after my birth, he was called to Syracuse upon business affairs. He embarked for that place, and we never saw him more. My mother caused the strictest search to be made, but in vain. Th

which he had sailed never arrived at its destination.

I and all my family have long mourned him as dead. Imagine, then, my surprise, when you this morning pronounced the name of Paolo Baucolo. My warmest wishes were raised: I hastened to the governor's palace, and embraced, for the first time, my long-lost father. I gave a thank-offering to the Almighty Being who has provided for him. Tell me, holy father, how much money will be required to liberate the six hundred slaves left behind?

'Africans are inexorable and avaricious in their demands: nevertheless, it might be possible to free Christian brethren for five hundred thousand livres.' Then, on yourself, father, depends the accomplishment of this great work. You do not fear the journey?' 'Three-quarters of my life,' replied the friar, 'have been spent in journeying to other lands. I have dared all the dangers for the love of my fellow-men. Provide me with the requisite funds, and let me set forth anew. God bless me!'

'Accept your offer, father. Turn your steps towards the palace. Be at the palace of the Orsini, in St Mark's square, next Ash-Wednesday. On your punctuality depends the redemption of the captives still pining in prison. Remember, and farewell!'

As the evening of Shrove-Tuesday, and the large square in Venice presented a gorgeous and glittering spectacle. The eight tiers of boxes were filled with the beauty, and rank of Italy. Four-and-twenty thousand wax-lights burned in 12,000 gilded candelabra; their star-like beams were reflected as in a thousand mirrors, in the diamonds, pearls, rubies, and emeralds which the fair women of Italy had sought to adorn their charms. Every province seemed to have been invited to this artistical assemblage of all that was beautiful: the Roman lady was recognised by the regularity of her features; the Bolognese, by her graceful smile; and the Milanese, by her slender figure. Here flashed

the ardent glances of the Neapolitan; there waved the superb raven tresses of the Florentine damsel; and further on, the eye was arrested by the dazzling complexion of the women of Mantua. Amid this crowd of youth and beauty, giving yet a deeper interest to the scene, moved the celebrities of ancient and modern Italy, the descendants of the Gracchi, the Scipios, and the Medici; the followers of Michael Angelo, Titian, and Caravaggio. Science, high birth, dignity in the state, were mingled promiscuously with the other attractions of the hour.

The close of the carnival was not alone sufficient to account for this unusual assemblage. A rumour had spread through Venice of the intended withdrawal of its most celebrated actor. In the height of his talents and popularity, he was about to make his final appearance, and all Italy had assembled to crown him with the laurels of their gratitude and admiration.

A murmur of lamentation arose from the assembled multitude on account of the impending loss, but was soon drowned in the rich tones of the orchestra, which performed the most enchanting melodies; while numerous lackeys, in the picturesque garb of Ethiopians, handed exquisite refreshments to the fair occupants of the boxes, and a rain of fragrant flowers fell from above upon the delighted audience.

The actor this evening surpassed himself. He made an indescribable impression, holding the hearts of the thousands before him in his power. When the curtain fell, they rose *en masse*, and the universal shout 'Baucolo!' rang through the immense saloon. The tragedian appeared, and *vivats* resounded from all sides. It was a jubilee, as if Venice welcomed home her bravest warrior, or the mighty Doge had just celebrated his nuptials with the fair Adriatic. Baucolo made a sign that he wished to speak, and immediately the stillness of death reigned around. He stepped forward, and uttered a graceful farewell to his beloved countrymen, thanking them for their encouragement and support during his short but

glorious career. The *vivats* were renewed, bouquets were showered upon the stage; but Baucolo raised his hand once more, and again silence was proclaimed.

‘My lords,’ cried he, with all the fire of an impetuous Italian, ‘this is the last day of the carnival: in an hour, this theatre will be metamorphosed into a ball-room, and you will all be whirling in the giddy maze of the masquerade. The aristocratic marquis will become a shepherd, and the princess a milkmaid; the slim youth will be a life-sick hermit, and the blooming maiden an ancient duenna. If I, who am about to lay aside my mask for ever, may presume upon your friendship, I would fain challenge you to take part in a pious and God-pleasing duty. While you are all happy in the bosom of your families, and revelling in the enjoyments of life, thousands of our fellow-creatures languish in the deserts of Barbary, in the chains of slavery; their tears fall and sink in the burning sands, their sighs inhale the poisonous breath of the sirocco. It is for this holy cause that I have spent the last year in amassing gold, that I might be enabled to purchase the freedom of these unfortunates. Now has the hour arrived: to-night, in the Palace Orsini, an old monk expects me to redeem my word—expects to receive from me the gift of love. I go thither: follow, my lords, and you, my noble ladies!’

The whole assembly rose. Baucolo stepped quickly off the stage, and down the broad steps of the theatre; then placing himself at the head of the glittering crowd, marched quickly forward to the place of destination. They were greeted by the populace with loud applause, and the gondoliers accompanied their progress with songs.

In the entrance-hall of the Palace Orsini sat the Father-Superior of the monastery of St Ignatius. On his right was the *protonator*; on his left, a senator of the republic. The glorious procession, headed by Baucolo, appeared on the threshold of the hall. The tragedian entered hastily, cast a purse of gold at the feet of the monk, and cried with a voice almost choked by emotion: ‘Reverend

father, I redeem my word. Pray for me, that God will accept me in my dying hour !’

‘My son, be of good cheer ! Amid all the offerings made to God from a pure heart, the sacrifice of Baucolo will not be the least in His eyes.’

The value of the gold and precious stones piled up before the monk amounted to above a million more than the sum required : it was enough, and more than enough to break the fetters of every unfortunate pining beneath the African yoke. The enthusiasm ran so high, that the ladies voluntarily offered their chains, earrings, rings, their pearl-embroidered fans—everything with which they had adorned themselves. The populace, who are so ready to imitate the noble deeds of the great, followed their example in this instance, and added their mites to the sparkling store. Never had the carnival terminated so triumphantly.

Not many days later, two ships sailed from the shores of Venice. On board the first was the monk, who, with his treasure, was setting forth to Africa, to complete his benevolent enterprise ; the other bore Baucolo and his father to Palermo, the birthplace and last resting-place of the celebrated tragedian.











